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"But just as she had cleverly emptied the little thimble-glass into the coffee, smiling at her own dexterity, grandpapa came in, knowing she was dressed, and kissed her, and said that Col. de Floréal had arrived, that Monseigneur was there, and everything was ready."

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D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

ROSEMARY

or

Life and Death

By J. Vincent Huntington
Author of "Lady Alice" "The Forest" etc.

Illustrated by Geo. G. White

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By D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United St
Southern District of New York.

To the

Dearest and Truest of my Friends,

This Story

Inspired by Her Sympathy, and rendered less
imperfect by Her Taste,

Is Dedicated

By Hers in Life and Death,

THE AUTHOR.

[redacted]

Rosemary

OR

LIFE AND DEATH.

BOOK I.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

MEMENTO, *homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.* Every Catholic has heard these words addressed to himself, when kneeling on the First Day of Lent to receive the ashes. The beginning of penance is the memory of the primeval sentence: *Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return.* It is Death, then, that moralizes all things.

When Borgia saw the decaying body, already offensive, of the Queen of Spain, struck with the vanity of earthly grandeur he renounced the world, became a Jesuit, and died a saint. The old anchorites and saints, remarkable for penitential austerity, are usually painted with a skull before them, to show how constantly they meditated on death. No earthly career so seductive to ambition, so brilliant with gayeties, so voluptuous with pleasure, that it becomes not grave and severe and full of moral reflections when the hero lies in a coffin, or one stands before his mausoleum. Death changes Dives into a beggar, and Lazarus into a prince. It reverses all human conditions, and transfers

the balance from the debit to the credit side of all accounts, *or vice versa.* The millionaire finds himself a bankrupt; the pauper enters into possession of inexhaustible riches. The parched and fever-worn ascetic puts forth his hand to gather the delicious fruit of the tree of Life; the epicure begins to fry in Tartarus. The humble man is exalted on a throne among admiring angels; the proud is trampled under the torturing feet of sneering demons. Truly Death is a moralizer.

I might say many other things in praise of Death, but I feel that it is vain to try to flatter the King of Terrors, so I confine myself to this one point, that He has always been a moral prince, nay, the prince of moralists. All the beauty of nature, of art, even of worship, becomes immoral and voluptuous, worldly and sensual, till his royal seal is put upon it. The glory of youth, the pomp of summer, the splendor of architecture, tend to idolatry, till age and winter and ivy-clad ruin correct and moralize them. What were even the sweetness of ecclesiastical hymns, and the marvellous masses of great composers, unless there were also dirges and requiems? The black vestments which the priest wears in offering the Holy Sacrifice for the dead, moralize the white and crimson sumptuousness of the festivals. Otherwise, the centre of all worship itself would lack the salutary symbol of man's mortality. Amid the throng of fashion that moves along the streets of the gay city are seen figures that announce the end of all things—the weeds of the mourners! Interspersed with the glittering shops are windows that preach a moral, those of the mourning warehouses; and when you turn from them with a secret shudder, your eye shall light upon the undertaker's painted coffin. That flashing line of equipages also shall not want its preacher—the black-plumed hearse. Let us turn the corner to avoid the unwelcome sight. Behold, we have happened upon a marble-factory, sepulchral urns and obelisks flanking its entrance, and slabs for tombstones, with "Sacred to the Memory" already chiselled. Let us quit this city where the skeleton grin thus intrudes at every turn; let us fly to the lovely environs sprinkled with villas of pleasure and embowered in gardens:—haste to yonder enchanting grove —ah! 'tis the first copse of the cemetery, and beyond, the white

monuments twinkle among the foliage:—everywhere, everywhere, the same *thanatopsis*.

A profound philosophical reason exists for this ethical, and more than ethical, effect of the grave. Death is the natural law. All that is merely natural, then, must die? No: for the soul is natural. All that is physical, then? Even so: the Giver of Life, in imparting life freely to matter, has bestowed it with a universal limit as to its duration. Either, then, man is not all physical, or he is wholly mortal. If not wholly physical, and as to his immaterial part immortal, then the interests of his body and of time are subordinate to those of the soul and of eternity. Then neither beauty, nor health, nor riches, nor fame, nor pleasure, nor power, nor all these, with length of days, rank high in the scale of good. When the triumphs of this age in material civilization are quoted, what could resist the argument against old religions and the nations yet faithful to the Cross, except the fact of death? What boots it to the boasters that their civilization triumphs, when they lie in cold obstruction?

Stipendia peccati mors. Death is a punishment. One conceives that, when the criminal swings lightly from the gallows-tree. But surely for all it is a humiliation to die. Should not this great immortal spirit, this spark of the divinity, that flames within us, redeem its physical tabernacle from the law of nature? Alone in creation man is not simply the handiwork, but, by a divine likeness, the offspring of the invisible God. How, then, if he stood in his integrity, should man be suffered to die? Ah! Death is more than a moralist—he is a theologian also. By slaying infant innocence he demonstrates original sin. *In quo omnes peccaverunt*—so that there is no innocence. Hence the necessity of an expiatory death, necessity which Cain denied and Abel confessed; denial and confession alike reiterated through all the ages, and sealed in all by the blood of the confessors. When I read some of our modern Cainite newspapers, full of the idolatry of the present, and which habitually treat the religion of atonement and sacrifice as at best a respectable myth, I think that one of their columns at least contains a standing refutation of their system: it is the column of the *Obituary*. Didn't I tell you that Death was a preacher that holds

forth everywhere, without regard to fitness of time or place? A horse-block would serve him for a pulpit; no place too profane for his homily, not even the pages of the ——: he won't scruple to set his fleshless foot on a table covered with linen damask, or shining with polished oak, for a ghastly after-dinner speech, that no guest relishes. At the theatre he rushes in with an epilogue not announced in the bills, and the footlights grow blue, the actors vanish at the side-scenes, and the trembling audience scatter.

Rosemary (in Latin *rosmarinus*,) is, you know, an evergreen shrub. In the north of Europe an exotic; in the Mediterranean countries it grows naturally; in America I have not seen it. In the system of Linnæus it is one of the *roses*. Class II. Order I. *Corol. ringent*, upper *lip 2-parted, filaments long, curved, simple, with a tooth.* It belongs to the 42d natural order both of Linnæus and of Jussieu, called by the latter the *Labiatæ*—the same to which thyme, hyssop, lavender, mint, &c., belong, all of them *stomachics* and *tonics*. A French writer, who was not a botanist, and whose description is consequently intelligible to the unscientific, describes Rosemary (in French *romarin*) as a woody shrub, about three or four feet high (it sometimes grows to six or seven), and of a highly agreeable odor. Its numerous slender, hard and ash-colored branches are covered (but at regular intervals, we may observe,) with long, straight, narrow, stiff leaves, of a brownish green on their upper surface and whitish beneath. (Some of the varieties have a pale gold stripe or edge on the green leaf.) The flowers are small, mouth-shaped, with cleft lips, of a pale blue, bordering on white. They grow mingled with the leaves, and are in bloom all the year round, which is a peculiarity of this famous evergreen. Both leaves and flowers were anciently renowned in medicine, being esteemed highly efficacious in disorders of the brain and nerves. Their taste is warm, pungent and bitter.

On the shores of the Mediterranean, says another writer, this shrub grows in such profusion that the air is scented with the perfume many miles from land. In the north it does not bear the winter well unless the root be planted in the hole of some old and broken wall. Formerly it was planted in princely gar-

dens, where it was highly prized for its fragrance and mystic fame, and, like box, was cut and clipped into various fanciful figures. In the western parts of England, and on the Continent, it was especially affected to *funeral solemnities*, chaplets and wreaths being disposed in the chamber or laid upon the coffin, and sprigs of rosemary distributed to the assistants and mourners, while the shrub itself was planted about the grave. But besides this symbolism with death, it had another with the sweetest emotions of life, rosemary being eminently a lover's plant, and mention made of it in all the amatory poetry both of the French and Germans.

"There's rosemary, that's for *remembrance;* 'pray you, love, remember," says Ophelia to Laertes. Another meaning is *fidelity* and constancy. Its funeral use, as also its amatory significance, may well refer to either or both of these meanings. Nor are they arbitrary, for among the medicinal virtues of rosemary was believed to be that of strengthening the memory. Accordingly, Rembertus Dodonœus, in the Appendix to his learned treatise *Purgantium Aliarumque ea Facientium*, wherein (i. e., *in appendice*) he treats *Variarum et quidem rarissimarum nonnullarum stirpium ac florum* says of this evergreen:—"*Convenit etiam et præsertim flores omnibus* capitis ac cerebri *ex frigida humidaque causa malis: cerebrum etenim desiccant*"—they dry the brain—"*sensus et* memoriam acuunt"—they sharpen the senses and the *memory*. It was, therefore, a profound calculation to plant this shrub about the graves of the departed; and equally so in the lover to bestow a sprig upon his mistress.

Etymologically, it is said by a great lexicographer to signify *sea-rose*. In Irish it is *bath-ros*, which has the same meaning. But evidently the true etymology is not sea-rose, but sea-*dew*. Ovid says "rore maris," and Horace *marino rore*.

> "Ut modo *rore maris*, modo se violave rosave
> Implicet: interdum candentia lilia gestet,"

which Dryden rather freely renders—

> "Of roses, violets and lillies mix'd,
> And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
> She form'd the chaplet that adorn'd her front."

The English name is of all others the most beautiful, composed, as it is, of Rose and Mary, whereof in the princely garden of sanctity one is the emblem of penitential austerity, the other of unspotted mortal holiness. And in this connection might something be said of our present purpose, touching the moral representation of life in fiction, that is, as bright, winning, sweet, captivating (if you please), even gorgeous, splendid and dashing, but with *atra mors* in the back-ground. To our purpose also are, eminently, the fine lines of Shenstone in his *Schoolmistress*:—

'Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sip'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use and physick not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew."

* * * *

"And here trim *rosemarine*, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear
Oh, *wassel days!* oh, customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell."

"Oh, *wassel days!*" says Shenstone. Rosemary was used in Christmas festivities, and other occasions of ancient merry-making. They carried and scattered sprigs of rosemary in the gay procession of the Lord of Misrule: the mystic boar's head was dressed and paraded with this plant of "grey renown." Thus we read:—

"*Caput Apri defero*
Reddens laudes Domino.
The Boar's heade in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and *rosemary*,
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio."

To conclude:—"Rosemary" is confessedly a plant of "grey renown," and manifoldly mystic significance; it is associated with scenes both grave and gay, with mourning and with feasting; its classical etymology speaks to us of the *dew* that

descends in the silent night, emblem of death; and of the *sea* that embraces the world in its round of waters, ever-heaving, the symbol of life; its more modern etymology combines the names of the fairest of saints with the severest—of the Star of the Sea and Mystical Rose, and of that young virgin, first canonized saint of the new world, to whom a native poet-priest has addressed that beautiful stanza:—

> "First flow'ret of the desert wild!
> Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale," &c.

To such an allusion, we can add nothing.

CHAPTER I.

THE DOCTORS.

It was in the winter of the year 185–, that a small party of medical students were assembled one evening in the uppermost story of one of the medical colleges in the city of New York. I have my reasons for not fixing too precisely either the date or the place. Who is ignorant that this great metropolis contains several flourishing medical schools? There is no objection to my specifying the month, however, which was February; nor the ecclesiastical season—it was the carnival. I recall the latter circumstance because there was a huge party given the same night not very far from the street in which the college is situate, and to which I was invited. The cream of the cream of what is called in New York the "Fifth Avenue" were at it, and I remember that there were some grievous gaps too, to the intense dissatisfaction of the hostess; for some dozen of the very families who constitute the double distilled essence of the aforesaid cream were absent; not a single representative of one of them was there—for they had just put on mourning. Such a pity!—"Why," as Mrs. Oleander observed, "why could not Miss Dashon have put off her decease just one week?" But to return to my students.

The apartment in which they were assembled was one of considerable size, lighted in the day-time by numerous skylights, at night by gas. Under the skylights, along the blank white walls, were ranged long tables, about breast-high to a man; and the rude forms of human beings stretched out on these table in the grim repose of death, sufficiently indicated the scientific but revolting purpose to which the room was destined. All ages, every color, and both sexes were represented. A certain terrible neatness and order reigned. An odor, offensive, but by no

means overpowering, pervaded the apartment, modified, though scarcely rendered more agreeable by the fumes of a cigar. One of the students was smoking.

The hour was late, and all the classes had broken up, except one, consisting as usual of four persons, who were pursuing their occupation deep into the night, with the enthusiasm of science. On the knees of the subject a work of anatomy lay open, disclosing splendid colored illustrations. The students chatted gaily as they plied the scalpel, for custom had long since blunted, at least in most of them, the horror and repugnance naturally excited by their occupation. But looking on while they worked, a gentleman, evidently not professionally familiar with the scene, did not partake of this cool indifference

The students wore either long-sleeved aprons, or a species of dressing-gown, intended to supply the place of the coat, which was removed and hung up, to avoid contamination. The mere spectator was easily distinguished, therefore, by his attire, which indeed had the character of full evening dress, as if the wearer had just issued from Mrs. Oleander's party. It was black, with the marked peculiarities of a white cravat and waistcoat, and a bit of red ribbon at one of the button-holes of the coat. The physiognomy of this member of the party agreed with these slightly foreign indications of his dress. He was barely above the middle height, and the stoutness of his frame seemed to lessen his stature. His features were well cut, but inclining to the square in contour, his complexion colorless rather than pale, the hair light brown and clipped rather short so as to display the whole expanse of a fine intellectual brow; his blue Scandinavian eye was gentle in expression; and the very resolute, strongly modelled mouth was shaded with a long, heavy, *militaire*-like and almost yellow moustache. A white kid glove, fitting a very handsome hand, a gibus or crush-up hat, which he carried under his arm, and a short cloak richly furred, completed a figure so much out of keeping with the place that it has naturally arrested our attention.

A young man—he might be eight and twenty—who appeared to be the leader or teacher of the class, and whose scalpel, evidently of no ordinary power and delicacy, had just finished

a beautiful demonstration of the neck with its curious network of nerves and vessels, looked up over his gold-rimmed spectacles at the gentleman we have described, and said with a slight smile that imparted a momentary expression of shrewdness and sarcasm to a singularly heavy pair of lips,—

"You are so familiar with death on the battle-field, I suppose, Count Wissen, that a dissecting room has no effect on your nerves?"

"On the contrary," replied the gentleman thus addressed, after a moment's pause, and with winning frankness; "I do not remember to have experienced even in my first battle a more vivid emotion than for the first few moments after I entered and saw you at your work."

"Really! I should not have thought it!" replied the young physician.

"In a battle we destroy life, we mutilate the living, but all rudely, violently; this calm scientific penetration into the mysterious mechanism of life itself is to me more appalling. That a human being—a man—should be killed, seems to me quite natural under certain circumstances: but to make that man the object of physical analysis—that crushes me, doctor.'"

Count Wissen spoke our language with fluent elegance, but with an accent that perhaps added to the charm of what he said.

"And what 'ud become of the nob'e art of healing, then, without the physical analysis of man?" demanded a student who was engaged in physically analyzing the fasciæ that play so important a part in crural hernia. It was a young man of four or five and twenty, of herculean proportions, ardent in expression, black-haired, black-eyed, irregular but strikingly intelligent features, and with something indefinable about him that marked the peasant. "Them big wounds, Count, that military gentlemen like yourself make in the big battles, how would we ever cure them at all, if it was'nt for the physical analysis of man—answer me that, if you please?"

"Oh! I admit the profound utility of your present occupation, Mr. O'Cal-lagh-an!" responded the count, laughing, and pronouncing every syllable of the Irishman's gutteral name with foreign distinctness.

"Well," said O'Callaghan, "this is the leanest subject that I have physically analyzed"—glancing round with a mirthful expression in his keen black eyes—"that I have physically analyzed, as your excellency says, for a long time."

"The leanest of its sex, perhaps," observed the young man who had first spoken, quietly pursuing his dissection.

"Why, the female sex, Dr. Galenson, has a greater tendency to the deposition of adipose matter—ye may well say that," rejoined O'Callaghan. "And hence we are naturally induced to inquire into the cause which produced the emaciation in the present instance."

"This girl died of phthisis," answered Galenson.

"How in the name o' th' old boy can ye tell that, before ye've dissected the thoracic viscera?" demanded the other.

"I make the prediction at all events, Mr. O'Callaghan," rejoined Galenson, "that whenever it shall please my friend Fitzfulke to quit this lady's scalp and open her chest, we shall find the lungs devoured by cavities and gorged with tubercle."

Fitzfulke, who was smoking, delicately removed the cigar from his mouth with his fore and middle finger and said:—

"Galenson is always right in his predictions."

"I would like to know on what grounds our worthy preceptor proceeds in this instance," persisted the inquisitive O'Callaghan.

"The abdominal viscera were perfectly healthy, Mr. O'Callaghan. There were no typhoid lesions, no miliary eruptions, yet the fat has totally disappeared, and the muscular tissue is excessively soft and attenuated."

"*Tabes dorsalis!*" cried O'Callaghan, triumphantly, with the purest continental pronunciation of the Latin.

"A possible hypothesis," said Fitzfulke, again removing his cigar, "and one that tallies with the mode of life too evidently led by this young woman."

There was a slight pause before any one replied, and then Galenson said:—"Mr. Fitzfulke is a poet. To him a subject on the dissecting-table is not simply a subject, but—but what, Fitz?"

"The mortal remains of a *human*, and hence suggestive of a human history," replied the student, with a mixture of humor and pomposity.

"Which in this case was the history of—an unfortunate?" inquired the count.

"Ye may well say that," answered the ever-ready O'Callaghan. "It is, as I may say, the natural upshot of the career —a private slip, a public disgrace, the streets, the hospital, the dissecting-table."

"We may as well put that in our pipes and smoke it," observed Fitzfulke, who was trying to light a fresh cigar by the gas-burner—"that our frail lady friends"—puff—"are all liable" —puff—"to come to this complexion"—puff third—"infernally soon!"

"You have wonderfully dissipated my horror of dissection already," said the count, slightly laughing,—"if indeed it is from this class that your female subjects are supplied?"

"Almost exclusively," said Galenson. "In fact, count, we should be glad for scientific reasons, if it were not quite so exclusively."

"Providence, Dr. Galenson, watches over modesty even in the grave!" said O'Callaghan, with an air of profound conviction.

"I hope Rory lays all this to heart!" said Fitzfulke, glancing at the fourth student, who had not yet spoken. "If your morals, young man, are not improved here, where will they be, I'd like to know?" added he, grinning sardonically, and knocking off his ashes against the arm of the subject—"ashes to ashes, eh?"

The youth thus addressed by his Christian name was the youngest of the party, smooth-chinned, and eminently handsome. In lieu of the calico apron or gown worn by his companions, he was arrayed in an old dark green wrapper, with a velvet collar and braid-buttons: though frayed with use, it had a picturesque effect; and he dissected in gloves—a spooney-like refinement which might be ascribed either to uncommon delicacy or fear of infection.—for the most horrible death is sometimes caused by a dissection scratch. Notwithstanding this effeminacy, and a certain girlish softness in his manner, the carriage of his head was strikingly noble; and a finely turned and masculine throat rose out of his open collar, over which an

abundance of rich tawny-brown hair fell like the mane of a young lion in picturesque carelessness.

"Fitzfulke giving lessons in morality to Rory," said Galenson, laughing: for the youth blushed, but did not reply.

"Mr. Fitzfulke is a poet," observed Count Wissen politely, "but my friend Rory is an artist, after all: one may therefore properly counsel the other."

"They're a pair of Bohemians together, and sure it's every bit of what they've in common," said O'Callaghan, with a satirical glance. This remark cut both ways; for Fitzfulke was no beauty.

"We offer a curious fortuitous reunion of professions here to-night, count," remarked Galenson. "Mr. Fitzfulke is a man of letters—a Bohemian (as Mr. O'Callaghan says)—whom the will of his father alone constrains to study the more practical art of healing; our friend Rory (to whom we are indebted for your company, count, this evening) is a sculptor, as you are aware, who pursues anatomy simply as a branch of art."

"Does he handle the chisel now with *gloves*, as well as the scalpel?" asked O'Callaghan, with another smile of malice.

"And Mr. O'Callaghan was educated for a priest," pursued the imperturbable Galenson.

"Which he'd been a-wearing a soutane down to his heels before this," said Fitzfulke, energetically, giving a terrible long puff from the cigar, "but for his too decided *penchant* for a petticoat."

There was a general laugh at O'Callaghan's expense, in which even the modest Rory joined.

"It's a slander," said O'Callaghan, reddening violently, but with perfect good humor.

"Count Wissen," added Galenson, "is a soldier and a diplomat."

"Two pernicious professions!" said the count, laughing.

"Say not so," replied Fitzfulke, pompously. "If I were not" —puff—"a Bohemian, I would be—Count Wissen!"

"Thank you, Mr. Fitzfulke!" said the count, bowing low.

"In fine," said Dr. Galenson, "I am the sole pure and simple original doctor in the company."

"Of whom all New York knows that Dr. Galenson is the prince of quizzers, and the most promising of all the devotees of pathological anatomy," said O'Callaghan, with Celtic fluency.

"The prince of *quizzers*?" said the count, inquiringly.

"To *quiz*, count, in the language of the medical schools, is to examine a class on the course. All these gentlemen here attend my quiz," said Dr. Galenson.

"See what it is to visit a dissecting-room; I have learned several new things this evening, already," said the count;—"thanks to your politeness, gentlemen, and the invitation of my friend, Mr. Rory."

"In truth, we're a curious company altogether," pursued O'Callaghan—"for example, in an ethnological point of view."

"Pray, don't get on that subject, O'Callaghan!" ejaculated Galenson, "or we shall have the whole question of races on the *tapis*."

"Except yourself, count," continued O'Callaghan, not heeding the remonstrance, "every one of us has a patronymical name, indicative of the antiquity of our origin. Galenson, for example, signifies son of Galen, and shows a Danish ancestry. Fitzfulke equally means son of Foulke or Fulk, showing that our friend Fitz here is a Saxon. O'Callaghan, or as it was formerly written—O'Callaghain—imports son of Calla-ghain, who was a descendant of Oliol Olum of the race of Heber, one of the sons of Milesius——"

"I told you so!" cried Dr. Galenson, laughing—"we shall have the entire genealogy of the kings of Munster now!'

"From another of whose sons, that is from *Ir*," continued the imperturbable O'Callaghan, motioning down the interruption of his preceptor with a wave of his scalpel, "were descended the *Clanna-Rorys* or Rodericians, of whom was Rory More, otherwise Roderick the Great, King of Ulster, whose descendants were called O'Mordhas, or O'Morras, which the English call O'More, and sometimes O'Moore; but the true name is O'Mordhas, or, more smoothly, O'Morras;—the most ancient princely blood in Ireland flows in their veins, count; though they were only chiefs or lords of Leix in the wars of the faith,

when the ancestor and namesake of our young friend here, RORY O'MORRA, was the bravest ally of the great O'Neill——"

"Oh, good Lord! O'Callaghan!" cried young O'Morra, laughing, "spare us the wars of the princely Tyrone, I beg!"

"'Tis odd," said the count, "that I never think of Mr. Rory being Irish, although his name of course shows it."

"He is *not* Irish,' said Fitzfulke, sententiously. "As well call me an Englishman, because my ancestors two hundred years ago lived in Yorkshire. O'Morra and his father before him were born in America."

"His father was born in America, Mr. Fitzfulke—I consent to that," replied O'Callaghan; "but who were his *parients?*"—mimicking the Yankee accent of Fitzfulke. "Weren't they Irish born and bred? If Cahal O'Morra's not an Irishman—who is? As for Rory here, like the rest of the young generation, he is Americanized, as you call it, quite too much; an' his dissecting in white gloves doesn't show the dare-devil spirit of the old O'Morras—hark! what's that?"

A loud knocking at the door below made all present start. It was not the entrance of the college, but the exit of a private stair and narrow passage leading from the dissecting-room to the general staircase of the building.

"Who in thunder's that?" said Fitzfulke.

"Somebody wanting Hartley," suggested Galenson, quietly pursuing his dissection.

"Ye may well say it is some *body* wanting Hartley," rejoined O'Callaghan. "Goodness knows that if anything is like to call up the old janitor at this hour of the night, it'll be a body with never a soul in it. Will I open the door, boys?"

"If you think fit, you may," said Galenson.

"Sure it's none of my business, but seeing the old reprobate is gone to Jersey to look after his mother that's dying, I'll do it for him this once."

With these words, rather intended to save his own dignity than proceeding from any real disinclination to perform the office, O'Callaghan wiped his fingers on a coarse sheet, and departed to open the door below, where the knocking was now peremptorily renewed. He presently returned, accompanied by

a gentleman whom he introduced in a rather ceremonious tone, saying—

"Dr. Mannikin, gentlemen!"

The new-comer was a very striking figure, being very tall and draped in a long cloak of fine drab cloth, with a collar of sable, contrasting very effectively with an underdress of black, of the Quaker cut, and terminating below in black silk stockings and knee-breeches. His shoes were of buckskin, with large silver shoe-buckles. The head and face of the stranger were lean, exhibiting their bony structure with remarkable distinctness; his beard was cleanly shaven off, leaving only a little inch of well-trimmed whisker in front of each ear; the hair cropped short: he had removed a broad-brimmed but glossy black beaver as he entered, and perceived the dissecting class. His complexion was dark and pale, his features far from regular, yet not without a certain look of intellect and distinction, to which a large and piercing though stealthy black eye very much contributed. He smiled as he bowed to the company, showing a set of white and glittering teeth.

"Doctor Mannikin! To what are we indebted for this unexpected honor?" said Galenson, laying down his scalpel in surprise.

"Your servant, Dr. Galenson—pleasure of meeting you at the hospital, doctor—can't shake hands, eh?—I understand. Expected to see only my old friend Hartley on a little matter of business—professional business"—with the same brilliant smile as before.

"Can Dr. Mannikin require a 'subject'?" replied Galenson, resuming his *sang froid*, and with his usual careless laugh. "I thought *your* experiments, Doctor, were made not upon the dead but the *living*. But I beg pardon for not introducing you to my friends. Dr. Mannikin, gentlemen, is well-known to you all by reputation. Mr. O'Callaghan, doctor—Mr. Fitzfulke—Mr. O'Morra—all my pupils. Count Wissen, Dr. Mannikin. Dr. Mannikin, Count Wissen. The celebrated Dr. Ezekiel Mannikin, count, author of an erudite work on Toxicology, and one of the most eminent physicians of the metropolis. Count Wissen, doctor, is an author like yourself."

"But not of the same celebrity," said the count, who, not being embarrassed by any contamination, shook hands with the new-comer, after the American fashion.

"If, as I infer," said Dr. Mannikin, "Count Wissen is the Resident Minister of His Majesty the King of ——, at Washington, his disclaimer has more of sarcasm than of modesty."

"Dr. Mannikin's work on 'Celebrated Cases of Poisoning' enjoys a European reputation," observed O'Callaghan, who could not be long without putting in his oar. "And really, doctor, I'd be for just creating a professorship of Toxicology in the college for yourself; it would be for our advantage greatly."

"Whether it would be for the advantage of the college to institute a professorship of the Art of Poisoning—which is the meaning of Toxicology—may perhaps be doubted," said Galenson drily; whereat Fitzfulke laughed.

"In Italy, doctor," said the count with courtesy, "in the time of the Borgias, your peculiar erudition would have made your fortune.'

"Equally in America!" exclaimed O'Callaghan. "Sure, what with wives that want to poison their husbands, and husbands willing to serve them the same good turn, a toxicologist never need starve, if the learned doctor will pardon me the observation."

"Unfortunately," said Dr. Mannikin, with his peculiar smile, "our skill is seldom called in till too late, when it serves rather to detect crime than to prevent it—which (Dr. Galenson will excuse me for saying) are the legitimate objects of toxicology."

"It is never called in to facilitate crime, then, doctor?" inquired Galenson, carelessly.

"Persons who meditate suicide or murder seldom consult the regular faculty on the means, I imagine," replied the toxicologist, with composure.

"No," said Galenson, peering at his medical brother over his gold-rimmed spectacles;—"but I should imagine that in a city like this, considering the almost mysterious knowledge attributed to you by the profession as well as by the public, you must sometimes be *sounded* by those who wish to make away either with themselves or others?"

"Medical men are often the recipients of strange confidences, I confess," replied Dr. Mannikin, with an air of frankness.

"You possess some powerful oriental drugs, not known to our pharmaceutists, do you not, doctor?"

"I have said so in my published treatise."

"You became acquainted with them in India?"

"Ah! the doctor has travelled!" said the count.

"A Thibetian juggler, whom I met in Cashmere," said Dr. Mannikin, with an air of mystery, "communicated to me some exceedingly potent agents, the knowledge of which has been transmitted from age to age, for perhaps thousands and tens of thousands of years, by the magical guilds of the East."

The young men all regarded Dr. Mannikin with curiosity: but O'Callaghan said in an under-tone—"*Tens* of thousands of years! pooh! Before the creation of the world!"

"This is very piquant," observed Count Wissen. "I am more than ever convinced that my adventure to-night was a good inspiration, Mr. Rory. Pray, doctor, may I ask—were you initiated in the guild of which you speak?"

"There is no other mode of penetrating the secret," replied the toxicologist, solemnly.

"Humph!" said Galenson. "And is it true that these Indian fellows have drugs with which they can simulate trance and produce apparent death?"

"They have."

"Did you witness such an experiment yourself, doctor!' inquired the count.

"Did respiration cease?" demanded Galenson.

"To all external seeming the fellow was as dead as one of these subjects," replied Mannikin. "The only discoverable indication of life was a faint warmth about the heart."

"And this condition lasted?"

"Six weeks,"* answered the toxicologist, with a flush. "But

* For a more particular account of this wonderful feat, and for evidence of the singular knowledge of the oriental jugglers in drugs, see *Huc's Travels*, and a circumstantial *Narrative of the Apparent Death of a Juggler*, which was witnessed by one of the Governors

to change the topic—you have published a work on the Law of Projectiles, I think, count?"

The count was civilly answering this query, while the students in an under-tone discussed the probability and possibility of Dr. Mannikin's story, with little apparent faith in that distinguished gentleman's veracity, when the attention of all parties was again arrested by a thundering knock at the lower door.

"Perdition seize old Hartley and his mother!" exclaimed O'Callaghan, petulantly:—"no, not the mother—the old soul is near ninety, and has a right to die sometime, as well as another," he added. "Well, I'll just see who it is for this once!"

"I bet it is some of those fellows in old Varick's office, out on an infernal spree! said Fitzfulke. "Oh, durn your noise!"

The knocking recommenced with violence, and O'Callaghan quickened his steps toward the stair.

Count Wissen here nudged the silent and shy young O'Morra, directing his attention to the countenance of Dr. Mannikin, which, in spite of an habitual self-command, changed its wonted paleness to a color approaching parchment. Galenson's quick eye caught the count's movement and observed its cause, and he said—

"Why, doctor, do you expect the marble guest?"

Meanwhile, O'Callaghan had opened the lower door. The heavy tramp of men was then heard along the narrow passage and slowly ascending the stairs; and presently appeared, ushered in by O'Callaghan, two men, one white, the other a negro, carrying with some difficulty a metallic burial-case, covered with the richest black velvet, and adorned with handles, caps and inscription-plate of massive silver. They came forward

of India. This man was actually buried for six weeks, and on being exhumed and stimulated by pungent applications, came to life again. The experiment, however, was a dangerous one; for being afterwards persuaded by a considerable sum of money to repeat it, to gratify the curiosity of some English officers, the unfortunate wretch could not be resuscitated: the vital spark, reduced to a feeble glimmer by the action of the potent drug which he admitted to be employed, had gone out entirely!

in silence, and deposited their burden upon an unoccupied table in the centre of the apartment.

The students simultaneously stopped work. Such a mode of bringing in a subject was too unusual not to excite the utmost surprise. A coarse bag and naked body is the wonted style of the resurrectionist, or "sack-em-up"—to use an expressive old country term. It is naturally also from the lowest and most friendless and proscribed classes of society that materials are commonly obtained for the studies of the anatomist; but here it was plain that the grave of the rich, and even of the very rich—of Dives himself—had been rifled.

CHAPTER II

THE MARBLE BRIDE.

The two men stood panting from their exertion, as reason was they should, for the metallic cases are heavy, and this was of the adult size, and octagon shape; and the students regarded them with curiosity and suspicion: it was evident to the least practised glance that they were not professional resurrectionists. Galenson had never seen them before, and he had been demonstrator of anatomy for three years. O'Callaghan, in the fourth winter of his studies, was equally unable to recognize them.

The white fellow was stout and thick set. He wore a large slouched hat and a rough long-haired over-coat, that left no part of his underdress visible, except a pair of tall boots, drawn over his trowsers, and encasing a stout pair of legs. A small cold blue eye, a nose pointed upwards, a sly and sensual mouth, with indications of good feeding in the chin and cheek, bespoke the lower order of the Saxon: his brown whiskers were trimmed English fashion; it was the face of a London footman, groom or valet—a menial of some sort. He gazed round the company without any sign of recognition till his eye rested on the quaker-like figure of Dr. Mannikin, when a slight start and rush of blood to the face, indicated one equally unexpected and unwelcome; and he, as if involuntarily, touched his hat. The negro was a dapper, light-colored fellow. His copious and well-combed wool was surmounted with a paper cap, such as is frequently worn by cooks, and notwithstanding the season he wore no overcoat.

"We 'ad hexpected to find Mr. 'Artley," said the white resurrectionist, in a true Cockney accent.

"He is out," said Galenson, curtly.

"'Ow werry hawkward, Jim!" said the fellow, addressing his

black companion. "In regard of this 'ere body w'ich we 'ave fetch'd from Greenwood, I means, gentlemen."

"It's rather odd you did not leave the coffin behind," observed Galenson, drily. "We have no use for that, you know."

"I can heasily hexplain that little circumstance, doctor," replied the sack-em-up. "We couldn't hopen this 'ere bur'al case for want of proper hinstruments, as when we 'ad took hout the screws, we found as 'ow the hupper shell was soddered on to the hunder, and it warn't possible to break the cement without makin' too much noise: so we just took the 'ole concern—that is 'ow it was, doctor."

"An' a tarnal close shave we had getten off wid it, too, Massa Johnson," said the negro: "it so tarnal heavy, sa!"

"I thought they took better precautions at Gre nwood," said Galenson, thoughtfully eying the sumptuous coffin.

"Oh, 'ang their precautions!" said Johnson: "we fetched this 'ere case through the gate hunder their heyes—didn't we, Jim?"

"P'raps de gemman like to buy dis body for 'section," suggested the negro: "him was bur'd dis berry arternoon, doctor. My stars! what a long string of carriages foller dis ere corpse to Greenwood!"

"That's a lie, I bet," remarked Fitzfulke, who had been examining the inscription-plate. "The plate says the subject died a week ago! You shouldn't have brought the coffin, if you wanted us to believe such chaffing as that."

"Taint no lie, massa," replied the negro, mildly. "Dis 'ere corpse kep so nncommon well dat dey nebber bury him till dis arternoon. De doctors can open de case an' see for demselves wat ex'lent preserwation de subjek is in. A mighty purty young lady, too!"

"By George! a subject of this description does not offer every day in the year!" cried Fitzfulke, exultingly.

"Dry up, Fitz!" said O'Callaghan, in a wrathful under tone. "What sort of notion you must have of the designs of Providence!"

But Dr. Mannikin, who had approached and stood with his white-gloved hand resting delicately on the velvet pall, now spoke, in his blandest manner:—

"I came here this evening to treat with Mr. Hartley for a subject, and from what you say, Mr. Johnson, this would suit me. What will you take for it, burial-case and all, just as it stands?"

The man touched his hat and grinned.

"Couldn't sell the case, nor the clothes, no how, doctor."

"Why, what can you do with them better than to sell them, my friend?" asked the doctor.

"That's *hour* business, doctor, not your'n," replied the fellow, with another grin.

"Well, never mind the case," said Dr. Mannikin. "You shall have the case, and *everything else you choose*"—with a meaning emphasis: "I only want the body—what will you take for it?—name your price."

The negro whispered in his comrade's ear—but Dr. Galenson here interposed.

"Excuse me, doctor," said the young physician, politely but firmly. "You appear not to be acquainted with one of the rules of the college in this department, which, as Demonstrator of Anatomy, I am obliged to enforce. No subject which has once been brought here is allowed to be taken hence, unless by the janitor for sepulture; and although you might be allowed to join a class already formed (with the consent of the members), you could not expect otherwise to get a subject under a month, from the number of classes now on the list and entitled to a preference. I shall of course buy the present subject of these men, at the regular price, neither more nor less, but it will have to go to the first class on the list and unsupplied."

Dr. Mannikin's pale cheek flushed and grew pale again, alternately, as Galenson proceeded: "Really, Dr. Galenson!" said he, in tones that trembled with anger, "this is discourteous. My professional rank will, I hope, justify a departure from mere formal rules in my favor."

"I have every disposition in the world to gratify you, doctor," replied Galenson, with extreme suavity, "but if we break our rules for one we must for another, and *I* have no authority to do it. Your course is to apply to the Professor of Anatomy

—if he says you can have the subject, I shall have nothing to say."

"Besides, doctor," said the man Johnson, to whom the negro had been again earnestly whispering—"we prefers, Jim and me, to let the doctors of the college 'ave the subjik. Should hany hinquiries be made in regard of the disappearance of the same, do yur see, '*ere* there would be no traces, cos why? there is so many hothers. An' I would hadvise, gentlemen, to begin with the face, so as it can't be recognized by nobody."

"Infernal scoundrel!" muttered Dr. Mannikin.

Dr. Galenson, meanwhile, took out his pocket-book, and handing the man Johnson the usual resurrectionist's fee, said—"Let us open the case, that these fellows may take it away immediately: for certainly we do not want it here. Do you know how to manage these machines, O'Callaghan?"

"Do I know how?" replied that gentleman, working out the massive silver-headed screws with his fingers, so rapidly that Fitzfulke, who was unscrewing the silver cap or head-piece, barely succeeded in doing it before his active fellow-student had all the other screws in his hand. The cap being raised, a thick but clear oval glass, like a plate of crystal, allowed the face of the corpse to be seen.

"My God!" cried Fitzfulke: "what a beautiful face!"

A simultaneous movement of curiosity impelled the young men to look in. All started at beholding a countenance so natural that it seemed living, and all *encadrée* with flowers and lace and soft curls, like a waxen beauty, on which the bright gas-light fell. Dr. Mannikin interposed again.

"Gentlemen, you will pardon me for saying once more that this thing ought to go no further. You will not deny my right to protest, when I tell you that this young person was known to me."

"A patient, doctor?" asked Galenson, smiling.

"Not my patient," replied the physician, quickly; 'but I know the family well, and attended the funeral to-day."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Galenson.

This announcement again vividly excited the curiosity of the students. They all, together with the stately count, bent their

heads over the plate to read the inscription, which Fitzfulke now read aloud:—

Rose Marie

OB. III NON. FEB. MDCCCL—

ÆT. XVIII.

"There is no family name on the plate," observed Count Wissen.

The cement with which the upper and lower shells of the case were almost welded together, now yielded to a single well-directed blow of O'Callaghan's hammer. The removal of the lid caused a fresh surprise, for it was then fully seen that the costume (for the body was dressed as in life) was that of a bride.

A robe of white moire antique, enriched with deep flounces of point lace, was no sooner released from the compression of the lid, than it flowed in great folds on either side; a veil of the same costly lace almost entirely shrouded the upper part of the figure, while a wreath of white jessamine with long delicate green sprays, and bouquets of the same on the bosom and skirt, nestling among the lace, made a whole so festive, so fresh, so elegant, that the young men drew back and gazed in silent admiration and awe. But what was really extraordinary, and soon riveted their attention, even the rich jewels of the bride had not been removed. A magnificent necklace of pearls clasped the marble throat, a chain of brooches of the same, looped together by strings of seed-pearl, served as buttons to the square-cut antique corsage, and earrings and a bracelet, completing the set, attested both the wealth and the frantic despair of a father or a husband.——And perhaps the beauty of the deceased deserved so rich a burial. It was a face, even in the rigidity of death, singularly noble and beautiful; whiter than snow the perfect features, carved lip and nostril, closed eye deep-lidded, smooth brow and oval cheek, set in dark flowing tresses, and crowned with jessamine; the gorge, as if turned in ivory; the large pearl-white arms—the hands were gloved and tied together with white satin ribbon.

The students looked to Dr. Mannikin for an explanation of this extraordinary case.

"She was an only child—her family immensely rich—and died, as you see, on her wedding-night, before the very altar. They buried her in her bridal array—by her own desire," said that gentleman, in brief, curt tones.

"All dese tings," observed the negro, "'longs to me and Massa Johnson."

"Hof course they does—w'at be you a-talking about, Jim?" said his companion.

"One begins to understand the motive of this body-snatching extraordinary," remarked Galenson.

"It is pretty well understood already," said the count, "but it is robbery after all."

"What will we do about it?" asked O'Callaghan, with great seriousness.

"Do?" repeated Galenson. "We take the body, of course, and these men the case, clothes and jewels—and a pretty good thing they've made of it too.—I wonder what was the cause of death."

The medical enthusiast was already touching the wrist of the corpse, as if to satisfy himself by more senses than one that life was really departed.

"The cause of death, doctor!" said O'Callaghan. "Undoubtedly we will ascertain that in the interests of science—but then?"

"You mean to say, Mr. O'Callaghan?"

"That although the body of this young lady has fallen into our hands by the legitimate chances of the profession, it ought not to be profaned by the last scrutiny of the scalpel."

"Hanged if I see why not," said Fitzfulke, rather coarsely.

"After a legitimate autopsy," pursued O'Callaghan, "we should restore the remains to their resting-place, which has been violated by what we must regard as a fortunate sacrilege."

"But how," said Galenson. "It is not so easy to effect an interment secretly. You may *rob* a grave with impunity, but to *fill* one, except by forms of law or in regular practice,—it is dangerous!"

But the man Johnson, who with his colored comrade, had shown various signs of impatience during this colloquy, now

attempted to push his way violently through the ring of students that closely surrounded the table where the coffin with its brilliant contents lay.

"Hif you please, gents! We wishes to remove hour property now. Young gentleman!" addressing O'Morra, "please stand on one side, and let me get to this 'ere coffin."

The youth turned quick as lightning and threw him off. The rest stared.

"Why, Rory! what's tne matter, man?" cried Fitzfulke.

"Gentlemen," said Rory O'Morra, "of course I agree with my friend Mr. O'Callaghan, that to dissect the body of a virtuous and beautiful young lady which has fallen into our hands through an infamous crime, is out of the question. To allow it to be stripped of its attire or ornaments by these rascals appears to me equally impossible. They are a pair of common thieves, and so sure as they offer to lay a finger on a single article, I will have them arrested."

"You will—will you?" cried Johnson, white with rage. Then swearing a great oath, he drew forth a formidable knife from under his great coat,—"we'll see to that!"

"Cut-throat! I thought as much!" said the shy O'Morra, without the slightest symptom of fear.

There were loud cries of "Put up your knife!"—"Seize hold of the rascal!"—"Put away thy knife, Enoch Johnson—put away thy knife!" quoth Dr. Ezekiel Mannikin, lifting both his hands. But in the twinkling of an eye young O'Morra drew back a step, took down a cane that lay across the pegs on which the students' coats and overcoats were suspended, and in far less time than it takes to tell it, had bared a long, slender, triangular blade of blue steel which it concealed.

"I'll make a subject of *you*, you rascally cockney," cried Rory, impetuously, "and dissect you afterwards with the greatest pleasure—come on!"

The fellow, who was brandishing his knife very savagely, recoiled. The idea suggested by O'Morra was unpalatable. Supposing his life taken in a hasty fray, nothing more easy for a medical student than to dispose of the body, and the world be never the wiser. And the lad, like all boys, when his blood was

up, was capable of anything, and the rest, recovering from their momentary alarm, looked on now very quietly while their young comrade, standing in a fencing position, handled his dangerous weapon with a facility that practice alone could give, and the point played ominously sure towards the most vital point of the body-snatcher's physique.

"Who would have thought it!" cried Galenson, laughing. "Mr. Johnson—Mr. Johnson—be advised—put up your tool, or my friend O'Morra—the best fencer in New York and all at home in his anatomy—will prick your left ventricle and you'll be a dead man before you know it."

"Hooray!" cried O'Callaghan, cutting a caper in his joy. "That's the blood of the O'Morras sure. The boy is no spooney for all, though he does dissect in gloves. Pink him, Rory!"

Johnson, followed by O'Morra, had retreated to the wall, and then threw away his knife in abject submission.

"The cowardly blackguard!" ejaculated O'Callaghan, at whose feet it fell, picking it up: "Why, see what a knife it is—a regular bowie—with an edge like a razor!—*Fenum habet in cornu*—a dangerous villain! No doubt but he was prepared to commit murder with this if necessary."

Even Johnson's black accomplice broke out against him at this last proof of cowardice.

"Sarve you right, you raskle, for goin' to stab de young gemman—oh what a blunderbuss you be!"

"'Old your blasted tongue, you black pisoner!" returned the other with fury. "Speak hanother word an' I'll 'ave you 'anged as 'igh as 'Aman!"

"If de young gemman was to spit you like a fat rabbit, he be doin' a debblish good turn," retorted the negro. "Wy don't you try to pacify de gemmen, you fool? Dat's de way to git what you want."

"Thee would do well to listen to his counsel," said Dr. Mannikin, who had continued to be much agitated during this scene. Having been bred a Quaker, the worthy doctor spoke the plain language when excited, as an angry Englishman drops his "h's" under similar circumstances.

Johnson himself, now composed in manner, but white with

suppressed fury, changed his tone of voice from ferocious bluster to an artificial whine.

"Gentlemen," said he, submissively, "I 'umbly beg pardon for my wiolence. Don't cheat me of my poor little adwantages hin this hunfortinate haffair!—Indeed, it's w'at I'm hentitled to, gentlemen!—On my knees, gentlemen!—I leave it to your honors!—I 'ave risked my place and bein' transported for them little things—taynt for nothin' that a party in my sitiwation hopens a fam'ly wault—I was honly a hagent in that business, gentlemen—doctors and gentlemen!—Dr. Mannikin! I hexpects that you will hintercede for me—I knows wat I knows, Dr. Mannikin!"

"Gib us de jewel, mas'r!" said the negro, insinuatingly; "and keep de clo'se for to bury young missis w'en de doctors hab done wid her."

"You won't hinjure nobody by so doin'; not a 'aypenny," pursued Johnson, piteously. "The fam'ly have throwed the things away, and the dead don't want 'em sartainly."

"All your entreaties are useless, as much as your threats," said young O'Morra, who stood by the burial-case with his weapon bared, and listening with an air half of heroism and half of contempt.—"You have been paid for the subject, my men—so be off, and thank your stars that for the felony you meditated you escape a prison."

"Five years in a state-prison and a fine of one hundred dollars is the law," observed O'Callaghan:—"that's for opening any place of interment to remove the body for dissection, or to *steal the clothes* or anything else appertaining to the departed—see the Revised Statutes!"

"Mr. O'Morra is right, after all," said the count, in his grave foreign manner. "We cannot make ourselves *participes criminis* in this attempt at robbery. It is our duty to return these valuable articles to their owners."

"Oh, not to the fam'ly, gentlemen—hanything but that!" exclaimed Johnson in an accent of real terror.

"They can be returned through *me*, without compromising thee at all," said Dr. Mannikin, with his death's-head smile, and infinitely pallid.

"Oh, yes," said the humbled villain, "that will do. Dr. Mannikin knows the fam'ly *well*. Doctor, I'm werry sorry——"

"No doubt! no doubt!" interrupted the doctor hastily—"of course you are sorry for what has occurred, Johnson. But thee had better go now. I will see that a proper disposition is made of these articles without the slightest suspicion attaching to *thee*"—with emphasis, and hurrying him off

"We'll go, doctor—come along, Jim—all right, I say, Jim. Dr. Mannikin—a word with you below, *hif* you please."

O'Callaghan with some ceremony returned him the knife, which Johnson replaced carefully under his overcoat, and then paused a moment at the door——

"I'll be heven with you for this some day, gents! An' as for *you*, young man!"—fixing a look of hate on O'Morra—"I shall know you hanother time—that's the 'ole of it."

"All right!" said Rory, boyishly, putting up the sword-cane in its place.

A little hubbub of congratulations greeted the shy youth, who only blushed. The count set the example of shaking hands with him.

"Psha! I am not a hero at all. Why you know I fainted in the theatre the other day at the amputation of a thumb."

"I'faith, Rory," said O'Callaghan, laughing, "your stomach is 'wake,' as the Irishman said, but your heart is as bold as a lion."

"Now see here, fellows," observed Fitzfulke, "did you notice that old Mannikin followed those scoundrels down stairs? While they are having a confab below, let us lock both doors on the learned doctor, and we'll not open them again till the autopsy is finished."

This was agreed to without a dissenting voice, the count deciding to stay with the rest. The measure was hardly put in execution before Dr. Mannikin returned from his conference and thundered for admission at the lower door; but as the students paid no attention, the toxicologist, after knocking violently for some time and shouting himself hoarse, retired.

Meanwhile the students and Galenson held a rapid consultation. O'Callaghan brought from a drawer a coarse clean sheet,

which he spread upon the table under the burial-case, while the latter was raised for that purpose by his companions. O'Callaghan, though not holding like Dr. Galenson an official position, being an undergraduate, yet from his advanced standing and general proficiency as a student, acted, as we have seen, as a sort of aid to their preceptor. The young men washed their hands, and O'Callaghan turned down the gas over the table where they had been previously occupied, while the light of two powerful burners flooded the dazzling figure of the dead bride, around which they now gathered.

CHAPTER III.

GALENSON'S LECTURE—THE AUTOPSY.

"THIS young person is reported to have died suddenly," said Galenson, with a gravity becoming the first clinical lecturer of the day, and which contrasted strongly with his usual sardonic levity. "She is reported to have died suddenly, in the midst of a nuptial festivity, of which the interest was concentred in her, and yet there has been no *post-mortem*. You will ask me how I know this without removing the garments, and in the absence of positive testimony. I answer that a *post-mortem* could not take place without decomposition of the exposed tissues and fluids, a decomposition which on opening the coffin eight days after death would at once be apparent to the senses. Now when the upper shell of this case was removed some moments ago, there was a slight fragrance, as of some delicate perfume impregnating the apparel of the deceased, and that was all. Moreover, on the exposed portions of the body we do not discover the faintest discoloration. The surface is blanched, but spotless as a snow-drift. All this is very remarkable, especially as the only positive unequivocal sign of death, is, as you know, the commencement of decomposition: and the absence thus far of this sign imposes on us the necessity of proceeding with the utmost caution."

There was a slight murmur of approbation from the students.

"There is no *negative* sign of death which may not be simulated," continued Galenson:—"pulsation, respiration, sensibility, consciousness, may be entirely suspended even for many days, as happens sometimes in trance, or for a briefer period by the agency of electricity, from suffocation in drowning, and perhaps from other causes. But as long as a cause is present which arrests the chemical law that incessantly tends to decompose all organic matters, whether animal or vegetable, so long there is

life, and the functions, though suspended, may be restored. Hence, if the medical men in attendance, whoever they were, permitted this body to be interred before they had ascertained positively the commencement of decomposition somewhere, they were guilty of the grossest and most criminal negligence. And yet, not only has no *post-mortem* taken place—certainly not—but, unless I am greatly deceived, the body has not even been undressed. I have had some experience in mortuary matters, gentlemen, and I do not believe it would be possible to dress a corpse with such faultless nicety."

"I think not," observed Count Wissen. "In fact, if one could suppose this lady alive, she might step right into a ball-room in that finished toilette, without stopping to adjust a flower or a ribbon."

"I am glad to be confirmed in my opinion by an authority so unexceptionable. Here, then, we are confronted on the very threshold of our inquiry, gentlemen, with mysterious facts which impose upon us the utmost delicacy of attention, extending to the minutest circumstances. Nor does the mystery cease here:—for even the costly personal ornaments of the deceased have not been removed, a fact almost inconceivable, but which we have no reason to regret: for scarcely has the body been interred when a cupidity that ought to have been foreseen has caused it to be exhumed for the evident purpose of plunder. By what means the parties to this outrage succeeded in defeating the precautions by which our principal cemetery is guarded from violation, does not appear. Their bringing the body here, after they had managed to carry it off, is easily accounted for by the difficulty in disposing of it otherwise, and by their expectation that in this place all trace of their crime would speedily disappear. Had not Mr. Hartley been absent, or had we not availed ourselves of his absence to prolong our labors beyond the usual hour of locking up, this scheme would probably have succeeded. I agree with my young friend O'Morra that it becomes us to treat these remains, the object of so much tenderness to the survivors, with all imaginable respect, and to return them, if possible, unmutilated to their original resting place; but at the same time it is our duty to

seize the opportunity providentially afforded us, of elucidating the mystery and perhaps of bringing to light a crime."

"That's the way to talk," said Fitzfulke, caressing a mustache that curled over his protuberant upper lip—for he had ceased smoking.

"I don't object to an investigation," said O'Morra.

"It is our duty," said O'Callaghan.

"We all agree to it, doctor," said the count.

Young O'Morra, at Galenson's request, quietly untied the ribbon which confined the two wrists together, and the arms dropped lifeless at the side. There was a print of the ribbon on the back of each wrist, but no discoloration. Then at a sign from Galenson, O'Morra removed the large artificial bouquet of white jessamine—so exquisitely wrought by French hands that you might have taken it for the natural flowers—from the bosom of the dress, and detached the chain of pearl brooches which so magnificently fastened its antiquely fashioned corsage or jacket, reviving a picturesque and stately costume of the middle ages, often seen in old illuminated books. But here the youth's labor was abridged, for beneath this rich exterior garment was nothing but a loose and singularly simple dress of almost snow-white woollen, undulating over the bosom as if a sculptor had modelled it in marble, and in the folds of which lay a large gold medal hung in a white ribbon.

"She was a Catholic!" whispered O'Callaghan.

The other young men were, so to speak, doubly silent. O'Morra looked up as if to ask what next, and Galenson waved his hand to indicate that nothing further was yet necessary.

"Before we proceed to seek the one positive sign of death," continued the latter, resuming the deep monotone of his clinique, "let us ascertain if the positive signs of life are absent. Is there any *pulse?*"

The young physician once more applied his fingers first to one wrist, then to the other. No sign of life there at all events. He touched the carotid, or great artery of the throat, which supplies the seat of intelligence with the aliment of vitality. Galenson's heavy lips parted, and his massive face assumed an expression of almost ludicrous solemnity.

"Mr. O'Morra," said he at last in a low voice, "please to lay your hand on the heart of the subject."

Some moments elapsed. The white and shapely hand of the young sculptor, softly laid upon the deceased, over the woollen robe, drew all eyes. A blush came and went on his girl-like cheek. At length he slowly withdrew his hand, and looked up rather pale and evidently excited.

"Well?" said Galenson.

"I perceive no pulsation, Dr. Galenson, but there is warmth."

"Warmth without pulsation signifies nothing," returned Galenson, with disappointment. "Yet *he* said 'warmth,' and 'in the region of the heart.'" He mused, then drew forth from his pocket a small cedar stethoscope. "Heat," he added, looking round the class, "is a chemical phenomenon, not a vital one."

Galenson applied his instrument, as young O'Morra had applied his hand, over the under-dress, and his ear to the instrument. Motionless, still, lay the body in its glistering robe and starry veil. The perfect features remained in their unutterable tranquillity—their blanched and fixed repose. The anxiety of the students was now evidently at its highest pitch, but mingled with confidence: for Galenson was reputed one of the best auscultators in the city. His ear was infallible. Long and patiently he listened. Strange expressions flitted over his grand scientific face, as if he had been a master of music listening to a melody inaudible to the rest of mankind. At last he withdrew his ear from the almost intelligent instrument, and removing the latter from the side, where it left a distinguishable impression on the soft and snowy woollen, said in a low voice, but deliberate and emphatic—

"THE GIRL IS ALIVE!"

CHAPTER IV.

"If this be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!
Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden"
Romance of the Water Lily.

"ALIVE! Impossible!"

"The heart beats at all events!" said Galenson.

Notwithstanding the faintest suspicion of the truth possibly entertained by all, every one was immeasurably astonished by the actual announcement.

"During the whole time that I listened at the heart," said Galenson, "there were but two beats—the first so faint that I thought I might be mistaken; the second was unequivocal."

Meanwhile no time was lost in administering appropriate remedies. The skill and resources of the operators were too great to admit a doubt of the ultimate result, yet an hour passed before there was any perceptible sign of success. What a moment of triumph when a small mirror held before the lips became dim! A sigh—a convulsion—respiration re-establishing itself with laborious effort! The limbs shudder as in epilepsy, the eyes open, but the balls roll masterless. Even Galenson was deeply agitated. Gradually this paroxysm passed off, the eye softened. became intelligent and expressive, consciousness had returned—the maiden sprang up, gazed wildly round her, screamed with a look full of terror, and sank slowly back in a swoon.

"We must remove her instantly from this horrible place," said O'Morra.

"Of course!" hissed Fitzfulke. "It is enough to frighten any young woman to death, to find herself here."

There were as many plans as persons. The count suggested a hotel. O'Callaghan recommended the Sisters' Hospital, which was not many streets distant.

Galenson, being visiting physician of the City Hospital, proposed taking her directly there, anticipating perhaps glorious opportunities of observation and clinique. Fitzfulke confounded all hospitals right and left, as utterly unsuitable places for a young lady of good family, and advised that she should be taken home at once, forgetting that they were all ignorant of her family name.

The hotel proposition was ruled out, considering the difficulty of obtaining admission and suitable accommodation for an unknown stranger in a dying condition, the defective attendance, and absence of suitable female care; and while Fitzfulke went to call a carriage and Galenson and O'Callaghan disputed on the rival claims of their hospitals, O'Morra made a suggestion different from all the rest and which at first gained no favor.

It was to convey the lady to his own boarding-house on Brooklyn heights, a quiet, respectable place, where she would have pure air and every comfort of a private family.

"Too far!" said Galenson, decidedly. "The girl is hardly fit to be moved at all."

"If we find that it is too much for her, we can stop at the City Hospital—it is on the way," said the adroit O'Morra.

"That's true,' said Galenson—"well I think yours a very good idea, O'Morra."

"But can she be accommodated?" asked the count, who was O'Morra's fellow-boarder. "Is there a vacant room, Mr. Rory?"

"I will vacate mine—I can sleep on the sofa in the governor's parlor," said Rory.

"You're a trump, Rory!" said Galenson.

"Mr. Rory has excellent inspirations," said the count.—"I find that next best to a hotel—but I fear the distance."

"There are first-class hotels the whole way," said Rory, "if she is found not to bear it."

"The Sisters of Charity are the best nurses in the world, and close at hand," insisted O'Callaghan:—"what will you gain by carrying her all the way to Brooklyn?"

"The air is so pure, and the neighborhood so quiet," said

Rory; "and then Miss Tankerville—who is a Catholic too—will take such excellent care!"

"Ah! Miss Tankerville will take such excellent care!" repeated the count, laughing.

"If it is a Catholic family, I withdraw my objections," said O'Callaghan: "but at the city hospital they would let her die without a priest—that's why!"

Fitzfulke returned with the carriage to find the point decided in favor of O'Morra's proposition. Shy and sly O'Morra! With all his innocence he contrives to wind them all round his little finger.

"Fellows," said Fitzfulke, "how do you think I found a carriage so quick at this time of night? Why, there's a thundering big party in the next block, and the street is chock full of carriages. I hired a fellow with a long six-seat rockaway, who was waiting to take his chance. And who do you think I saw on the box of a grand family coach drawn up in line? Who but our friend Johnson, swearing at his horses as if all the fiends from below were inside of him!"

The lower shell of the burial case served as a litter for their patient, the silver handles made it very convenient, and four of the young men carried it without the slightest difficulty down the broad stair of the college. Galenson pointed out the prudence of removing the upper shell at the same time.

"Should the disappearance of this young person's *remains*," he observed, "be discovered, and it should get rumored abroad that a part of the burial-case had been seen in the college, the mob would tear down the building."

Appreciating this reflection, while the insensible girl was placed without difficulty in the roomy carriage, the litter lying diagonally across, so that the head and foot were supported on the low elbow cushions, by the Count and O'Morra, O'Callaghan enveloped the upper shell in the sheet before mentioned, and got on the front or driver's seat with it.

"Is that a boat now, or a bath-tub?" asked the driver.

"It is old Charon's life-boat," answered the witty Irishman.

"Sure it's shaped like a boat," said the unsuspicious jarvey; "but isn't it too small to float any size of man at all?"

"Why, look you—it has saved the life of the young woman inside this very night!" said O'Callaghan.

"Is that a fact? Well, now! An' where will I drive you, bos?"

"To the Wall street ferry, as fast as you can."

As the rockaway turned the corner swiftly, to go down town, a superb equipage from the big party dashed by, and O'Callaghan, twisting round, cried out to the party inside,—"Boys! there goes that rascally Johnson, and if that sly old Mannikin isn't inside, drab cloak and all!—what do you think of that?"

The count hummed a military air.

Dr. Galenson took the opportunity to impress upon his companions inside the importance and necessity of an inviolable secrecy in regard to all that had occurred. He pointed out that the safety as well as honor of a medical institution were involved in this sort of discretion.

"The justice of the doctor's remarks is obvious," said the count. "Unless I am deceived, gentlemen, we have here a *shadowy* affair, and we ought to be on our guard."

"Above all," said Galenson, "if any of us chance to meet Dr. Mannikin, not a syllable to *him* of this surprising resuscitation—do you understand?"

"Miss Tankerville is Dr. Mannikin's cousin," remarked O'Morra, "but as they don't speak, that makes no difference."

"All arranges itself marvellously," said the count.

"Will not the doctor ask about the jewels?" inquired O'Morra, as a lamp flashed in upon the necklace and bracelet of their insensible charge.

"Refer him to me—I can stop his questions," said Dr. Galenson.

"Now see here, fellows," cried Fitzfulke, as if a sudden light had broken upon him: "do you know I think Mannikin had something to do with this girl's being buried alive? What in thunder did he come marching up into the dissecting-room, to see old Hartley for, at that time o' night? He's not such an infernal enthusiast on the subject of anatomy, that ever I heard of!"

"You're a lucky fellow at finding mare's nests, Fitz," said Galenson.

The carriage glided smoothly and rapidly down the deserted and well-paved thoroughfare. A light fall of snow rendered the passage still more smooth and silent. Galenson, who jealously watched his patient's pulse, perceived that so far from suffering by the removal, she was like to benefit by it. At night, when the glare of the shop windows has entirely disappeared, when the carriage-way is deserted even by the omnibuses, and the side-walks offer only an occasional straggler of the male sex, and the masses of the buildings, many-storied and vast, their architecture lost in the gloom, show only a black outline against the sky, or glitter else in the moonlight with their piles of white marble,—Broadway is poetical. Galenson sighed as they passed the hospital, but he could make no excuse for stopping. Indeed, when the lamps of the ferry-house shone into the carriage, and the horses' hoofs resounded over the swing-bridge, O'Morra became aware that his burthen was a conscious one. True, the form lay motionless in its narrow and unyielding bed, but a pair of extraordinary large dark eyes looked up at him. The air was sharp on the river, which was full of floating ice, and the great moon looked down upon it in all her wintry splendor. The large dark eyes turned towards the brilliant scene.

"Those bloody scoundrels must have brought her from Greenwood just as you are carrying her now," observed Fitzfulko; "for she is too tall to lie out straight any other way in the biggest carriage, and these confounded cases won't bend, no how you can fix it."

"Five feet and six inches, I judge, may be the height of mademoiselle," observed the military Wissen; "which is a fair height for a woman."

"Gentlemen," said Galenson, "our patient's pulse indicates that reaction is setting in pretty strongly."

The boat sped across the illuminated river, crashed through a drift of ice, then swept with the usual superb mastery for which the New York ferry-boats are unrivalled in the world, into her berth on the Brooklyn side. The slight concussion as she hit the bridge, and start of the horses, elicited inside the carriage

a faint feminine exclamation that thrilled every heart—the more as it was succeeded by perfect silence.

The carriage rolled up the steep ascent of Montague street, and gained the heights. Guided by O'Callaghan, who knew the house, it rolled presently into a court-yard and drew up before the door of a somewhat imposing mansion standing in the midst of a garden, and overlooking the magnificent bay. O'Morra's night-key procured instant admission, and without any delay the form of the "lately-deceased"—as O'Callaghan wittily termed her—was conveyed to his room. At the first effort to remove her from the carriage the maiden murmured something, and put one sandaled foot, one jewelled arm, outside her hard litter; but as the young men bore her on, taking no notice, resigned herself "passive to all changes."

The reader will please to imagine the astonishment of a Miss Tankerville—the name itself breathes of maiden respectability—mistress of a highly respectable, more than respectable boarding-house on Brooklyn heights—elevated position if there is one in this world!—on being waked from her first sleep in the small hours of the night, by a young medical student (or artist rather), one of her boarders, announcing—

"Miss Tankerville! I want you, if you please! There's a young lady in my room."

Astonishment is too feeble a word!

"A young lady in your room! Goodness, Mr. Forrester! How dared you, sir? And what puts it in your head to come tell me of it, if you dared?"—The door is hardly ajar.

"It is not Forrester—it is O'Morra!"

"Goodness, Mr. O'Morra!" cries the lady—opening the door considerably wider. "I thought, to be sure, it was that horrid Bill Forrester—it would have been just like him. A young lady in *your* room! did I hear you right, Mr. Rory?"

"It is a dreadful mystery, my dear Miss Tankerville—we put the greatest confidence in you, you know. We want you to undress her and put her to bed."

"Is he tight, I wonder?" exclaimed the bewildered spinster.

"We have saved her life—do you understand? That is, Dr.

Galenson has. And you must come immediately, for we are afraid she will die!" said Rory, impatiently.

"Oh! I understand now!" said Miss Tankerville. "Is Dr. Galenson here?"—shutting the door in his face. "Well, I'll come immediately,"—opening it a very little—"as soon as I can throw on my clothes."

Miss Tankerville was an energetic and sensible person—otherwise, it is probable, she would not have conducted a large and successful boarding-house in so prominent a situation as Brooklyn heights. She soon entered young O'Morra's room, accompanied by an Irish maiden bearing clean sheets, pillow-cases, and other articles suitable to the emergency. The stranger, again unconscious or apparently so, lay on the sofa, "diffused like snow."

"Goodness!" cried Miss Tankerville—"the young lady has been taken ill at a ball! Who is she, doctor? My goodness! what a lovely dress!"

It was of importance to conciliate Miss Tankerville's cordial interest and at the same time engage her secrecy. Dr. Galenson peered at her sagaciously over his gold-rimmed spectacles, which gave him, though a young man, an appearance of wonderful gravity.

"Miss Tankerville," said he, "we have thought proper, Count Wissen and myself, to confide to your well-known discretion a case that requires a great deal of that quality. At present, you observe, this young person can give no account of herself, and we can give no account of her, except that her name is Rose—Rose Marie—is it not, count? *Marie* is perhaps a surname."

"Marié, perhaps—I know a family of that name," said Miss Tankerville.

"Very likely—very likely: Americans often omit the accent of the French '6;' and we know the name only by—her *card*."

"Exactly—I understand, doctor," said Miss Tankerville. "She was taken ill at Mrs. Oleander's party, I suppose, count?"—glancing at that gentleman's evening costume, of which we have already spoken.

"At least I can assure you that she is a young lady of unexceptionable character and connections," said the count.

"Evidently," said Miss Tankerville, who hardly took her eyes off the superb dress of the stranger.—"A bride, too, I see,—of course! Well! shall I take charge of Miss Marié, now, gentlemen?"

"Miss Tankerville, you are an angel!" said the count. "Upon my word, doctor," he added, as they went down stairs together, "this is a more fortunate turn than we could have expected. Miss Tankerville behaved admirably. Really, this is one of the most singular adventures of my life."

The young person thus wonderfully recovered from death was, indeed, now in safe and unexceptionable hands. It only remained to dispose of the burial-case, which Miss Tankerville had not seen. When Galenson, O'Morra and the count entered the parlor, they found that O'Callaghan and Fitzfulke had screwed together the upper and lower shells, and the whole now reposed, in all its funeral dignity of silver screws and black velvet, on Miss Tankerville's dining-table. The question was what to do with it.

"I vote we take it back to Greenwood," said Fitzfulke. "That's where it belongs, I vow."

This proposition hit the popular sentiment exactly. It was agreed that Dr. Galenson, who knew the keeper of the cemetery should go in the carriage, accompanied by the two medical students, Fitzfulke and O'Callaghan. The driver at first vehemently objected, till O'Callaghan pacified him by raising the lid over the glass face, and showing him that the case was an empty one. To be brief, the gate-keeper received the article without objection—but, astonished, perplexed and even alarmed, he refused to give any information in regard to the family to whom it belonged. Dawn had broken on the city before the young men regained their several homes.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONSULTATION.

THERE's many a slip ——. The life of the mysterious stranger began to be in danger from the moment it seemed to be saved. It was evident from the first that her mode of existence was still unnatural. Consciousness was restored, muscular power was not wanting, yet certain functions appeared to be suspended. The stranger could speak, she had uttered on several occasions articulate sounds; even single words; but days and days passed without her pronouncing a single sentence, or answering a single question that was put to her. She would take no solid food, and very seldom and sparingly that which Miss Tankerville prepared for her in a liquid form. During the twenty-four hours she scarcely slept more than two—usually a little after dawn. At whatever hour of the night her attendant approached the couch, with whatever precautions, "Rose Marie" lay, quietly, with her great black eyes open, and her hands either crossed on her breast, or extended on the outside of the bed. She never turned, and scarcely stirred, by day or night.

After a few days, a low fever supervened: yet the only sign of restlessness was a frequent low moaning: then there was delirium, tossing of the arms, quick restless incessant motion of the eyes, picking of the bed-clothes, at last low words; but the last conveyed no information—she seemed to have a black-board before her, from which she recited the steps of various mathematical demonstrations. Dr. Galenson was sovereignly perplexed. He had administered various remedies appropriate to such symptoms, but they were mostly rejected. After a run of twenty-four days, the fever totally disappeared. The patient fell into a profound sleep, accompanied with profuse sweats. She persisted in refusing nearly all nourishment—she was by this

time reduced from the appearance of the highest youthful vigor to the last degree of emaciation and feebleness; and yet, the intellectual activity seemed restored in some degree, for she spoke to Miss Tankerville, and replied to the doctor's unfailing daily questions, though briefly, almost in monosyllables.

"We shall not save her after all, doctor," said Miss Tankerville, in a pathetic tone of voice.

"There is no disease, madam. With careful nursing, she ought now to recover."

"She is sinking," replied Miss Tankerville, with a stifled sob. "I have seen a great change in her during the last three days. She herself thinks she is dying, for she asked me to send for a priest."

"Everything has been done for her that science can," returned the young physician, folding his arms gloomily.

"Doctor, you will excuse me, but it is my opinion that there ought to be a consultation. I will bear the expense," said the lady, in a firm tone.

"Madam, do you suppose that I should not have proposed the same thing long ago, had I not been profoundly convinced of its absolute inutility? There is but one physician in New York on whom it would be of any earthly use to call for advice in this case. Our patient, madam, has been poisoned, and we need an antidote."

A brief silence followed, broken by Miss Tankerville.

"Doctor, you are aware that my cousin, Dr. Mannikin, is no friend or favorite of mine—I never thought to see him cross my threshold again—as I told you the other day—but, if Miss Marié has been poisoned——"

"His skill in such cases is altogether unrivalled," said Galenson, eagerly.

"Exactly so.

"Dr. Mannikin could save this girl's life, if he would."

"Then by all means call him in—for if she is left alone, she dies, doctor!" said Miss Tankerville, energetically.

This conversation took place in Miss Tankerville's parlor, after Dr. Galenson's morning visit: for he always came twice a day. At a late hour the same afternoon the two physicians,

each in his own carriage, met at the ferry, and crossing the river together, drove separately to Miss Tankerville's door, Dr. Galenson leading the way in his buggy, and Dr. Mannikin following in his handsome chariot. The latter jumped out and advanced to his brother physician with an air of surprise.

"This is Miss Tankerville's, doctor! Thee—never told me that thy patient was here."

"I was not aware that the name of the lady with whom my patient is a boarder, had anything to do with her case, doctor."

"Oh, no! certainly:—Miss Tankerville and I are not on good terms—that's all."

"Indeed!" said Galenson, with well-acted surprise. "Why, it was Miss Tankerville herself who proposed sending for you."

"So?" replied Dr. Mannikin, appearing much relieved. "Well, that alters the case."

Miss Tankerville's house had been built by a rich merchant for his own residence. Too large for any private family of ordinary fortune, it had followed the usual fate of similar mansions in our shifting society, by becoming a boarding-house. Around it still extended the old gardens and pleasaunce, planted with venerable trees. The situation was unrivalled. Towards the west the view was open to the bay, with its forts, the uncounted shipping, the busy steamboats plying in all directions, the point of New York island jutting out betwixt the North and East rivers, and in the distance the blue Jersey shore.

The old drawing-room into which the two doctors were shown for a moment, was of ample size, lofty, and handsomely furnished in a style that well suited it, equally removed from the meagreness of the inferior, and the vulgar splendor of the fashionable class of boarding-houses. There were great plenty of cosy seats, chiefly old-fashioned arm-chairs, a ladies' work-table that seemed in use, and a thousand domestic elegancies indicative of a refined taste; the walls were hung with numerous pictures, and a great piano stood open with music on it, as if the performer had just left it. The windows, richly and heavily draped, commanded the fine view I have described.

Dr. Mannikin's keen and stealthy eye noted every feature, not without surprise: "Medallion carpet—silk curtains—rosewood

furniture—pictures! Where did she get all this?" murmured he, with a very unquaker-like expletive, that sounded much like an oath. "So you say you suspect the young person has taken poison, doctor?"

"I do not suspect she has *taken* it, but that it has been *administered* to her, doctor."

"Ah! important difference! In the former case, the nervous depression you describe might be attributed to a moral cause—consequently beyond the reach of our art."

"Nothing of that sort, doctor! Miss Tankerville assures me that during her patient's delirium she has talked of the most innocent school-girl trifles—*sines* and *co-sines* and *algebraic formulas*—how you start, doctor?"

"Humph! the oddity of a girl's delirium taking a mathematical turn!" replied Dr. Mannikin, with difficulty recovering his composure.

"It merely shows that she has nothing on her mind more serious than her lessons."

"Th-ee—you told me, doctor,—that you made a *post-mortem* of the young lady who was brought to the college—one night when I happened in—a month or six weeks ago."

"Certainly, doctor."

"Ah! you discovered that she died of disease of the *heart*—I think?"

"I doubt if I was so positive—I said we began with the heart, and found enough to render further examination useless."

"Ah!—you kept the heart, you said?"

"And promised to show it you—didn't I?" grimly smiling.

"I should like to see it," said Dr. Mannikin, in a more assured and natural tone of voice. "And so you never discovered the young person's family name?"

"I thought it indiscreet to make inquiries—and you recollect, doctor, that you yourself declined to gratify my curiosity."

"Under the circumstances—I too thought it indiscreet," replied the toxicologist.

Here a servant announced that the doctor might come upstairs. The hall and staircase were of old fashioned spaciousness; a window on the first landing-place overlooked a sort of

avenue, in the pleasaunce, beyond which were seen the brown buttresses of a gothic church. Dr. Mannikin remarked on the cheerfulness of this view. The forms of the architecture were rendered more distinct by snow, and the whole was gilded by the sunset.

The sick-room was on the second story: its windows, like those of the drawing-room, overlooked the bay. It was a fine large room, as all in the house appeared to be. The high mahogany head-board of the bed was against the windows and cut off the light from the patient, who was hardly discernible as she lay, her face buried in the pillows and shaded by the ruffles of a cap a world too wide for her. Miss Tankerville's tall figure, in an amply spreading dress, was also standing at the bed's head, and threw a deeper shadow over the patient. Chairs were placed for the two physicians, to whom Miss Tankerville bowed with great formality, but with no sign of recognition to her cousin.

"Since you were here in the morning, Miss Marié has again desired me to send for a clergyman, sir," observed Miss Tankerville.

"A clergyman!" said Galenson, with a look of sagacious contempt. "Of what use can he be?"

"Of the greatest, doctor, in her opinion, since she is persuaded that she is dying."

"We must all die sooner or later. Our young friend here will live many years yet, I hope."

She did not look like it. Fever and fasting had sadly ravaged the beauty which death or apparent death, had spared. The once rich and full-outlined features were now sharp, pinched and almost translucent. The black hair had escaped from the cap and strayed in loose disorder upon the night-dress, over the shoulder and bosom, wasted and sunken.

"The pulse, doctor," said Galenson, touching it, "is quite peculiar."

Dr. Mannikin, whose medical intuition had surveyed the patient from head to foot, noting her position and what he could discern of her expression, now applied his long white fingers to the transparent wrist that lay motionless on the counterpane.

"The stroke is firm, but surprisingly infrequent," pursued Galenson.

Dr. Mannikin seemed greatly surprised. He drew forth his watch, still keeping his finger tips on the wrist. His face was turned to the light—astonishment was depicted on it.

"This is the pulse," said he, as if involuntarily, "of a person who has taken *upas ar*——"

The lightning is not more sudden than the electric start with which the patient, at the sound of his voice, roused at once from her lethargy, sprang to her seat in the bed, put away the ruffles from her eyes with one emaciated hand and gazed in his face.

Dr. Mannikin recoiled in his chair, and returned her gaze with a ghastly grin of terror.

"Ezekiel Mannikin!" gasped the young woman.

"Rose-ma-ry!" stammered the physician. "Do I see you alive?"

The young girl sank back upon the pillow, exhausted with her effort: her large wild eyes, hollow, dark and piercing, still regarded him.

"I do—not—ask you—to save me," she panted. "It is perhaps too late—even for you."

"I shall do all I can, my dear child, believe me. But for the treason of others it had never come to this."

This assurance, given with great apparent sincerity, elicited only a faint derisive smile. The young girl then quietly turned away her piercing glance, and murmuring:—"Man proposes, God disposes"—seemed to sink, wearied, into the mysterious apathy out of which she had been so painfully startled.

Miss Tankerville, who had at first regarded this scene with a wild stare, now turned up the gas already feebly burning beside the dressing-bureau, and fixed on Dr. Mannikin a look of searching and stern interrogatory. That gentleman winced, rose, and said to his brother physician—"I think we may now withdraw, doctor?"

"As you please, doctor," said Galenson, drily.

Miss Tankerville's drawing room was filled with the boarders, assembled for dinner. Dr. Galenson, who by this time knew

the house, led the way into the back room, where a long table was very temptingly laid for dinner. The gas was already lighted, claret stood in coolers, an oaken side-board, handsomely carved with emblems of the chase, was loaded with fruit in elegant plated baskets.

"Hem!" said Dr. Mannikin, with his peculiar smile; "Helen Tankerville must be over head and ears with debt from furnishing this house.—So,—doctor!—you didn't treat me well in this mystification!"—lifting, as if unconsciously, the silver-basket that stood near, and which was weighty with forks and spoons ready for the service of the table.

"My calling you in now proves the contrary, doctor," said Galenson.

"Ah!—so you didn't make an autopsy after all?—You discovered that the heart——"

"BEAT, doctor!"

"Ah! of course. And so you succeeded, not without difficulty, in restoring animation and consciousness. Pity you didn't admit me to your counsels. Shutting me out of the dissecting-room—it was discourteous, doctor—and unwise too—I might have saved you a great deal of trouble, and your patient these unpleasant *sequelæ*, doctor."

"It is not yet too late, doctor, for the exertion of your incontestable skill," said Galenson. "It is simply required to supply an antidote to a most remarkable poison, singularly permanent in its influence, and which, nevertheles, has produced no organic lesion."

"You are convinced that my young friend up stairs has been really poisoned? Pause, my dear doctor, before you pronounce an opinion of that decided nature."

"It is one that can never be proved if she *recover*, I allow," replied Galenson, astutely. "Should she *die*——"

"It may, you think? I doubt it very much, my dear doctor!"—with his peculiar smile. "*Very* much I doubt it. Still we must do what we can to prevent her dying—there I agree with you."

"Were it only to spoil a pretty case for the lawyers, and those rascally newspapers," said Galenson, laughing.

"How so?" Another death's-head grin.

"Oh! because, in case of her death, I should of course report to the coroner, and have all the circumstances investigated. Even if an autopsy discovered nothing, we should not lack what the *Herald* calls 'rich developments.' We should get on the track of our friend Johnson and his colored associate. You yourself, doctor, and myself, my pupils, our friend Count Wissen, must give our testimony. Once in the way of publicity, every material fact will come out."

During this train of remark, which evinced on the part of Dr. Galenson great lucidity of ideas, Dr. Mannikin regarded him with a stare of stony attention. At the conclusion, he drew from his great-coat pocket a small morocco case. It was filled with minute vials. Selecting one which contained a dark red fluid, and simply marked on the cork with an oriental character, he consigned it to his professional brother.

"Administer to your patient, Dr. Galenson, five drops of that tincture in a spoonful of water three times a day, for three days. Support her strength with brandy. Feed her with essence of beef. If that course does not bring her round, she is beyond my skill."

Here a servant—a man-servant—brought in the soup: it was served in an old-fashioned silver tureen, engraved with the family arms of the Tankervilles. Dr. Mannikin gave a more than usually sinister smile at the sight of this article of table furniture. Passing out through the front room, of which the folding-doors were now thrown open, he encountered the mistress of the house. Miss Tankerville dropped him a curtsey that covered half the medallion of the carpet with her black silk flounces. Dr. Mannikin returned the salute with a wave of his broadbrim hat, and a courtier-like bend of his semi-quaker body.

The boarders—a well-dressed crowd of gentlemen and ladies—were already in motion towards the dining-room.

"Won't you take pot-luck with us, Dr. Mannikin?" said Miss Tankerville, with another profound reverence.

"Professional engagements, Miss Tankerville, alone prevent my accepting your kind invitation."

"Professional engagements are sacred, doctor—I must excuse you, then." And she swept on.

"Excuse me, doctor," said the gentleman on whose arm Miss Tankerville leaned: it was Count Wissen.

A white-haired gentleman said a brief grace, and the ceremony began.

"Well, Miss Tankerville, how is your patient?" inquired her nearest neighbor, unrolling his napkin.

"We are full of hope, count. I met Dr. Galenson on the stairs just now with a little red vial in his hand, which, he intimates, is going to do the business."

CHAPTER VI.

CONVALESCENCE—A NEW CHARACTER.

The red tincture works like magic.

Dr. Galenson called the first morning. Nurse meets him with an air of importance: the patient has waked three times in the night to ask for food, which she devours with greediness. For three days more, existence seems purely animal, divided between food and slumber, like a new-born babe's. On the fourth day the convalescent began to ask questions, and it was evident that all which had passed during her previous illness was remembered only as a painful dream. She recollected a great horror on first coming to herself in a strange and dreadful place, a charnel-house (as she described it) surrounded by strange men and by the bodies of the dead:—this she attributed to delirium, perceiving by her weakness that she had experienced a severe illness of some sort. Next, she recalled with vividness a glimpse of a frozen and moonlit river, over which she was dreamily borne by attendant angels:—this, of course, was also a dream! The interview with Dr. Mannikin was distinctly and painfully impressed:—"Was it real or not?" Ages had appeared to pass in this delirious fever, and yet the moment in which she had seemed to herself expiring, was but as yesterday —"Where was she now? Where was grand-papa? Grandmamma? Grace?"

When the young person learned, in answer to these queries, that those by whom she was surrounded were ignorant of her family name, she fell into a deep revery. At last she said to Miss Tankerville, when that lady was alone with her,—

"Explain to me how it happens that I am not among my own friends?"

"My dear Miss Rose—for I know that such is your Christian

name—it is more than two months since your friends supposed you dead. You have been recovered in a manner little less than miraculous, but who you are, we do not yet know, and consequently we have not been able to inform your friends of what has happened."

"Two months!" ejaculated the young person.

"We found your — card," pursued Miss Tankerville, to whom Dr. Galenson, under a pledge of secrecy, had confided all the particulars of the case, "and your linen was also marked with your Christian name——"

"My *Christian* name!" repeated the young person. "But my card has my name in full!"

"It was not your card, in fact, but the inscription on your coffin," said Miss Tankerville.

"Ah! I *was* buried, then—it is not a dream!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, with an expression of sudden anguish. "Bring me the clothes," added she, impetuously, "in which I was brought here."

Miss Tankerville had caused the articles of under-clothing to be freshly done up, and they were brought in a laundry-basket. The young person blushed and looked puzzled as she examined them: but they were all marked in red silk with exquisite neatness, and she seemed better satisfied. "Where is the dress?" she asked. Miss Tankerville produced it from a wardrobe, which—formerly used by young O'Morra—now contained nothing else. At sight of it, a thousand memories evidently flashed back on the questioner, who burst into tears. She asked no more questions in regard to herself, nor would she answer any.

"Pray keep all quiet for the present," said she, in answer to Miss Tankerville's request to know the name of her family, in order that Dr. Galenson might communicate with them immediately:—"keep all quiet for the present—what may not have happened in two months?"

On the whole Dr. Galenson considered that there was good sense in this. That gentleman, to own the truth, had never taken any special pains to unveil the mystery, perhaps for fear lest the management of so interesting a case should be taken from him. For his own part he had never mentioned it, except to

the parties who had witnessed the scene in the dissecting-room. Of these O'Callaghan and Fitzfulke were medical students, and their lips were sealed by professional honor; besides they were preparing for their examinations, and had something else to think of. Two months slip away unobserved when unfledged doctors are reading up before taking their degrees. O'Morra's silence hardly needs explanation—silence was Rory's *forte*. Count Wissen, who had been absent for several weeks, in Washington, was a soldier and a diplomat; professions in which discretion is the first of virtues. The only difficulty lies in explaining how a woman could be equally discreet, especially after Miss Tankerville had been formally entrusted with the secret. This will be justly regarded as more intrinsically improbable than any other incident, however extraordinary, that we have yet recorded. We have been able to account very rationally for the strict reticence of all the men concerned, including Dr. Mannikin, who, like Johnson and his black associate, had perhaps a crime to conceal, or a great professional misdemeanor to hush up: but we do not undertake to explain the taciturnity of a woman in such a case, unless by the rule of contraries. Miss Tankerville perhaps held her tongue because she had so many reasons, motives and temptations to talk. She was rather a remarkable person, though, was Miss Tankerville.

Accordingly a week passed from the date of the conversation above related, during which time the subject was not again referred to; but the convalescence of Miss Marié (as she was called for want of a better name) advanced with rapidity. She was able to sit up a great part of the day, and it became necessary to provide her with appropriate clothing. Miss Tankerville now suggested that on applying to her friends, her own wardrobe would be sent to her.

"Tut!" said the young lady, impatiently. "For such a trifle it is not worth while to disturb them prematurely. Till I am able to return in person, my dear Miss Tankerville, the best way will be to provide myself with a suitable outfit. Besides, all my clothes have been given away, and under no circumstances"—with an expression of wounded sentiment—"will I receive any of them back."

"How do you know that your clothes have been given away?" demanded Miss Tankerville, with astonishment.

"It is sufficient that I know it," she answered, with an air of sudden reserve. "Why speak of a matter of so little consequence? There are plenty of stores in Broadway where a young lady can be fitted out on a few days' notice with everything she requires."

"No doubt of that, but where is the money to come from? To fit you out properly, that is at all in the way to which you are accustomed, will take at least two hundred dollars, and to tell the truth I have never twenty to spare."

"Oh! is that all?" says mademoiselle, quite carelessly "Then I must borrow of somebody else."

"Of whom, I pray, my dear child? Not of Dr. Galenson, I hope: he is poor as Job's turkey."

"Of course, Miss Tankerville, I am already in Dr. Galenson's debt for attendance, and I could not ask, in any case, a young unmarried man like him to lend me money," replied Rose Marie, with dignity.

"Dr. Mannikin, perhaps?" audaciously suggested Miss Tankerville. "He is rich, an old friend, and knows your family."

"You jest," said the young woman, with a slight look of annoyance.

"Who, then?" persisted Miss Tankerville. "For these two comprise, I think, all your male acquaintance as a fair *incognita*, my dear Miss Marié!"

"What sort of person," asked the young lady, after a moment's reflection, "is this Mr. O'Morra, whose apartment I occupy? By the little luxuries and useless elegancies about, *he* should not be poor."

"My dear child! he is younger than Dr. Galenson—a youth of scarce three and twenty!"

"Ah!" said Rose Marie with a vivid blush. "I thought he was an elderly gentleman. Didn't you tell me the photograph over the study-desk was a portrait of Mr. O'Morra?"

"That is the old gentleman, Mr. Rory's father!" said Miss Tankerville, laughing.

"Oh! there *is* an old gentleman, after all!" said the young lady, much relieved. "What is he?"

"A lawyer"——

"A lawyer!" interrupted the young woman, impatiently. "Then I'm afraid he has no money to spare. An Irish lawyer, too! no! that's hopeless—if he were only a merchant!"

"Mr. O'Morra has money enough, if that's all," said Miss Tankerville, very much amused. "Few lawyers in New York, I fancy, enjoy a more lucrative practice: the only question is, will he lend it to an utter stranger?"

"Of course he will, on proper security, and I should never dream of asking it without. Where are my pearls, Miss Helen?"

"I declare I never thought of the pearls," said Helen Tankerville. "Of course you can borrow money on them, if you choose."

They were produced. Rose Marie asked for paper and pencil. It seemed she had a turn for figures. She made promptly a list of the articles required. Adding in her board for two months, of which she surmised Miss Tankerville, according to her own statement, stood in need, and various expenses of her recent illness, she found that she needed, even with strict economy, the pretty little sum of $500.

"Now," said she, "take that list to Mr. O'Morra, who will see that it is all of imperative necessity, and that the money I *must* and *will* have; and then show him the pearls, which cost, you may tell him, five times the amount in Paris. The finest set at Tiffany's is only $650, and if he wishes to know the value of these—I don't want him to take them to Tiffany's, mind—but all he has to do is to order home three or four of their most expensive sets for examination: he will easily see the difference. When he is satisfied, he will please fill me out a cheque for the sum I require."

Miss Tankervile was astonished, but did as she was requested.

Mr. Cahal O'Morra was sitting in his own private parlor, where a study-light illumined a table covered with law-papers. The room was fitted up rather as a library than as a parlor, and Mr. O'Morra, senior, had all the air of a student. The son of an exile, though a man of high, almost princely birth, he had begun

life poor, and had risen by his talents, which were of the highest forensic order, and by the force of a character of rare intensity, not only to wealth, but to a professional position almost unrivalled. Becoming a widower early in life, with an only son, whose education the immense toils of his profession utterly forbade him to superintend, he had sent Rory to a Jesuit college at a very early age, and lived himself, not parsimoniously, but nearly as a bachelor. He had long known Miss Tankerville, had been one of her boarders from the first, had assisted her with money and advice on various critical occasions, and yet that lady stood not a little in awe of him. O'Morra was noted among men for his bitter severity; and speaking generally, he was cold though courtly towards women. Contrary to what is usually attributed to Irishmen, he was not in any ordinary occasion accessible through his feelings; and though very kind to the poor and profuse in secret charities, he had no compassion for genteel distresses, and little faith in the virtue or sincerity of the better, or rather better-dressed classes. Hence, Miss Tankerville approached him on her present errand with many misgivings. These were not diminished by the circumstance that the young person whose embassadress she was, had entered the house under the patronage of Mr. Rory O'Morra, and was actually the occupant of that young gentleman's room. Rory's character and tastes were as much the cause of chagrin to his father, as his son's personal beauty and admitted talents were an occasion of pride. He had planned to train him for his own profession, and ultimately for a political career, in which his name his birth, his fortune and his talent would open to him the way to the highest distinctions. To his infinite disgust, Rory took a great dislike to the law. He had studied it, it is true, from filial obedience, and had been admitted to the bar; but his tastes were all literary and artistic; he was the intimate of all the Bohemians in New York, the associate of all the artists, and after much teasing he had obtained from his father, who passionately loved and could deny him nothing, a reluctant permission to try his hand privately at sculpture. Mr. O'Morra, who never condescended to breathe an inquiry in regard to a matter so utterly beneath his notice, had nevertheless understood that the young

person who had somehow been installed in his son's apartment, had entitled herself to his "chivalrous" aid, in the course of one of Rory's artistic and Bohemian adventures. While he supposed that the girl or woman, or whatever she was, was certainly dying, Mr. O'Morra did not trouble himself about her; but when he learned by the conversation at table, that she was, to his sincere regret, in a fair way to recover, his annoyance was very great. It may be inferred how well he was prepared for the embassy of Miss Tankerville.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAWYER.

THE apartment of Mr. Cahal O'Morra merits a brief description. It was the largest room on Miss Tankerville's second floor, and had two high windows, one looking south, the other west, so that the occupant could enjoy a double view. Being night, the curtains, which were of green, damasked in gold, were closely drawn. The walls up to a certain height were fitted with bookcases richly carved in solid oak, filled with law-books in their well-known tawney binding, and crowned with busts. Washington had the place of honor, on the case between the two doors of the room; another, devoted to Irish orators, pleadings and laws, was surmounted by the head of O'Connell; John C. Calhoun occupied a conspicuous position; the rest were either great statesmen or great lawyers. At one end of the room, near the fire-place, stood a large sofa carved in oak and upholstered in green billiard-cloth; there were library chairs to match; and the same tints of quiet green and oak-color were repeated in the soft thick carpet that muffled every tread. Over the handsome, old-fashioned, rather low mantelpiece of Egyptian marble, a huge mirror, framed in oak, repeated the whole length of the room; including the bronze chandelier that diffused a soft light from burners shaped like antique lamps; and the study table, also of massive oak, and covered with law-papers, over which it was suspended; and where Mr. O'Morra was sitting in a great high-backed arm-chair. A flexible tube dropped from the chandelier to a study-light below, to assist the lawyer's labors.

Mr. O'Morra looked up from his writing as Miss Tankerville entered. He was a tall, spare man, with a pale, somewhat thin face, regular, aquiline and sharp, a large spectral dark-gray eye,

a very finely formed forehead, shaded by hair both gray and scanty. His mouth was very characteristic, somewhat prominent, with thin bitter lips, which opened (as he welcomed Miss Tankerville) in a smile where kindness contended with habitual sarcasm.

"Have the goodness to be seated, Miss Helen," he said, without rising, or laying down his pen.

"I am afraid I interrupt you, Mr. O'Morra," said Miss Tankerville, but taking a chair near the table.

"You shall *not* interrupt me," replied Mr. O'Morra, sarcastically smiling, while his pen continued to pursue its work.

"It is a little matter of business—I won't detain you long with it," said Helen Tankerville.

"What is it about?" asked Mr. O'Morra, still busily writing.

"About the young lady in the next room, your neighbor, sir,—Miss Marié, I mean. She wants to borrow a little money of you to re-furnish her wardrobe," said Helen, thinking it best and bravest to plunge at once into the deepest water of the difficulty.

"I shan't lend it her," replied Mr. O'Morra, without any emotion. "If that is your errand, Miss Helen, you may spare yourself and me all further trouble."

"*Now*, Mr. O'Morra!" said Helen, who had Irish blood in her veins too, and was a famous wheedler:—"just lay down that pen of yours for a few minutes, and give your best attention to what I have to say."

Mr. O'Morra carefully wiped the pen, laid it down, pushed back his chair a little, so as to confront Miss Tankerville, laid his gray thin head back on the cushion, looked at his watch (as much as to hint at brevity). and said: "Proceed, madam—I am all ears!"

Miss Tankerville stated the case as pathetically and concisely as she could. She insisted in the first place on the fact that Miss Marié had been brought to the house in a state of unconsciousness by his son, which gave her a claim to the kindness and chivalrous hospitality of the O'Morras. Secondly, he must know—perhaps he had heard—that she was brought there in a bridal dress—white moire antique and satin slippers—and of

course she needed other clothes, in order to return to her friends. Thirdly, wishing to purchase what was required for that purpose, she was under the necessity of borrowing, and offered, as security, to pledge her jewels, which Miss Tankerville, who had arranged them in an old jewel-case of her own, proceeded to display before Mr. O'Morra's dazzled eyes.

That gentleman listened gravely, but with a look of determined non-sympathy. The pearls, however, were a fact that staggered him. He examined them carefully; he laid them out on the green cloth of his study-table, where their clouded yet lustrous whiteness seemed to gain a new splendor.

"It is a superb set, no doubt; but how do you know that it is really hers?"

"*Hers!*" repeated Helen. "You should have seen her when she was brought here. There was everything to match, I assure you. The most elegant thing I ever saw in my life. The lace on her dress alone must have cost several thousand dollars. See this! it is her veil—I brought it without her knowledge just to show you—the most magnificent *point* you ever saw! and large enough to envelope her whole person! what do you think of that, Mr. O'Morra?"

"It is a princess *incognita!*" said Mr. O'Morra.

"*Hers!* As well ask if a corpse has stolen or borrowed its shroud!" said Helen, indignantly.

"A forcible illustration, but infelicitous: for a corpse has no property, and could not pledge even its shroud. It is a natural supposition that these articles do not belong to this young person, who is a minor and is unmarried, but to her father. I dare say she's *honest!*"

"And the sweetest girl you ever saw! Take my word for that. If there is a genuine bit of calico anywhere hereabouts, it is this Miss Marié. There, now you have it, sir!"

"And how much does this nonpareil in petticoats wish me to lend her?"

"Why, sir, as to that, her notions are those of a young lady used to the greatest liberality in her wardrobe, both as to quantity and quality; and she desires to pay her board, which may as well hold over: but here is her estimate."

Mr. O'Morra took the paper and glanced over it.

"Whew! Five hundred dollars!—For *necessaries* a minor can incur debt—but what's all this?

(*Reads*) "Half doz. fine muslin skts.....$45 00
"1 Plain silk dress..... 40 00
"1 do. Spring bonnet..... 15 00

"There's a cool hundred on three articles! However, a young lady whose bridal veil may have cost twenty-five hundred, and her pearls in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars, may well require a five hundred dollar outfit to make a morning call. I ought to be surprised that she is so moderate."

At first, Miss Tankerville did not know whether to take this in earnest, or as one of Mr. O'Morra's sarcasms. He soon relieved her of the doubt.

"Just think now," he continued, "of the extravagance of these New York women! Five hundred dollars! Why, when I married I went to house-keeping on less than that. This chit, by your account, brought here a whole fortune on her back. Her father, perhaps, began life as an essence-pedlar. If she has really a right to wear such things, even at her marriage, she must be enormously rich—a great deal richer than I am. Let her send for her guardian or agent or whoever has the care of her money, and she will get what she wants. That is the proper course for her to pursue. Tell her so from me, Miss Helen, in the politest terms you can."

Mr. O'Morra turned decidedly towards the table and resumed his pen.

"Well!" said Helen Tankerville, "if that isn't a good deal more like the answer I'd expect from a Boston Yankee, or a red-faced British commercial traveller, than from a descendant of the princely O'Morras!"

"Madam!" said Mr. O'Morra, half turning round to her, with a savage scowl.

"Oh! you needn't look as if you were going to eat me up! I shall tell you the plain truth—this is very shabby!" said Helen, flaming up. "Here is a lovely, unprotected girl, separated from her friends by some piece of dreadful treachery;"—

Mr. O'Morra's lip curls—"a lady to the tips of her fingers; innocent, injured, just recovered from a nearly mortal illness;"—O'Morra begins to write again—"and you refuse her a trifling loan—you, who boast of always keeping a balance of thousands, and two or three bank accounts—you, Cahal O'Morra! And all because your son brought her here! I understand it all. Yet Rory, I can tell you, never saw her except in her coffin!"

"In her coffin?" said Mr. O'Morra, laying down his pen again.

"Well, yes, since I've said it—in her coffin; that's how she was brought here, sir, by Count Wissen, Dr. Galenson and your son."

Mr. O'Morra turned round again in his chair, and resumed his attitude of attention. His spectral gray eyes were fastened searchingly on Miss Tankerville.

"Go on," said he, as if he were addressing a witness on the stand.

"No, sir, I've said more than enough already, more than I have permission to say on the part of those whose secret it is: so if you're not going to lend Miss Marié this money, I'll go and tell her so at once."

"Stop!" said the lawyer.

Cahal O'Morra was the most eminent criminal lawyer in the country perhaps: his sagacious nostrils snuffed a case, or rather a *cause*, possibly a *cause célèbre*. It was not at all a mercenary instinct, but a professional and artistic one, which made him now detain Miss Tankerville, and endeavor to extract further particulars, which his practised skill easily enabled him to do, even without her suspecting it.

"Don't be a fool, Helen," said he, as she half angrily, half politically, insisted upon going. "I will give you the money: I am going to write a cheque this minute."

"Now that's Cahal O'Morra. I declare, who would have thought that a good scolding would do you so much good?" said Helen, quite overjoyed at this unexpected success.

Somehow Mr. O'Morra had mislaid his cheque-book—for he always kept one at home, exclusively for domestic expenses—a most methodical man was O'Morra. When he found it, he

was for ever filling out the cheque; and meanwhile he continued to question and cross-question Helen Tankerville.

"Of course, Miss Helen, I can put two and two together well enough to comprehend that if Rory and Dr. Galenson brought Miss Marié here in her coffin, it was at the medical college that she came into their hands."

"Not a thousand miles from it, I reckon," said Helen.

"I had better make this cheque payable to bearer, I think. And so Dr. Galenson suspected poison? *Is* there a poison capable of producing such effects?"—Raising the pen from the paper.

"He says there is, though only one person that he knows of is acquainted with it."

"A cousin of yours, Helen?" With a grim, satisfied smile, and playing with the plume of the quill. "But I understand that this young person owes her recovery to Dr. Mannikin?"

"I did not mention Dr. Mannikin, sir."

"Of course not. And so she refuses to tell you her real name?"

"She wont answer any questions at all about herself."

"She is discreet. And you do not think the name is 'Marié.'"

"I don't; and yet it would be strange if the family name of a deceased person were not put upon her coffin-plate!"

"Very strange!" said Mr. O'Morra, with a peculiar look.

"I should think it would be easy to find out," said Helen "if one could get hold of a file of daily papers. The *Deaths* or *Marriages*, one or the other, would be sure to have it."

"Or both," said Mr. O'Morra, tearing off the cheque he ha written, and then deliberately tearing it up.—Miss Tankerville started in disappointment.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Helen, I am going to write another. I was so interested in what you were saying that I forgot to u e my bank signature. By the way, what do you think of your young friend's schedule of expenses here?"—pointing to Rosemary's memorandum. "You are a woman and experienced in these matters."

"It is sufficient for the purpose," said Helen.

"What purpose?" asked the lawyer.

"To get into a carriage and make a call on her friends, which is what she intends, evidently."

"Ahem! Miss Marié had better not do that without making inquiries first. Are the clothes—is money—the difficulty? I ask, Miss Helen, because I don't want to cut her down—eh?"

"If you are serious in that, Mr. O'Morra, and really wish to know my opinion, I can tell you that to get up a complete wardrobe for a young lady in the circle to which Miss Marié plainly belongs, with such a sum as that, is out of the question. She has cut herself down to absolute necessaries!"

"It seems so," said O'Morra, gravely, and filling up the cheque in earnest. He dashed the sand over it, and handed it to Miss Tankerville.

"There are the pearls, sir."

"Excuse me," said Mr. O'Morra, pushing them back. "I am not going to make myself responsible for their safe keeping. By the way, I doubt the prudence of a young woman's retaining such things in her room, in a house that half the nights is protected but by a night-latch. Robberies have been frequent in Brooklyn of late, and we are rather isolated here. A party of burglars, with a simple night-key and a little chloroform might easily carry off Miss Marié and her pearls too. I hope she bolts her door at night."

"I doubt if Rory's room has a bolt."

"Have one put on to-morrow!"—With a spectral glance of warning, out of his weird eyes. "People capable of committing a crime like that of which *she* has been nearly the victim, would not hesitate a minute about committing another to conceal it. This is a villainous world, madam!"

"I am very much obliged to you for this," said Helen, looking at the cheque.

"Not at all," said O'Morra, who, in spite of his sneers, understood perfectly the requirements of a certain worldly position, and who, though infinitely crabbed, was far above all meanness. Besides which, he had undoubtedly a reason—almost intuitively arrived at by his subtle and far-reaching mind—for a liberality beyond Miss Tankerville's expectations.

"I hope Miss Marié," added he, courteously rising,—"tell her to stick to that name, by all means—I hope she will be *discreet*. And as for that trifle, if she prefers to do so, she can give me a written acknowledgment, over her real name, eh?" concluded the lawyer.

In a few minutes Miss Tankerville returned from Rosemary's room, with a sheet of note-paper, on which was written in a clerkly hand, after the date—

"Due to Cahal O'Morra, Esq., $750, value received.
"ROSE MARIE."

Mr. O'Morra bit his lip.—"The saucy jade!" he murmured. But he put the autograph carefully away in his pocket-book.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURCHASE.

ROSEMARY'S beautiful short upper lip curled at Miss Tankerville's account of her interview with Mr. O'Morra. She shrugged her pretty shoulders, like a Frenchwoman, at the amount of the cheque.

"If Mr. O'Morra thought fit to exceed the sum that I asked," said she, "why didn't he double it? Seven hundred and fifty dollars! As if I had asked for fifty cents, and he had generously loaned me seventy-five!—three quarters of a dollar! He is liberal, Miss Helen—I feel it—but he is not confiding! He fears that I shall misspend it, if he lend me too much."

"But surely you have now more than sufficient," replied Miss Tankerville. "In a few days you will have returned to your friends——"

"Pardon me, how do you know that?" demanded Rosemary.

"I understood that such was your intention, certainly, in borrowing this money."

"You are not very penetrating, then, my dear Miss Tankerville. If such were my intention, how simple would it be to send a note summoning one of 'my friends'—as you call them—to visit me here? In a few hours I should have everything that I require without borrowing of anybody. Do you suppose that I am planning a theatrical surprise for my family, now buried in affliction at my supposed decease?"

"Upon my word, I rather thought so."

"Pray have a better opinion of my good feeling and good sense."

There was a pause.

"What, then, *do* you intend?" at length inquired Miss Tankerville.

"I see it is necessary for me to explain myself, lest you should compromise my plans by such imprudent revelations as you have made to Mr. O'Morra."

"I am all attention."

"I do not mean to return to my family, Miss Helen—that is, to my family here. I have a—relative—a parent—in Europe, to whom I mean to write at once explaining my situation. Till I hear from that relative, whose claim upon me is superior to that of any one living, I wish to remain in the greatest retirement, and that my existence may not be suspected."

"And leave your friends here, who evidently have loved you almost to excess, a prey to inconsolable grief!" cried Helen.

"My dear Miss Helen! what do you know about that?" asked the young girl, with emotion.

Miss Tankerville was silent: for she in fact knew nothing.

"That blow has fallen!" pursued Rosemary, almost passionately. "Pardon me! I have little to learn, Miss Helen, in regard to the effect of my sudden death upon those who really loved me. My grandfather"—her voice trembled—"was struck down as by lightning. He lives a living death—intellect, strength, feeling, crushed! Should he even have partially recovered from the paralysis which struck him, I should fear the effect of a new agitation. As for the other parties interested, you must excuse me for not saying anything. My return home would cause dismay to some, inflict the severest pangs on others: the innocent and guilty alike would suffer. Hence I wish to remain quiet, and leave all to Providence, which in its own good time will right the injured and punish the guilty."

"But your affianced husband?" inquired Helen, immeasurably astonished.

"Ah!" said the young woman, turning away her head, with an expression rather of wounded pride than of tender sensibility: "you tread now on rather delicate ground, my dear Miss Tankerville."

"I see now," said Miss Tankerville, hastening to introduce another topic, "why you need this money so much: but if you intend to live in strict seclusion until you can hear from your

relations in Europe, do you require so expensive an outfit as you have proposed?"

It was now the turn of the younger lady to be astonished.

"You consider my estimate extravagant? Pray, tell me what item can be left out or cut down? I thought that I had been rigidly economical!"

Miss Tankerville explained that the sum which Miss Marié devoted to a single silk dress, would buy two such as she herself was accustomed to wear; and that a similar reduction of at least one-half could be made on every article of her estimate, and yet she would be as well dressed as any young lady visiting in Miss Tankerville's circle pretended to be, on any ordinary occasion. Then it was almost summer, and muslins would be more useful than silks, and a vast deal cheaper——

"I understand you now, Miss Helen," interrupted Rosemary. "Please, then, make my purchases according to your own idea of what is proper for a young lady moving in your circle—I place myself entirely in your hands!" added she with a fascinating smile.

Armed with this permission, and now comprehending perfectly what was required, Miss Tankerville soon procured her guest a wardrobe in which no unpractised eye would have discovered the least want of propriety, or even of elegance, and which without exhausting Miss Marié's purse, amply supplied all her wants. And although it fell very far short of what that young person had been accustomed to, both in cost and in style, as her innocent wonder at the prices of things proved, she never made the slightest objection to anything that came under the head of visible costume. The only point in which she insisted upon her own programme, very slightly modified, was that of the under clothing, or rather of all, except lace, which is included in the *trousseau*, comprising such delicacies as handkerchiefs, under-sleeves, *etcetera*, for which Miss Tankerville was positively dispatched with a list, and certain measures, to a celebrated outfitting establishment on Broadway.

"The order is to be made up, of course: that will require time," said the forewoman of the ladies' department in this great "store," looking at the list intelligently.

"It will, unless you can hit the measures *exactly*," said Helen.

"I will see," said the forewoman.

The forewoman consulted the cutter, and then she came back to Miss Tankerville with a question: Did the young lady for whom these things were wanted, wear hoops? The inquiry was pertinent at that date, for this sovereign fashion had recently come in and was not yet universal.

"Oh! I forgot," said Helen. "She has never worn one, and utterly refuses to do it."

"Then I think I can suit you," said the forewoman, "with a lovely outfit—very cheap."

With the assistance of one of the other shop-girls, a large carton box was got down, which the forewoman opened and displayed an elegant bride's outfit: the box had been made expressly to contain it when sent home, for it was fancifully covered with silver paper, now somewhat tarnished, evidently an arrangement for some magnificent and tasteful customer.

"This trousseau, ma'am, was ordered several months ago for a young lady who was going to be married, but she died,—to tell you just how it was,—and her friends to whom it went, returned it here to be sold—I declare, this measure fits exactly!" —Takes out another garment to measure.—"We might have sold it time and again, but owing to the new style which makes the things rather scant—pity! too, when they're so beautifully worked!—and the handkerchiefs and so forth being embroidered with the name, parties object to them.—Why, these measures fit to a hair! How curious!—La! now, if the name isn't an insuperable objection, miss,—it can easily be picked out so that no one would notice it—I will give you the whole a bargain."

"What name is it?" inquired Miss Tankerville, at the very moment that the forewoman produced it, beautifully embroidered, as she said, in red silk, on an exquisitely fine but otherwise rather simple handkerchief. It was the same mark which she had before seen on the cambric centre of a costly cobweb, the twenty years' work of a Brussels lace-maker, which, with a fan beyond price, had once hung by the radiant and jewelled arm and bore the name of "Rose Marie."

"What was the *family* name of the young lady who died?" Miss Tankerville could not forbear asking.

"Oh, indeed, ma'am, I couldn't tell you *that*. We were directed to have the marking carefully picked out, but it is such a tedious job, and these fine things never look as well again, so it being only the Christian name, we thought as we would leave it and see if it wouldn't suit some one, maybe."

Miss Tankerville suspected that the absolute impossibility of effacing all trace of this exquisitely delicate marking was also the motive of the apparent frankness displayed in admitting the history of the outfit, which was without peradventure the most serious obstacle to its sale.

"The lady, on whose account we sell it, will submit to a very handsome reduction on the original cost price, ma'am."

"There must be more than my order," said Miss Tankerville.

"There's just double on every piece, ma'am; I've just compared your list with mine: but in a few of our items there is one piece short—it was *used*, and so not returned with the rest," observed the forewoman, with tranquil unconsciousness of the meaning of her words

"This marking is beautiful, but it is a serious objection to a person of a different name," observed Miss Tankerville, in a depreciating tone. She had no scruple in getting the things as cheaply as possible.

"It is easy picked out," said the saleswoman. "We will do it so that nobody will ever know it was there."

"You just now said the very reverse," remarked Miss Tankerville, with a smile, and examining the elaborate embroidery of the name. "It is a *very serious* objection, as I consider."

"Well, miss, we think we shall meet some one of the same name yet!" replied the forewoman.

"Do you?" said Miss Tankerville, looking up at her.

"Sure to turn up sooner or later in our business, ma'am."

"Well, what do you give the whole for?" said Miss Tankerville.

The saleswoman consulted some mysterious signs on the back of the printed list and named a price. Very curiously, it was the extreme limit which she had agreed upon with Rosemary,

to be appropriated to this item of expenditure. The astonishing coincidence that for this very sum she should obtain the original bridal outfit of this mysterious girl, affected her so strongly that in counting out the bills to pay on the spot, she thought everybody must notice her agitation. Her hands trembled and she acted like a raw country girl making for the first time a grand purchase. She nearly forgot to give her address, which the forewoman repeated with emphasis: "*Miss* Tankerville, No. — R—— street, Brooklyn Heights:" and all the young ladies behind the counters smiled as she drew down her veil and departed.

"Now," thought Helen, as she got into the Wall street omnibus, "this is the most extraordinary thing yet. What sort of feelings must Rosemary's friends have for her memory, rich as they are, to dispose of her outfit, marked with her name too, in this unfeeling way! It looks as though they wanted to get rid of every trace of her, and yet not lose money by the operation, if they can help it."

She did not breathe a syllable of this adventure to the young lady herself, till the well-known parcel-wagon of the great Broadway establishment arrived in the evening with the box for Miss Tankerville. It was carried up to Miss Marié's room. A slight gravity of expression came over her at sight of it; but when they were alone, and Miss Tankerville had opened it, and Rosemary's glance fell upon the beautifully arranged contents, laid in the compactest form, an even surface of snowy plaits and rich embroidery, she dropped on one knee, raised one of the lighter articles with a trembling hand, and recognizing the name, sank softly down upon the carpet in a violent tremor and faintness.

Helen, frightened at what she had done, brought restoratives. Rosemary, bending back like a young willow, put them away.

"It is all right, my dear Miss Tankerville. Certainly it is a higher Power that guides all things, How can any one commit a crime, when they know that He so watches all! How courageous ought innocence to be when so protected! See!"—she cried with sudden enthusiasm, her dark eyes lighting up with lambent fire, and beginning to pull out the delicate contents of the box, and scatter them around:—"See! not one of these

inconceivable trifles is stolen or lost! They have come back to me—all—all—all!—So will the rest—the REST!"

She rose to her feet. She drew up her figure to its graceful height.

"Helen Tankerville! Can you conceive that in order to possess such vanities as strew this carpet, and as the robe and jewels yonder, a life was sought, in the most unsuspecting moment of its dutiful happiness? For I was just doing my duty, and happy in doing it, though I trembled. You see that the poor prize could not remain with those who coveted it: they will lose all, as they have lost *these*. The money which you have paid for it all, will come at last out of the treasure they think they have secured: that is what I expect, Helen. Their own act has made it irrevocably mine!—Well! I will wear these things—no one but myself will know it—what the world sees of Rosemary's attire *they* will not envy! For do they not possess a thousand times finer? But no! they are obliged to wear mourning—black robes, like nuns, but without merit or love. They can go to no festivities—they must defer their nuptial plans at least till I am supposed to have been dead one brief year! Meanwhile I am the only one of my family who will not wear weeds: for I mourn only the living, who suffer, but whom I must not yet try to comfort; whom I fear I could not comfort, if I would. It is ridiculous," added Rosemary, with a half-ashamed look, seating herself lightly on the arm of a large easy-chair—"it is ridiculous to be so excited by such an incident, but my dear Miss Helen, I am only a girl, you know, and I could not help it."

CHAPTER IX.

RORY'S ROOM—MISS TANKERVILLE'S STORY.

THE young stranger had plenty of time during her convalescence, and that seclusion which her already enough insisted on deficiency of proper apparel more than excused, to make herself well acquainted with the apartment she occupied. She had some natural curiosity, perhaps the time hung heavily on her hands. To the invalid every article in the sick-room becomes dreadfully familiar, down to each particular square of the carpet, each fold of window drapery, or pane of glass. The geography of the walls and ceiling is carefully studied, especially if the room is papered; or if not (which is best) then the very stains, the cracks, the cobwebs. Then some apartments are eminently suggestive: a French *littérateur* wrote when sick a charming paper, called *Le tour de ma chambre*—I think it was.

Rosemary often considered in this spirit the various objects in her temporary prison. There was first the very bedstead where she lay, an architectural structure of solid mahogany such as pertained to the best style of housekeeping some thirty or forty years ago, before we introduced the French patterns. It seemed quite out of place in a young bachelor's room: his grandparents might have slept out their married lives under its stately canopy. So the ancient mahogany wardrobe which held Rosemary's bridal dress. Its great solid doors blazed like suns with the rich veins of the wood: it was directly opposite the bed's foot, and the light was always upon it. On the top was a cast—the helmed and martial head of an ancient warrior. Rosemary was never tired of looking at it. Whatever else pertained to a bedroom was of the same suite, such as the bureau and lavatory, a very solemn piece indeed, with a cover that shut

down upon the basin and ewer; and an escritoire, with infinite small brass-handled drawers, all of the same old golden mahogany. She judged with reason that these must be relics of Mr. O'Morra's housekeeping days, when he was happy with the wife of his youth, and Master Rory was a baby.

She rather judged this, because there were also relics of a parlor, a brass-nailed sofa and hard, roomy hair-bottomed chairs: but there was one gloriously luxurious stuffed easy-chair,—its place was always before the fire,—and in which Rosemary enjoyed many a refreshing slumber; an old-fashioned easy-chair in which two like her could have nestled, with resting-place for the sick or weary head on either side, and great stuffed elbows for the arms, a true Invalid's "Sleepy Hollow," such as our fathers and mothers consecrated to sickness, but mostly unknown in modern bed-chambers.

Now this kind of thing, whether found in a boarding-house or in some family residence in town or country, is essentially aristocratic; which the luxurious surroundings of upstart wealth in our Fifth Avenue palaces are not. Here are people who lived in comfort and elegance when *you*, O gilded grandee! kept a candy-shop! when *your* father and mother, O silken and arabesqued magnifico! laid the foundation of your splendid fortune by selling tripe! An antiquity of five-and-twenty years is not much, it is true: but *your* luxury is hardly of five years date. I know a man whom the magnates of Murray Hill and Madison Square would consider it a great condescension to invite to their houses; and yet his great-grandfather spent a fortune in shoeing the naked feet and clothing the shivering backs of a whole regiment of *their* great-grandfathers, to persuade them to return to Valley Forge and to the side of Washington! We consider that we paint the character and bringing-up of Rosemary when we say, that in spite of her own moire antique and pearls and point lace, if she had found herself in a room filled with the choicest and costliest sumptuosities of a Fifth Avenue mansion, of what is called the first class, she would in her own secret judgment have set down the O'Morras as pretentious upstarts, and rather despised them: whereas now she conceived that they were certainly "a respectable family." Not a gilt-chair and

satin-damask family—not a rosewood and brocatelle family—but what we may fairly call an old mahogany family!

One effect, doubtless, was that the yonng lady never suspected till she was on the mend, that it was a young man's room: she supposed that a venerable widower, thin, severe and gray, the original of the photograph hanging over the escritoire, had ceded the place to the claims of her sex and dangerous sickness.

"La!" said Miss Tankerville, in reply to her careless questions, "these old time affairs belonged to Rory's mother: he values every stick of it beyond all price."

"*Honor thy father and thy mother*," said Rosemary, "*that thou mayst be long-lived upon the land.* Your Mr. Rory is a good son: long life to him!"

Further inspection, indeed, brought under her observation many decidedly young-mannish peculiarities. It is true that when she was able to trot about and open drawers and closets, she discovered no trace whatever of masculine attire; the drawers were empty, the shelves vacant. Rosemary appreciated the delicacy of this: it was a silent intimation that she was to make herself perfectly at home, and so long as suited her convenience. A timid inquiry elicited the fact from the maid who served her, that Mr. Rory had made himself very comfortable in the attic, and thought he'd give up his room down stairs, because "he could see the ships there first rate."

Bridget herself opined that it was too big a room for a young gentleman, and too many things "into it," and it was more natural to see it occupied by a lady: and Mr. Rory thought so too.

"The lad is a gentleman!" thought Rosemary. "Well, according to the old view, I honor him by occupying his apartment: so we are quits!"

From the first she had noticed a good deal a certain permanent fixture on the wall over the sofa: it was a gun-rack, filled with glittering arms. Then the desk contained fishing-tackle, bullet-moulds, artificial flies, and to Rosemary's horror—a powder horn! but it turned out to be empty. Mixed with these, drawings, architectural plans, crayons, sonnets, the commencement of a MS. novel, a tragedy complete, and a college diploma!

This desk, with its innumerable drawers and pigeon-holes, was in an inconceivable hullabaloo. The keys being left in, she considered as a tacit permission to ransack its contents, and I am afraid that the curiosity inherited from Mother Eve did not suffer her to desist until all the drawings had been inspected, the sonnets, the tragedy, the novel, to its latest unfinished chapter, had been diligently perused, and finally every nook and corner of the whole concern had been reached by her inquisitive eyes and fingers. Nay, I must except one; a secret drawer, most cleverly concealed, but not cleverly enough to baffle woman's wit: it contained letters, lockets, locks of hair, old jewelry, a perfume-bag which scented the whole desk, and a female miniature on ivory, in the costume of twenty-five years ago, and though not precisely beautiful, a most interesting face. Rosemary breathed a prayer against the sin of curiosity, and reclosed this drawer without touching anything. She feared that she had already gone too far: but by way of acknowledging her impertinence to the owner the next time he opened his escritoire, she put it carefully in order.

"Now here," thought the young girl, "are the memorials of past happiness. How much pride Mrs. O'Morra took in her new furniture twenty-five years ago, when she was a bride! That old brass-nailed sofa was thought a splendid affair, no doubt! She has leaned her head against the side of this easy-chair many a time; perhaps in her last illness: she breathed her last probably under the canopy of that grand old bedstead! Well, well! we shall go in our turn!"

But Life was beating strongly now in the bosom of Rosemary, and although she indulged a pious and tender sentiment about those who were gone, and like a good Christian breathed a *De profundis* for their repose, it was the living who interested her most. The works of art in the room had always caught her eye, but by degrees it was upon them that her attention, consciously or unconsciously, chiefly rested. The mantelpiece was covered with sculpture, "reduced," from beautiful works of the German Catholic School: in the centre a fine crucifix. The wall above it was adorned with bas-reliefs in the same taste; and to mark the purely artistic interest which placed them there,

they were not framed. On a pedestal in one corner stood the Roman Pudicitia, entirely enveloped in the folds of her drapery; in another, the Flora of the Capitol, the most beautiful draped female statue of antiquity; in another the magnificent draped Antinous of the Lateran: these were all reduced by the method of Collas, and of course even the slightest corrosion of the originals by time, perfectly represented. The lower part of some simple bookshelves was occupied with the superb folios of "The Vatican;" and by its side, the magnificent Roman "Anatomy for the use of Sculptors and Painters:" Miss Rosemary just opened it and replaced the volume as speedily as possible. Without knowing anything of this young man's pursuits, Rosemary felt that nothing short of a strictly professional interest could account for so large an outlay in one line of art. And yet there was not a single nude in statuary, bas-relief or ornament, outside the great volumes of the Roman collection, which the young girl had not strength or patience to examine. This purity of taste in a young sculptor did not so strike her that she formally adverted to it, but it inspired an unconscious respect that enhanced the sympathy which Mr. Rory's pursuits and obvious genius excited.

Yes, there was one nude, clothed only with the divine majesty that awes every heart, the Form of the Redeemer on the cross! Rosemary said her prayers night and morning with her eyes fixed on this majestic Image.

It will be seen that there was a good deal here to interest the feelings of a young woman whose heart was unoccupied, but whether that of Rosemary was so, remains yet to be seen. As we have found her on the very threshold of a marriage which she seems to have regarded with no reluctance, we may presume the contrary; and that was perhaps the reason why she appeared so extremely tranquil on the subject, and so indifferent about leaving her seclusion and making the acquaintance of Miss Tankerville's boarders.

"What sort of people were they?"

"I must tell you all about them beforehand," said Miss Tankerville.

"Pray do, for I own that I was never in a boarding-house before, that I remember."

"It is a very convenient institution, though in some respects highly objectionable. But mine is not at all like boarding-houses in general. My principal boarders have been with me a long time; Mr. O'Morra, for instance, ten years: so that we form one family, as it were."

"You must have begun this business very early: why, you can scarcely exceed thirty—one—or two?"

"I was just one-and-twenty when I opened a boarding-house—no, that's not the phrase—when I began to take a few boarders. I was a great fool to do it, though I am not sorry now. But that is too long and painful a story to tell. You were asking about my present family?"

"Nothing I would like so much as to hear your own history, my dear Miss Helen: the rest will keep."

"If that is really so, I will tell you my story in brief terms. You will learn from it at least a good deal more about the interior of fashionable life in New York than you would in going to fine parties all winter, Miss Marié."

"That will be charming."

"Thirty or forty years ago," said Helen, "there was a physician in the city of New York, in lucrative practice, whose name was Tankerville, by descent a French Huguenot. He had an only sister, whom he had placed at school in the neighborhood, whence at the age of sixteen she ran away, and, by the strangest of all tastes, with a Quaker. They married in Friends' meeting, and she became a member of the society, at which her brother was so angry that running into the other extreme (as a Protestant would say), he thought fit to woo and wed a Catholic lady, and to become himself a Catholic. My father (God rest him!) always treated his sister very kindly, and when her oldest son Ezekiel ran away in his turn, after some sad youthful scrape that raised the whole town upon him (he was a Vermont farmer, was uncle Mannikin), my father received the boy, and as he had no son of his own, sent him to college, then to the medical school, and finally to Paris, to make him a complete doctor; meaning that Ezekiel should share the increasing burden of his practice

and become his successor. As for me, who was long his only child, I had as good an education as money could procure till I was sixteen, when my poor mother (the Lord have mercy on her!) died, and I was taken from my lessons to preside over the house and to play a mother's part to an infant sister."

"Is that the young lady who has dropped in to see me several times, and who calls you 'Miss Tankerville?'"

"The same," with a smile. "Didn't she tell you that she was my sister?"

"She did, and that her name was Laura, and that she was not yet eighteen—so I can tell your age now pretty exactly, Miss Helen: you are in your thirty-fourth year."

"Did Laura tell you that she was married?"

"Not she! why, I called her Miss Laura all along, and she did not correct me."

"She has a little boy six months old, which is the reason you have seen so little of her."

"And pray what is her matron name?"

"Varick—Mrs. Dashon Varick."

Rosemary started as if she had been shot.

"I dare say you know her husband's family?"

"Is it Captain Dashon Varick of the Navy? Yes, I know them!" said Miss Marié, drawing a long breath. "Pray, is Captain Varick at home?"

"He has been absent a year on a three years' cruise, and of course has never seen his boy: that's one of the pleasant things about marrying a sailor."

"He is a great deal older than your sister," observed Rosemary.

"I should hope so, since she is under eighteen, and he commands a frigate. Capt. Varick, however, is a year younger than I am, Miss, and that is very young for his position."

"Well, I knew—that—that—Capt. Varick had married very much against the wishes of his family, but I either never heard the lady's name mentioned, or I had forgotten it: I was at school at the time. Is there any intercourse?"

"The Varicks have never taken the slightest notice of us since nor we of them," said Miss Tankerville, with a comical air.

"I believe, however, that it is not the first *mésalliance* which their people have contracted, for all they are such grand seigneurs at present. There was Capt. Varick's cousin, handsome Dick Dashon, whom all the girls of my school-days were in love with, myself among the number!"—laughing gaily, though with a slight tremor of the voice:—"what did he do but make a clandestine match with the daughter of his French teacher! Certainly that was worse than a Tankerville!'

Rosemary blushed vividly.

"Dick Dashon's daughter is now a great heiress, they say; and the Varicks wanted the Captain to make up to her; but he is a brave honest sailor, and preferred a simple-hearted girl with some beauty and the greatest innocence, although she might be the sister of 'a lady who keeps a boarding-house,' to all the proud heiresses in creation."

The color had mounted to Rosemary's brow at the beginning of Miss Tankerville's last speech, as if she were about to make an indignant rejoinder; but she cooled down, bit her lip in vexation, and ended by smiling outright.

"I remember when the name of Dr. Tankerville was as respectable in the city as that of Dr. Varick——"

"Capt. Varick's father," observed Rosemary.

"Precisely. Our house gathered everything that was distinguished in the city at that time:—Dr. Post, Mitchell, Francis, Stevens, Mott, Cheeseman, and old Augustine Smith, were my father's intimates. Our house was on Broadway, and my father was one of the three doctors who then made visits in a chariot: Dr. Varick used a gig."

"It is a clear case!" said Rose Marie, laughing.

"About two years after my dear mother's death, an addition was made to our forlorn domestic circle by the return of my cousin Ezekiel, who immediately began practice under my father's eye. It was a very agreeable addition too, for Ezekiel had seen the world, and was a very accomplished man as well as a thoroughly taught physician. He had not only studied in Paris but travelled very extensively, even to the furthest East. I need not describe his person, as it is well known to you: he was then a young man under thirty, not handsome certainly, but very

distinguished, with nothing of the Quaker about him, but an occasional *thee* and *thou* which escaped him when excited, having in dress conformed to this sinful world and the latest fashions of Paris. Some early escapades of his in a country school, his adventures as a teacher of calligraphy in six lessons, which ended by his being kicked down stairs by an indignant pupil whose cash he had taken according to his invariable rule in advance, and the failure of an attempt to make a fortune by the invention of a patent medicine, were forgotten even in Vermont, and I should only have known them by hearing my father amuse some confidential friend years before, when I was a mere child, with the recital of these juvenile achievements of his quaker nephew. There was only one point on which my father took an early opportunity to give me a warning: which was to be careful to regard my cousin Ezekiel simply as a cousin, inasmuch as the prime of his youthful scrapes had been a very injudicious marriage, and his wife, though separated from him for many years, was still living."

"Dr. Mannikin is married! Ah! but he is a widower at present?" said Rosemary with an air of surprise.

"He a widower! No such good news for him as that, my dear! Mrs. Mannikin lives in this very house, mademoiselle! She is one of my boarders."

"You astonish me. She is, then, a woman—of—good character?" asked Rosemary, uneasily and dubiously, almost a little frightened.

"Exemplary, though extremely poor! To tell you the truth, my dear, it was she who was your nurse while you needed such attendance."

"What! that quiet, kind Mrs. Grace, so humble, so shy, so lady-like! She *is* a lady, then?" said Rosemary.

"If Dr. Mannikin be a gentleman (which should not admit of a doubt), his wife should be a lady. Please, however, not to call her Mrs. Mannikin, as it would be disagreeable to her. She lives in mortal fear of her husband, who, she thinks, has studied the subject of Poisons so profoundly, in order to get rid of her without detection. The day he was here to visit you, she concealed herself in the closet in order to see him unobserved—for

the first time in ten years. The scene between you and the doctor impressed her profoundly. Peeping down from behind the little round window over your bed, she could see your face and his perfectly without being seen: and it was startling enough to any one, I assure you; so you may imagine what she felt. I see that your indignation is rising, Rosemary!"

The expressive countenance and figure of Rose Marie conveyed, indeed, a most energetic abhorrence: but mixed with a blush of virgin pride.

"I believe," said she, calmly, with her great eyes fixed on Miss Tankerville, "that that man is capable of the worst actions. A married man!"

"Indeed, my dear, you look at this moment, as if, were he here, you could annihilate him."

"That poor Mrs. Grace!"

"Yes! there is a life and a heart crushed! She once had beauty; and she loves that man still. He has not only ill-used, betrayed and deserted, but traduced and persecuted her. He has alleged as the reason of his abandonment that her child was not his; although the boy, now a man, and grown up his father's very image, is the living demonstration of his mother's fidelity. But the real motive was that Mrs. Mannikin was under-bred; not that exactly; country-bred is the word; a plain little body; he never could teach her fashionable manners; she would not, could not, drop certain provincialisms that offended Ezekiel's delicate taste; in society she eternally excoriated his pride. Hence he separated from her after a few years, but while he was still only twenty-one or two; it was before he graduated in medicine; for he was a student at college when they married; a foolish, runaway affair just like his mother's. If he had not feared Mr. O'Morra, who is distantly related to poor Mrs. Grace, and secretly maintains her, he would have sued for a divorce; but Cahal O'Morra told him: 'Do it, and I will tear your character into such shreds on the trial, that it will never be patched together again in this world!'"

"Good for Cahal O'Morra!" cried Rosemary, with vehemence.

"My father," continued Miss Tankerville, "supposed that

Ezekiel's charges against his wife were true, and he consequently did not blame his nephew for the separation, though he did for forming so imprudent a connection, which he never expected would turn out well. He praised him also for not seeking a divorce, which a Catholic could not regard as authorizing him to marry again: but he thought fit to let me know how matters stood, with many expressions of pity for the situation in which so fine a young man, with such excellent prospects, was placed by a juvenile folly.

"So I was prepared to receive my cousin with the greatest affection and respect; and when my father introduced him to me one day at dinner, and he looked so decidedly distinguished in his Paris-made clothes, and with his grand travelled manner, and said, kissing me on both cheeks"—Rosemary made a little wilful pout:—"'My fair cousin will pardon me, I am sure, for asserting the privilege of saluting her!' if anybody was ever captivated with a relation under those circumstances, it was I.

"This was at the beginning of the winter, and partly to extend Ezekiel's acquaintance—for my father treated him exactly like a son, and partly to introduce me into society, as I was now fully eighteen, we gave a large party. Among people of course invited were Dr. and Mrs. Varick, and they asked an invitation for their nephew and niece, a young Mr. and Mrs. George Varick—oh! no doubt you know them—who had then been married only a year or two. I was curious to see Mrs. George, because she was a cousin of Dick Dashon's, and report said she had been much chagrined at his marriage to the French teacher's daughter that I told you about—if you remember?"

"Oh! I remember perfectly," said Rosemary, in a very sarcastic tone.

"Now I don't know who you are, my dear Miss Marié—but if I am going to wound your feelings by saying hard things by and by about the Varicks—if you belong to them, perhaps—I had better stop."

"Say anything you please about them: if it be true, I shall not be wounded," said Rosemary with a rather demure look.

"Well, then: Mrs. George Varick was invited to my party, she came, she was beautiful, she was the most exquisitely

dressed woman there, she captivated everybody, my cousin Ezekiel especially, and myself. She visited me in a very short time afterwards, and I returned the call forthwith. It became an intimacy, she would drop in almost daily to see me, and sometimes stay to dinner—take 'pot-luck,' as she called it: for my dear new friend was a trifle vulgar sometimes——"

Rosemary blushed.

"Sometimes Ezekiel made up parties to go to the theatre together, Mrs. Varick to matronize me: she was a great convenience on many occasions when I wished to enjoy fashionable pleasures and needed a matron friend in order to do so with propriety. The world, indeed, smiled upon me then, although some of my graver friends advised me not to go out so much with Mrs. Geo. Varick, as she was extravagant, giddy, too fond of admiration, and all that; and her husband as fast as herself in a different way and perhaps less reputable; and a young lady's matrimonial chances would not be improved by such associations with her name; and then I would try to be less with her; but bless you! it was impossible: Mrs. Varick was more adhesive than a burr, or down, or what you will.

"But there was an epidemic that summer, and my gayety was changed to sorrow, my dressing for parties put a stop to by putting on mourning once more; death succeeded to the stir of life at eighteen: my father was visiting his patients from morning to night, almost from night to morning; he slept in his clothes, he ate in his carriage, I used myself to bring him the little he would take, at last he was himself attacked and died in a few hours! There was a funeral, a quiet one, all friends who could get away, out of town; and I was left alone in the world at nineteen, with a little sister just beginning to talk, and Ezekiel Mannikin for my nearest and almost sole male relative. It was he who led me out of the room before the coffin-lid was screwed down, after the last look of heart-broken anguish and almost faithless despair.

CHAPTER X.

MISS TANKERVILLE'S STORY CONTINUED — "FALLING FROM GRACE."

"THE house we lived in at the time of my father's death, he had built expressly according to his own ideas, about seven years before, a period when he considered himself a very wealthy man for a physician. It was a London basement, with three stories above the basement, and attics. The lot extended to the back street, where there was a stable and carriage-house, with a large and pleasant yard intervening, with a trellised grapery, flower-beds, grass-plat, and a sunny exposure; a lovely place for a child to play. The rent in those times was estimated at only $1,200: but that was before the gold of California had come in. At that time the Broadway omnibuses used to stop at the corner of Bleecker street. I have no doubt my father hoped that his children would continue to occupy this house for many years after he was dead and gone.

"He occupied the entire basement for his office and library: as he always had students, it was necessary. A back-building afforded a dining-room on the same floor with the basement, and a billiard-room above, which when my mother gave her great annual party (in the month of January, after the bills of the preceding twelvemonth had been collected), was converted into a dancing-room. The drawing-room suite was imported from Paris; it was the talk of the city at the time; and as it was always kept covered with brown linen except on occasion of the great parties before mentioned, New Year's Day, and the like solemnities, the satin and gilding were absolutely as fresh as the day it was unpacked. The enormous French mirrors, buhl tables and 'such,' never could lose their value. The curtains and carpets were new that year. The old doctors of that

time lived splendidly. Dr. Tankerville was fond of entertaining his professional brethren, and men of science from other cities or the old world. He had choice wines in his cellar; his sideboard was full of plate; his portrait and my mother's, painted by Inman, looked down upon his guests; and they used to smoke their cigars afterwards in his library, filled with the choicest medical and scientific authors. It was while he was in this opulent feeling that he undertook Ezekiel's education, which cost him, on an average, a thousand a year for ten years. He could still lay by $5,000 annually, for the interest on his accumulation amounted to that; and Dr. Tankerville was the reverse of a miser.

"But (not to be too precise) about four years before his death, my father began to experience heavy losses. In the first place, the large dividends then made by the insurance companies tempted him to invest a very considerable part of his fortune in insurance stock, and he considered himself perfectly secure because he had but a moderate amount in each institution: but then came an event which nobody had foreseen, the great fire of 1835, which swamped all the companies in the city in one night. I remember being rather proud to tell my companions of the amount *my* father had lost by this general disaster. I had little idea what a difference it was going to make in my destinies.

"My father said that few of the sufferers could bear it better: he had as much left as he had lost, and a large professional income, and was only fifty years old; he had twenty years of work in him yet, and he would die rich. Two years later, a bank which suspended in '37, and in which he held a hundred shares, was one of the few that did not recover: the cashier had robbed it; he was the near relative of one of Dr. Tankerville's professional friends; efforts were made to hush it up, and successfully: my father pocketed his own loss without a word, for an exposure, as the young man was just married, would have carried disgrace to more than one proud fireside. The name of the defaulting cashier was Varick."

Rosemary reddened.

"These were losses to bite deep into a professional fortune.

For all that, considering there were only two of us, both daughters, we were left well provided for. My father's will, which he executed just before the epidemic—for he seemed to have a presentiment that summer would be fatal to him—gave me the house on Broadway, with all the furnitnre, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, excepting only the medical books and things in the office. Two houses in Walker street, rent $550 each, were left to Laura, to avoid trouble about settling the real estate; and to her also, as a set-off to the furniture, was bequeathed the sum of $6,500, loaned on bond and mortgage. The remainder of the estate consisted of the balance at the bank (Chemical), which at that time of the year began to run low, and the bills of the year yet uncollected: after paying charges, legacies, and current accounts, the net residue, which actually amounted to nearly $9,000, was to be divided equally between Laura and myself. Till Laura came of age, or married with my consent, I was to enjoy the income of her portion as well as of my own, in order to provide for her maintenance and education."

"A very reasonable will," said Rosemary. "And Dr Mannikin?"

"To Ezekiel my father bequeathed his medical library, the office-furniture, instruments, medicines, &c., and $500 a year for two years; or, if I continued to live in the house, the rent of the basement free for that period; assigning as his reasons, that Ezekiel had already a sufficient practice for his personal support, and that in two years more his success ought to be assured."

"Considering that your father had already spent $10,000 on his education: that was liberal enough," said Rosemary. "I admit that if your father had not met severe losses, he might have well done more. A man is not like a girl; he can make money; all he wants is a start."

"Ezekiel nevertheless was very angry at the will. He said the $500 should have been $1,000, and for five years instead of two: it was well enough to give him a library; he would be obliged to sell it to pay his board: Dr. Tankerville might at least have left him one of the horses for his buggy. The buggy, by

the way, had been a New-Year's present from my father. He had the indelicacy, as Mr. O'Morra considered it, to say so to me, and I replied immediately:

"'Cousin Ezekiel, my father was afraid of seeming to injure his daughters, but he has left me the income of the whole property because he knew that I would do whatever was right:—you shall have a thousand a year for five years, and a horse.'"

"Did he accept it?"

"Of course he did; but Mr. O'Morra, who was trustee as well as executor, obliged him to take the horse he was actually using; for Ezekiel wanted one of the pair my father drove in his chariot, which would have spoiled the span, for they were beautifully matched in action, height and color; not fast, but a showy team for city use, and brought $800 at the sale.

"The next thing was to consider what was to be done with us, and whether or not there should be a sale. Mr. O'Morra would not allow that there could be a question on the last point. Dr. Mannikin insisted that my father had contemplated our remaining in the house, and keeping all together. I was of Dr. Mannikin's opinion, both because he had great influence over me, much greater than Mr. O'Morra, whom I thought very cold and stern and unsympathizing, while Ezekiel was smooth as oil, and plausible even in his selfishness; and more than that, my own feelings vehemently inclined to that side. The idea of breaking up, selling our furniture at auction, quitting the house where I had passed so many happy years, where Laura was born, where my parents had died, and going to live among strangers, to board after having been mistress of a fine establishment, seemed to be perfectly unendurable. Nor was it at all impossible to keep up the house on the means I had. By selling the horses and carriages, and letting the stable, I could increase my income to $2,000 clear, and as I had no house-rent to pay, I could easily get along with that, and board Ezekiel, who was willing to take the $500 I had promised him, in that shape. Of course I could not keep four servants: two would have to serve my turn, and Dr. Mannikin must hire a little boy to answer the bell. I fought for this project with desperation. Mr. O'Morra declared that it was a thing unheard-

of in our situation: an unmarried girl of nineteen with a little sister of three, to live in a four-story house by themselves—

"'With their nearest relation, sir,' says Dr. Mannikin.

"'A man under thirty, sir,' says Mr. O'Morra.

"'A married man,' retorts the doctor.

"'Bring home your wife to live with you, and I withdraw my objections,' replies Mr. O'Morra, with his bitterest smile.

"This was a home-thrust. I felt indignant in behalf of Ezekiel, all whose actions and motives Mr. O'Morra saw in the worst light. But that gentleman was inflexible. In vain I represented to him that my father evidently wished his children and Dr. Mannikin, whom he regarded as a son, to keep together; in vain I represented the advantage to Laura of a home education, and the cruelty of scattering all our dearest associations; and showed him how easy it was for me to procure the companionship of a respectable widow, if propriety demanded it. I never had an idea before of a man who could resist the entreaties of a young and not uninteresting woman. He was my trustee; he had power to sell the personal property and invest the proceeds: this power was given to be used; my interest plainly required it to be used. Was I to lose $1,000 of income, and live at double the expense I needed, and have my property, an essential and important part, he would observe, of my little fortune, waste away and depreciate upon my hands, years before I was settled, before I knew whom I should marry, or whether I should marry at all, merely to promote the interests of Dr. Mannikin? So it was settled that there was to be a sale; appraisers came in to catalogue the furniture, and I had to make a list of the articles that I wished to retain, and submit it to the tyrant O'Morra. As every cent I had in the world was in his hands, I could only obey.

"While these discussions were pending, the frosts had set in, the city became perfectly healthy, and numbers of my friends returned to town: among the rest my friend Mrs. Varick, who had flown at the first note of danger, and taken refuge in Vermont. It so happened that she had rusticated in Ezekiel's native village, where she picked up many anecdotes of his early years; but these I only knew at a later period. She came in imme-

diately to see me, and found me preparing for the sale. She entered fully into my sentiments on the subject, declared that Mr. O'Morra was a perfect brute, but after all she suggested some consolations. Money, she observed, was the great lever; these things would go off well at the present time, while Dr. Tankerville's reputation and the style in which he lived were fresh in people's minds, whereas in a few years, all this being forgotten, and new styles coming in, they would sell for a song I must go into society again by and by, and then I would find the advantage of a nice income, and of having plenty to spare for my toilette. In the meantime I must absolutely come and live with her. She would take no denial, and if I liked I might pay for my board, to give me more independence. I expressed a fear that Mr. Varick might not relish such an arrangement. 'Oh, Varick would like it of all things.'—But I should sadden them all by my mourning, and low spirits—I should be quite out of place.—'Oh! I was mistaken there—a great change had come over her, I must know. The sad events of this summer had produced their due effect upon *her*, I might depend. She was no longer what she had been, I would find!' In fact, I had already observed a slight difference in the exterior of my friend: her dress, though very rich, was in soberer colors, her bonnet (white uncut velvet with a plume) was decidedly plain, and she wore her hair in simple bandeaux, instead of long ringlets, as used to be her jaunty custom:—I had never seen Mrs. Varick so pathetically elegant. On making proper inquiries, I learned that she had been sitting under the preaching of an eminent Methodist in Vermont, and had experienced religion!"

Rosemary laughed. "That's Isabel Varick to the life!" said she, as if involuntarily.

"I see you know her. Well, she took in reality Mr. O'Morra's part, and left me convinced that his course, though cruel and despotic, was nevertheless dictated by common sense, and in a worldly point of view greatly for my interest. She did not say anything against Dr. Mannikin, for whom on the contrary she professed a special regard, and yet she contrived to let fall remarks that aroused me, touching his youthful antecedents, his having been a 'gay young man,' and so on, and the censo-

riousness of the world, so that I resolved to make at all events a virtue of necessity, and ceased to repine at the breaking-up of our family decreed by the inexorable O'Morra.

"O'Morra himself was not slow to perceive the change, and Mrs. Varick, the first time she met him at the house, soon let him know the cause of it.—'I have been saying to Helen, Mr. O'Morra'—and—'It's very natural Miss Tankerville's feelings should be pained by these inevitable changes, but I tell her she will see it in a very different light a year hence.'—In short, very few women, and no man at all that ever I knew, could resist Mrs. Varick, when she chose to fascinate; and Mr. O'Morra, who saw in her only a beautiful and elegant woman, belonging to one of the first families in the city, learned with evident pleasure that she had invited me to spend the winter with her—for that was the way she put it to him; and although his consent was not necessary, I was glad not to encounter his opposition.

"The sale then came off, and was not so heart-breaking an affair as I expected. I know I was very much pleased to find that the things brought such good prices. I kept only the plate, the family pictures, some books and a few favorite articles, endeared by too sacred associations for me ever to part with them. I had a terrible fit of crying the night before the auction, which puzzled Mr. O'Morra extremely, for he thought I was entirely reconciled to the thing. However, when he had the auctioneer's cheque the day after, for a sum that exceeded by several hundreds my father's estimate of this part of my portion, he made little account of my sentimental tears.

"This was my first battle with Cahal O'Morra, in which he was victorious. The next I won, in behalf of Ezekiel. A young and wealthy physician, just commencing practice, offered a large *bonus* for the house. Mr. O'Morra wished to accept the offer at once. On the other hand Ezekiel, defeated in his first plan, had found me a tenant in a lady who was about to open a fashionable boarding-house, for which the location was eminently suitable. She could not give a bonus, but she offered to advance on the rent. Ezekiel contended that this offer was equally for my interest, as it was certainly vital to his, because the lady was going to let him the front basement as an office. I absolutely

set down my foot here that Ezekiel's plan should be followed. He ought not to be, and he should not be, with my consent, deprived of the advantage of keeping my father's well-known 'stand'—to use a business word. I talked so high and so firmly to Mr. O'Morra on this point that he fairly backed out of his position, and let me have my own way, though the loss of the *bonus* was a bitter pill for him.—'What is the bonus to me, sir,' cried I, 'compared to the success of my cousin, Dr. Mannikin, and to the meanness of selling my father's professional eminence out of the family, against his own adopted professional son! I will *never* consent to it.'"

"You certainly behaved well to Dr. Mannikin," observed Rosemary.

"You shall see how he repaid me. I went to Mrs. Varick's at first for a visit, then to remain. Now that she had become a 'member of the church,' and went to prayer-meetings every morning at 6 o'clock—for the epidemic was followed by a general and serious awakening in New York; and had forsworn the theatre and balls, and low-necked dresses, and fancy dances, and subscribed to the Bible Society, and was one of the Lady Managers of the Moral Reform Society, and all that; nobody thought it was dangerous for me to be intimate with her, or to become an inmate of her family. Many excellent persons thought, on the contrary, that I might be converted myself. I could not help seeing that I had got into a school of piety. The Rev. Mr. Craffit, Mrs. Varick's revivalist, who had come to New York for the winter to assist the work graciously going on there, talked to me in a corner of Mrs. Varick's drawing-room one entire evening on the state of my soul. I should make you laugh, and seem to be trifling with sacred things, if I were to tell you some things that he said to me. I had not the least doubt at the time that he was a very good man, yet it seemed to me very funny, and I shocked Isabel Varick exceedingly by telling her that if the man were not married, I should have thought that he was in love with me.—'In love with you!' she exclaimed. 'He is in love with all poor souls! He burns with an inextinguishable desire for your salvation: that's all!'—I was not more than half convinced, and an instinct that seldom de-

ceives a young woman, and which a girl, who goes to Confession, Rosemary, early learns to obey, made me avoid having any more conversations with the Rev. Mr. Craffit.

"Dr. Mannikin, of course, was our constant visitor, and he became deeply serious—now don't laugh! It was at that time that he resumed partially the Quaker garb, which was then associated in the public mind with several eminent medical and surgical names. I found it quite impossible to keep my countenance when I first saw him with a straight collar and cut-away coat and top-boots and knee-buckles. Somehow or other, though, he had contrived to give the costume a natty air; he never wore drab; he compromised on black, as the less strict Friends do; and then his figure was perfect; he was not so lean and cadaverous as he is now; Isabel Varick approved the change heartily.—'It is for Ezekiel's interest,' she would say. 'Don't you see, my dear? he advertises himself wherever he goes! People say: who is that? and the answer is: Dr. Mannikin, the Quaker doctor. Thus he becomes universally known. I consider it a very good card.'

"There was one individual of whom I necessarily saw a good deal, who did not partake of the general seriousness. That was Mr. Varick."—Rosemary slightly laughed again.—"He would not be converted, though I am afraid no one needed it more. Finding that I, as a Catholic, was suspicious of the genuineness of the work, he imparted to me very freely his own views of it, which were not at all complimentary to the good sense or sincerity of those who who professed so extraordinary an interest in religion."

"Don't you think he was mistaken there?" asked Rosemary. "I for one believe that there is a great deal of sincerity in these good people."

"Perhaps. I was unlucky, then, to tumble into a nest of regular hypocrites. I really cannot tell you, Rosemary, what reason I have for using so strong a word. Mrs. Varick, for instance, could not have been so self-deceived as to suppose that she was really trying to be good at this time. Be that as it may—be as charitable as you please—she did not persevere very long. She fell from grace next winter certainly. Methodists,

you know, believe in falling from grace. The revival passed, like other American excitements, and the fashionable world indemnified itself by plunging deeper than ever into frivolity. It was about the time that I laid aside, with tears and a tender sorrow, my filial mourning. Mrs. Varick presided over the reorganization of my wardrobe, and introduced me again to society. She taught me how to spend my money, and as if my personal expenditure were not enough, being almost always short of cash, borrowed of me too—small sums, tens, twenties, fifties—till I grew alarmed at the depletion of my purse, and Mr. O'Morra, to whom I was forced to repair for funds, grew angry and refused to let me anticipate my income.

"Then I was witness to some domestic scenes between my friend and her husband which were not very edifying. If Mrs. Varick was at a party almost every night, and returned home at one or two in the morning, or even later, her husband, who usually, though not always, accompanied her, had his own way of enjoying society, and while she was dancing and flirting, he was smoking, drinking and playing cards up stairs. When he went home with us, he was over-polite to me, alternately rude and over-loving to his wife, and that was his *best* return: for when he did not return with us, or perhaps had not accompanied us, he was usually *carried* up stairs:—I never saw anybody look so astonished as you do, Rosemary! That's nothing. Think of the next morning's quarrel, the frightful tempers displayed, the hours of sullenness: then dressing, driving, shopping, dining, dressing again, and the theatre, the opera, the party: the same eternal round! Yet I thought I enjoyed it: for in spite of all the horrors of which I could not best be sensible, I had many partners, some suitors, and I hoped, as I ardently wished, to be married—don't laugh at me for that is just the truth.'

"It is a common case," said Rosemary, quietly.

"But mine was not exactly a common motive, Rosemary. If it were, I would not perhaps acknowledge the fact so frankly. I had not forgotten my duties in all this dissipation, though I fear I much neglected them; and my idea of marriage was a home for Laura, not a boarding-house (the sole alternative to my present position) mixed up with gossiping maiden ladies

and selfish old bachelors, and indolent married women; nor the house of a fashionable friend; but a home for the child, my own house and home, where I could bring her up in virtue and simplicity, as I had been brought up. I began once more to feel that Mr. O'Morra's worldly wisdom had been folly, when he broke up our father's house, sold its household gods (so to speak), and prevented my keeping our family together, such as it was. We were three, Ezekiel and my sister and I: Ezekiel, my father's adopted son, as it were; and so long as we stood together we should have been a respectable something, and now we were nothing. Ezekiel might then have turned out a better man, or if not, he could not have harmed us; for the family bond turns poison itself into food.

"I used to pray that I might be married: for I saw no other escape from my position——"

"In old times," interrupted Rosemary, "the place for ladies situated as you were, and as I am, would be some fine old convent, as parlor boarders, where we might stay for ever if we liked it better. We have got boarding-houses instead: by your account it is no great improvement."

"Not a bit. Well, I did not get a husband by praying for one. An invisible something that surrounded me prevented the right kind of man from approaching. It is unpardonable, I know, in an old maid to boast of her offers, but just in the way of history, I may observe that I had enough opportunities to marry, if I could have been so contented. My suitors were of various sorts, but not a straight piece of wood, clear-grained and sound-hearted among them? Can you account for that?"

"Not I, indeed," said Rosemary. "I am sure there were plenty of the right sort in that circle then, as now."

"So there were:—I knew some of them—at a distance."

"And you were young, rich enough, of a good family, not the most hideous creature that ever I saw"—with an ingenuous smile,—"and very agreeable. No, I don't understand it at all."

"I dare say not," replied Miss Tankerville, slowly, and earnestly scanning Rosemary's face. "I hardly know whether to enlighten you or not. Why should you know such horrors?"

"Horrors?" repeated Rosemary, bewildered.

"You have not, then, understood a word that I have been telling you? It was my cousin Ezekiel and my friend Mrs. Varick (who, I suspect, is a cousin or something of yours), who caused my isolation from the good and self-respecting people of the society we all moved in. Mrs. Varick's first prodigious friendship for me grew out of the fact, that by visiting me she constantly met Dr. Mannikin. My living with her afterwards gave a pretext for his incessant visits. People who knew the world soon found this out; and no matter whether they considered me as the victim or the accomplice of my worthless friends, they naturally avoided me."

"I am not over-quick, I hope," said Rosemary, hastily, "in understanding what I ought not to understand; but you have said enough now to make me comprehend the relations between —Isabel Varick and your cousin; so pass over all that, I pray." —She shuddered slightly.—"After that revelation all difficulties vanish," added she, in a low tone: "a bad woman and her paramour—they will shrink from nothing, of course."

"You have hit it now exactly, and you shall hear now what they did not shrink from in my case——"

"Pardon me!" interrupted Rosemary, with apprehension. "I would rather not hear any details!"

"Fear nothing—why your cheek is all a-fire!—Since you understand the fact, I shall not again allude to it. What you are going to hear about is merely cold cruelty—matter for your indignation and your pity, not your blushes."

CHAPTER XI.

A SUMMER TOUR AND A SAUCY BOY.

We hope that our readers are now sufficiently interested in Miss Tankerville, to bear a slight description of that lady's personal appearance, which for certain reasons we have hitherto abstained from giving.

She was tall—it is the only point we have mentioned—taller than Rosemary, whose height was sufficient for female dignity, but we have not intimated yet, what was really the fact, that her figure was finely proportioned. She wore either black or very dark dresses of silk in the evening; her gorget was generally cut *à la Pompadour*, with a lace *fichu*, because her neck was like alabaster. Her dark-brown hair, which was abundant and glossy, but without an atom of curl, she wore in plain bands, disappearing behind in a large classic knot, which she coiffed very elegantly in the evening with inexpensive ornaments of gold and coral. Her complexion was dark, but clear; her eyes nearly black; her features regular; her mouth large but handsome, with very white and beautiful teeth, which she showed a good deal in smiling, and the smile itself quite peculiar. It reminded Rosemary of Dr. Mannikin: it seemed a family trait; but the character of Miss Tankerville's smile was satire. In short her face would have been eminently handsome, but for a too great massiveness of the chin, which detracted from the feminine softness of her expression. In her youth this would scarcely have been perceived, and even at four and thirty, with her admirable figure, and her great conversational powers, she was undoubtedly a woman of rare attractions, although it was her lot to keep a boarding-house. How this had come to be her lot, when she had started in life with a fine independence, was what excited Rosemary's curiosity.

"For the reasons which I have before mentioned," pursued Miss Tankerville, "I was resolved to set up housekeeping for myself, as soon as I came of age. That you may see that this was a perfectly feasible idea, I will show you what my means were when, soon after my twenty-first birth-day, Mr. O'Morra settled his account with me, as executor. I had my house on Broadway, which he estimated at $18,000, and $11,500 in convertible securities. The net income of this property (deducting taxes, repairs, &c.,) was $1,900. I had also the income of Laura's portion, till she came of age, which was about $1,800 net: making my whole receipts exactly $3,700; out of which for the next three years I had promised to pay Dr. Mannikin $1,000 a year, leaving me just $2,700, clear cash income. This was a much larger sum then than now, that the influx of gold from California has nearly doubled the expense of living in New York.

"I frankly avowed my intentions to Mr. O'Morra, and somewhat to my surprise, he approved of them highly. He merely advised me, as summer was already advanced, to wait till Fall, and in the meantime to buy a house in a suitable locality. He thought that I could advantageously invest $10,000 in such a purchase, which would still leave me $1,500 to employ in furnishing it, to which I could add about a thousand more, comprising the income of my first quarter, which he now paid me in advance, and cash on hand, so that I could begin without a penny of debt: for $2,500 ought to furnish my house very prettily. I assure you that I felt extremely opulent, while I listened to all these calculations. I feared, however, that the sum he proposed my investing in a house was too large: it was almost twice as much as I had thought of.

"'It is not a bit too much,' said he. 'Why you will be married before you have been at housekeeping a twelvemonth.'

"'That's a delightful prediction!' said I, 'but I fear too good to come true.'

"'Why, aren't you engaged yet?' said he.

"'As far from it as ever, I assure you,' said I. 'I've been trotting out to parties all winter, dancing till two in the morning,

besides being dreadfully good all winter before last, o ut neither dancing nor praying has brought me a husband.'

"'Well, that is puzzling,' said he, bending on me his piercing eyes.

"'I see no way to manage it, sir,' said I, laughing, I suppose, to baffle his scrutiny, 'unless I advertise in the *Herald*:—A handsome young woman, just come of age, with upwards of $2,500 clear income, and of good family, wishes to make the immediate acquaintance of a gentleman of agreeable exterior and good moral character, with a view to matrimony. Unexceptionable references given and required. A professional gentleman under thirty will receive a preference!'—And I laughed again: for Mr. O'Morra looked amusingly serious.

"'You read the *Herald*—do you?' said he.

"'Mrs. Varick makes her daily meditation on it, sir,' said I, 'and often reads me the matrimonial and other amusing advertisements. It is strange people should be such fools as to advertise for such things, isn't it?'

"'More knaves than fools. I would advise you not to read such advertisements, or if you do, not to speak of them,' said he, with a clearing brow. 'And so you are really despairing of matrimony?'—He smiled again.

"'I am too indifferent on the subject to despair,' said I, 'but frankly, marriage does not enter into my plans for the future at all. All that I contemplate or desire is to have a house for Laura, who is getting spoiled. I shall devote myself to her education, and by the time it is finished, I shall be an old maid.'

"'Rather than that should happen,' said he, with a singular contortion of countenance, 'I would marry you myself.'

"'I am infinitely obliged to you,' said I, and was going to add something very saucy; but as Mr. O'Morra was under forty at that time, without a gray hair in his head, I blushed, I believe, and concluded in a different way from that I intended, by saying: 'if I get quite desperate, sir, I shall know where to apply.'

"He looked very grim at this, and I would have given the world to take it back, which of course I neither could nor would, and I could not help thinking as I went away what

fools all men are, where we are concerned. Here was Cahal O'Morra, who would have faced a platoon of soldiers, just going to shoot him, or a howling and hissing mob, without moving a muscle, wincing at the remark of a girl of one-and-twenty, and afraid to—well, no matter what he was afraid to do."

"Suppose that he had spoken more plainly, what would have been your answer?" asked Rosemary, with an innocent look.

"I should have said 'yes,' mademoiselle, without a moment's hesitation," replied Miss Tankerville, kindly: "and the man was a fool not to give me the opportunity: that's all."

"Are you sorry now?"

"No," said Miss Tankerville.

"Pray proceed!" said Rosemary, with a satisfied air.

"Mrs. Varick and Ezekiel were not pleased with my housekeeping ideas. The former ridiculed me unmercifully for setting up for an old maid at my age, and undertaking to live by myself as if I were forty—'Indeed,' said she, 'there's many a miss of forty would consider such a step highly improper!'—Dr. Mannikin could not comprehend Mr. O Morra's countenancing such a wild notion—'Unless,' he added, 'he means to marry you himself.'—Both insisted that it would hurt my matrimonial prospects. As I was convinced of the contrary, I was immovable.—'You will expose yourself to very unpleasant remarks,' said Ezekiel.—'Oh!' said I, 'I am not such a fool as to suppose that I can live by myself, with only Laura. Of course I intend to get some nice widow to live with me. There are plenty such will be glad of the chance, thank Heaven!'—'How will you be better off then than you are with me?' asked Mrs. Varick, looking rather hurt.

"Protest as I might, Mrs. Varick saw in my plan only a method of getting rid of her.—'That is ungenerous, Isabel,' said I, 'for I have had several opportunities of placing myself elsewhere, if to leave you was all I wanted. I could take board with Mrs. Passavant, in my own house, and have Ezekiel's company and protection; since he always resides there. It is only for Laura's sake. She is five years old, she quarrels with Roosey—that's Mrs. Varick's son, you know?"—"Oh! I know!' said Rosemary, laughing.—"'And it is time I had her under my

own control, which can never be the case except in my own house.'

"They saw tnat my resolution was fixed, and ceased to combat it. I supposed that they gave up their opposition, and I busied myself cheerfully in house-hunting. Having made a list of the houses advertised, I ordered a carriage and taking Laura with me went the rounds. At that time Bond street, Lafayette Place, Washington Place, were fashionable localities. So were still Park Place, College Place, and Broadway near the Bowling Green, and dear old State street. The upper part of Broadway from Grand street to Eighth was still highly aristocratic; there lived the Hones, the Wards, the Varicks, the Costars and the like, in grand houses which are now fast turning into shops. Right in the heart of this district, with aristocratic mansions of granite—brown stone was not yet—on either hand, stood my own house. In a window of its lofty granite basement was seen Dr. Mannikin's name; on the door-plate, Mrs. Passavant's. I wished most fervently that I could turn out Mrs. Passavant and establish myself there. Deducting Ezekiel's rent it would have been an economy.

"Having my father's house before me as a standard, I was difficult to suit. Either the rooms were too low, or the hall was too narrow, or the yard was too small. I *lotted* on a spacious yard as a play-ground for Laura, for I did not like the idea of a little girl trundling her hoop in the street, which they all do now. By Mr. O'Morra's advice I deferred choosing till I returned to town in September, for the summer was advancing and all the world was going to watering-places. Mrs. Varick was going to Rockaway, as Dr. Mannikin recommended sea-bathing for Roosey. It was easy for him also to drive down occasionally and see the child, who was under his professional care. Roosey, you know, had rickets. Of course, Mrs. Varick proposed that I should accompany her, and take Laura, but I was a little surprised that she did not insist upon it very strongly, and provided I engaged to return to her in the Fall, seemed quite willing I should spend my summer anywhere I liked. Dr. Mannikin, declaring that watering-places were stupid, unless the bathing was necessary for your health, and inveighing against

the customs of bathing at Rockaway, advised me to go to the Catskill mountains and take board in some farm-house, where I could have fresh cream and milk, and save money 'to begin housekeeping,' for I would be sure to need it. I proposed a tour to Niagara, but he objected the expense, and besides, how could I manage about company? I could not fasten myself upon a party without some gentleman to take care of me: and to travel with a child five years old! Laura would be an endless anxiety, and in all probability she would get into the Falls, there or at Trenton, and be drowned.

"Although the clue to Ezekiel's conduct was entirely wanting to me, I had sense enough to suspect very often an ulterior motive, as well as to observe that Mrs. Varick and he were always playing into each other's hands. I wondered, therefore, why he did not want me at Rockaway, why he wished to send me into the recesses of the Catskill away from all the world, and why he objected to my spending a few hundreds in a summer tour: for if I joined a party who were going to make what was then the grand excursion, to the Falls, down the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, and the White Mountains, it would not cost me more: and the health, the pleasure, the mental improvement to a young lady in my position, was worth that. Mr. O'Morra, to whom I applied for advice, warmly approved the tour, ridiculed Dr. Mannikin's objections: as for a gentleman escort, he would accompany me himself, if my friends would allow him to join their party; and by all means take Laura along, for although she might cause some trouble and anxiety, I would feel still more in leaving her; and if it should be desirable at any point to separate from my friends, her presence would always save me from embarrassment."

"Mr. O'Morra is a gentleman!" said Rosemary, emphatically.

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, miss! But you never saw anybody in such a rage as Dr. Mannikin. Mr. O'Morra and he hated one another cordially: if I had not known that, I should have deeply resented the remarks which Ezekiel thought proper to make, in his quality of my nearest relative. Although he had himself pointed out the necessity o my having a masculine escort of my own, unless I meant to

inflict an unreasonable burden on the gentlemen of the party I was to join, who had other ladies to look after, he affected to consider that my own and my sister's guardian was not a suitable person for that office.—'I suppose it will quite sufficiently explain our relative position, Ezekiel, when Mr. O'Morra introduces us as his wards, when I introduce him as my guardian.'—'Which he is not, at present, any more than I am!'—'But he is guardian of my sister, joint guardian with myself!' said I.—'You had better make a joint concern of it altogether, and the whole world will be of the same opinion after you have been travelling with your *guardian* all summer—a widower under forty! He means to take Rory along of course; but if I were you, I would insist upon the ceremony before starting! That's all I have to say.'"

"Oh! exclaimed Rosemary, with an impatient gesture and a look of fire. "I could——." She did not say what she could do: doubtless something very disagreeable to Dr. Mannikin.

"I resented this speech of course, though not so much as I should have done, had I not thought it supremely ridiculous; and Mrs. Varick came to Ezekiel's assistance by laughing at him. He made an apology too, by saying that it was his affection that made him over-anxious for my interests and my honor; the simple truth being that he was afraid this journey would lead to my marrying either Mr. O'Morra or somebody else, when my property, which he meant if possible to appropriate, would escape his clutches: to say nothing of the very convenient cover which I afforded to his wicked passion, and which was incomparably the greatest injury that I suffered at his hands.

"I made the journey. Providence seemed to grant me that consolation before what I was to suffer. I knew not why, an incubus was lifted from my spirit when I found myself on the Albany boat—for there was no Hudson River railroad then—with Laura, Master Rory (a boy of eleven), Mr. O'Morra, and our travelling party. It was Rory's vacation, and his father would not deny him or himself the pleasure of the boy's company; he took care of Laura like a little knight; the manliest little fellow ever you saw; not so very little either, for he was as tall as most lads at twelve, could ride and drive, dance, skate,

swim, play chess, or draughts, or backgammon with accomplished skill, a great player at nine pins, and extremely eager to be entrusted with a real gun, which his father promised him for his next birthday present. They all said that he saved Laura's life on one occasion by his courage and presence of mind; the coolest little rascal that ever wore roundabout; and it is needless to say that she was as much in love with him as a little girl of five years commonly is with a boy just old enough and big enough to afford her effectual protection in her small needs and terrors, on a tedious journey.

"It was not a tedious one to me. It was the only time that I ever saw society fairly as a young lady. Mr. O'Morra was widely known, and we met everywhere people of the highest consideration themselves who considered him highly. At Saratoga, where we spent a week, I had a delightful time. At twenty-one you know what that means for a young lady. I received a great deal of attention, found myself a belle in fact, made a serious conquest, and refused an offer of marriage between two glasses of Congress water on the last morning of our stay. I had refused or prevented such offers before, it is true, but this was the first by which I felt honored, and it seemed to me that a cloud was taken off my life. I attributed it to the fact that I was in a young woman's normal position once more, under the care of her rightful protectors and engaged in her legitimate duties. I doubt very much if this gentleman would have noticed me at a party; it was Laura who won me his attention. Two months before I would have instantly accepted such an offer; now that I breathed the pure air of virtue and happiness, I was more difficult. Mr. O'Morra, I saw, was charmed with me: he knew all about it from my suitor who, with a manliness that engaged my esteem, had asked his permission first, and informed him afterwards of his want of success."

"Why did you refuse this gentleman?" asked Rosemary.

"Is it why I refused him?" said Miss Tankerville, in a sweet Hibernian accent, which she called her 'mother tongue,' from the source whence it came.—"Because his nose was too short, perhaps, or I didn't like the color of his beard, or the cut of his coat, or he was a Yankee, or a Protestant, or perhaps his name

was Hezekiah! Is it necessary to give reasons why a girl of one and twenty, rich, handsome and happy, rejects a good offer? Tell me, if you can, the reason why she should accept the first good one, or the second, or the third, for that matter? At five and twenty the case is altered: if she refuse then, she has grave reasons; at thirty she will scarcely refuse at all; past thirty, she will probably not have any offers to refuse. Stick a pin there, Miss Rosemary!"

"Stick a pin?" said Rosemary, with a puzzled look, and involuntarily glancing down at her dress, "where?"

"Set it down in your tablets, my dear; imprint it on your memory. It is a metaphorical phrase, used by vulgar people; a slang expression, in short."

"I don't wish to learn slang expressions," said Rosemary, half petulantly: "so pray proceed."

"Why what a little princess it is! To proceed then.

"I stood where you will never stand, on Table Rock, which quivered, or seemed to quiver, with the thunder-stroke of the great cataract. Over the sweep of the horse-shoe, the waters of Lake Erie plunged in sheets of swiftest green and fretted white into that vast rock-bedded cauldron of foam and spray spanned by the sun-bow. The faint and lovely arch rested its further limb against the verdure of Goat Island, veiled in softest mist. Eternal uproar! Quiet ineffable, which no sound nor motion can disturb! Table Rock has fallen, and never broke the transcendent repose of the mighty scene. I held Laura's hand fast in mine, and was perfectly unconscious that my guardian had passed his round my waist, and held it firmly. Rory stood in his blue roundabout and cap on the very edge, as quietly as Napoleon is painted on the rock of St. Helena. If I had seen him at first, I should have screamed, but his father only looked at the boy, and then pointed out to me his position with a glance of paternal pride, which overcame even a father's apprehensions.

"I remember this scene so well—I so often recalled it. It came back to me in my dreams for weeks and months after. In one sense, you know, the relative situation of Mr. O'Morra and myself justified a parental familiarity on his part: but then that was the sole instance of it, before or since; and although it is a

natural, almost an irresistible impulse to seize hold of your friends on Table Rock, O'Morra was not a man of impulses. His very bitterness and passion as an orator are deliberate; his finest bursts are calculated; and he never indulged that perfectly natural, permissible, quasi-parental caress without a clear perception of what he was about.

"Did he mean it just paternally? Was it in the character of an ex-guardian? In a widower under forty, that seemed to me a mere impertinence to a girl of my age. Yes; when I considered Mr. O'Morra's raven hair, his clear, unwrinkled, and noble brow, the fire of his gray eye, his mobile lip curled with sarcasm, his spare but muscular frame which, tall as I was, overtopped me a full head; and remembered that he was scarce past the term of youth, which, as my father used to tell me, Hippocrates fixed at thirty-five; I was profoundly convinced that a parental familiarity on his part to me, in the full bloom of my twenty-one summers, was a pure impertinence: and Cabal O'Morra was incapable of an impertinence. What then? I affected fear, and drew back from the edge of Table Rock."

"I think," said Rosemary, innocently, as if she had made a grand discovery, which reflected great credit on her penetration —"I think—you must have been in love at this time with Mr. O'Morra."

"Ah! now, Rosemary, you make me blush!" said Miss Tankerville, with her peculiar smile, which we have noticed: and Rosemary looked ashamed, as if she had been caught saying something foolish.

"We sailed down the St. Lawrence; we visited the Canadian French in their homes, and worshipped in their rural churches. Montreal in August greatly captivated us all. As none of us had ever been abroad, the Church of the Sulpicians, which travellers generally style the Cathedral, was the most imposing edifice devoted to our faith that we had ever seen. It chanced that the first morning we visited it there was a marriage with all the ceremonies; a nuptial mass, during which the bridegroom and bride, both young, communicated together on the steps of the altar, as directed by the ritual of our Church. We all stayed to see it through. Though a Catholic born, I had never before

seen it, and our friends were Protestants. It was a very interesting affair, for the groom was an English officer, a convert (as I understood), and the bride French. His scarlet uniform, and her long white train and veil, blending together on the altar step, before the priest in his rich vestments, while little surpliced boys like angels held tapers on either side, or knelt where they had recited the *confiteor*, formed a beautiful picture. I was so affected that I wept.—'Unless I can be married that way,' said I, as we left the church, 'I don't want to be married at all.'—'Scarlet coat and all, I suppose?' asked Mr. O'Morra, sarcastically.—'No, sir,' said I, with spirit, 'British officers who are Catholics are too scarce for me to hope that; and were they not, I am too patriotic to marry any but an American. But as I am entitled to the ring, sir, and all that, I mean to have it with all solemnity or not at all.'

"Mr. O'Morra looked very cold and stern at that. I could not at first imagine why. Then I recollected that he was a widower, had been married in early youth, to a virgin bride, and no doubt with the very same ceremonies; and I remembered to have heard that it was only by a kind of dispensation that the Church permitted these ceremonies to be used in the second marriage of widowers, and not at all (as I knew very well) in that of widows. I thought more about this than about the parental caress he gave me at Niagara. I had lately felt a profound internal conviction that Mr. O'Morra was tenderly attached to me, and that nothing but some subtle and delicate scruple prevented him from saying so at present. It is impossible to convey to any one else the grounds I had for this conviction, which had stolen over me gradually, awakening all the time deeper and stronger feelings of affection for him: and now I got a sudden shock. It seemed to me that a gulf had opened between us. It was possible clearly, to bridge it over; but it was a question whether he would after all ask me to cross on such a bridge; it was a further question, whether I would consent. Strange to say, I had never before thought of it in this particular light. That mysterious ceremony in the Church of the Sulpicians—that bride kneeling on the very steps of the altar, where I never saw woman kneel before—had awakened in the depths of my soul a

perception of something sacred in myself, which I never had till then.

"That journey had ennobled and purified my thoughts. Like all purification it was attended with pain. The blameless happiness of which I had permitted myself to dream was escaping from my hands. Rory one day was telling me about his meeting with one of his school friends, who had a new stepmother.

"'He likes it first-rate,' said the boy. 'Now *I* should *not*, Miss Tankerville.'

"'Why not, Master Rory? Your papa has a perfect right to marry again, you know, if he pleases.'

"'He has a right,' replied the boy, 'but it would not be so glorious.'

"'You prefer glory to happiness, then, Rory?' said I, with a blush.

"'For my papa I do!' he replied, looking at me steadily with his great eyes. 'Besides, Miss Tankerville, did not you tell me the other day that it was a noble thing in my father to have been so long faithful to the memory of my mother?'

"'I did, Rory.'

"'That proves it, then,' said the boy. 'My papa is not like others, Miss Tankerville: everybody says that.'

"'He is certainly unlike any other man I ever knew,' said I.

"'Do you mean to marry my father?' continued the boy, boldly. 'Everybody says so.'

"'He has never asked me, Rory,' said I, affecting to smile.

"'Aye! but he will—when we get back to New York. You know that as well as I do. Do tell me at once whether you mean to have him. I won't tell any one, on my word and honor!'

"'Upon my word, Rory,' said I, 'this is a very extraordinary request: to ask a lady whether she means to accept a gentleman who has not yet proposed to her and possibly never will! Don't you know better than that?'

"'He *will* propose to you, I tell you,' answered the boy. 'I asked him myself, and he said: YES—plump out. Now that's

a secret for you! Now tell me—will you *accept* him, as you call it? Yes or no, Miss Tankerville?'

"I felt all the blood in my body rush to my heart, and then back to my cheeks, at this incomparably cool announcement and question.

"'Ah! I see how it is!' said the boy. 'Well, don't *tell* that I told you. Honor bright!'—And off he went like an arrow from a bow. Why, Rosemary, you blush as vividly as I could have done myself, when the thing happened!"

"To think how you must have felt at such a question!" replied Rosemary. "What an impudent good-for-nothing boy!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

"PAST midnight!" said Miss Tankerville, looking at her watch.

"Oh, never mind!" cried Miss Rosemary, flushed with a deep and permanent excitement. "I am dying to know why you didn't marry Mr. O'Morra after all, why you are an old maid—not that you are so very old either—and—what dreadful thing Dr. Mannikin and Mrs. Varick did to you."

Instead of answering, Miss Tankerville bent her head in a listening attitude. Like most housekeepers of the timid sex, she was quick-eared.

"I hear a step on the stairs!"

"Dear me! I hear steps on the stair every night!" said Rosemary.

"Aye! but I know the step of every one of my boarders, and this is entirely different."

Miss Tankerville rose with excitement and rushed to the door which she threw open. The sound, which was approaching from below, ceased, but she could not see who it was, for the gas in the hall had been put out. While she ran to the mantel for a match, the steps retreated. She lit a burner of the side light near Rosemary's door and flooded the hall and nearest flight of the stair with light. While thus engaged, the front door of the hall below opened, causing a draught that flickered the flame, then closed again.—"Some one has gone out!"—Miss Tankerville went down stairs, accompanied by Rosemary, who shared her excitement. They relit the hall light, examined the hall door, which Miss Tankerville locked and bolted. Then they ranged through the parlors, trying windows, looking into closets, and locking all the doors after them, to make sure noth-

ing should escape. Convinced at last that there was no one inside, both returned to Rosemary's room. After discussing femininely this incident, Miss Tankerville resumed her narrative,

"If you wish to know why I refused Mr. O'Morra, on his first offer, of which Rory had forewarned me, it is very easily explained. He was a widower, near forty, and I a girl of twenty-one, independent, supposed by myself to be tolerably attractive; and his son, a lad of eleven years, was averse to his father's remarrying. I think I was right too: for why had Providence made me independent, if not that I might never sacrifice what is more delicate and noble in my sex to vulgar necessities or worldly ambition? Then I had Laura to bring up. I was a mother already, you see; and for that reason resolved to remain a virgin, to fulfil, in unselfish purity, my allotted task. My feelings were not those of a Religious at all—for more than one blameless passion struggled hard against my decision—why should I deny that, now that the man's locks are silver and the fire of his glance is tamed? We parted at Mrs. Varick's door, at about six in the morning, after a night on the Sound—a glorious moonlight—that witnessed my struggle and my triumph; parted friends: Rory shook hands with me in his manly style, and kissed Laura with bold affection. I don't suppose the child herself had any idea why, after they were gone, I sate down on my trunk in the hall, flung my arms round her and cried!"

"You were a good girl," said Rosemary, dashing away a tear. "I understand all that part now perfectly."

"The Varicks had not returned from Rockaway: that is, Mrs. Varick and the children had not; for Mr. Varick was in town. Although Mr. Varick was always particularly kind to me, it was not entirely agreeable to be in the house with him alone, as it were, with only a child and the servants, especially as he used to come home *tight*, when he came home at all in hours that I knew anything about. I regretted to observe that his habits had in no respect improved, and the observation stimulated the resolution with which I had returned to the city, of forming a home as speedily as possible for myself and Laura. Mr. Varick told me that Roosey had been delicate all summer, and that Dr. Mannikin had attended him, spending sometimes

entire weeks at Rockaway. For his own part, business had kept him in town a great deal. Whatever the business was, it had not been very profitable, for Mr. Varick borrowed money of me on the first morning of my arrival. Three or four days after, he applied to me again, wishing to borrow a very large sum only for four-and-twenty hours. The whole of my August rents and dividends, and the greater part of those paid in May, were deposited then to my credit in the Chemical Bank. I used to keep my check-book in my table drawer, and I was a little surprised that the sum Mr. Varick asked for—merely for one day—was within a few dollars the exact amount of my balance. I was very confiding, but to lend even for a few hours almost half a year's income, startled me, and I refused. He looked mortified, but said nothing, put on his hat and left the house. That day he did not appear at dinner—he had dined with us every day since our return—and I feared that he was very much hurt by my want of confidence. I sate up a good deal later than usual that evening, in order to see him, hoping that he might return sober enough to hear my excuses. However he never came, and what was very unusual, did not appear at breakfast the next morning. Another entire day, and no news of Mr. Varick! We all thought that he had gone down to Rockaway. I was writing a note to Isabel, informing her of the circumstances, and begging her to return home, when a short letter arrived from her to me, begging me to send her a hundred dollars to pay her bill at Rockaway, as Varick took no notice of her request, and she supposed that as usual he had been losing terribly at play. I enclosed her a cheque immediately, and the next evening she returned, escorted by Dr. Mannikin, and accompanied by the children and two maid-servants. She flung herself into my arms. As soon as we were alone, she said: 'Good Heaven! we are ruined, Helen! Varick has gone to South America, leaving gaming debts unpaid.'

"Mr. Varick had been in difficulty some years before. Then he received a considerable inheritance on the death of his grandfather, old Peter Roosevelt Varick. He had not been in business since, but had lived on his means, speculating in real estate,

and dabbling in lotteries. Lately he had taken to faro. Dr. Mannikin told me that his notes had been flying about all summer at fabulous discounts, sustained at all merely by the wealth of his relations, who, some might suppose, would step in at the last, and by the idea that his wife was going to receive a large property from her uncle Dashon. The house in which they lived was a gift from old Mr. Dashon to Mrs. Varick, and was settled on her in the hands of trustees. The furniture, too, was hers—a gift from her uncle—of course it was liable for judgments,—but as Varick had no *bona-fide* business obligations, nothing but the wildest kind of accommodation paper negotiated at the most usurious interest, and gambling debts, there would be no suits, and hence she would not be disturbed. But here were all her resources. She had no money, and there were bills to pay. The butcher and grocer would give no further credit till theirs were settled, and but for my purse we should have had no dinner, that week.

"As soon as we had fairly ascertained how matters really stood, a grand tripartite council was held, consisting of Dr. Mannikin, Mrs. Varick and myself, to consider what was best to be done. I advised her to apply at once to her Uncle Dashon.

"'Now, Helen,' she began, 'it's of no use saying that. Uncle Dashon will tell me to let my house, store my furniture, and come to live with him, as I did before my marriage, and till after Roosey was born. I can't do it. I'm not going to put myself under aunt Dashon's thumb again, I can tell you. And if I refuse, uncle Dashon never forgives people who ask his help and won't take his advice. Better not ask it at all. I stand very well with him now, and if Dick gets killed fighting in Algiers—as I hope to goodness he may'—Rosemary stamped her charming foot and uttered an indignant exclamation!—'no doubt I shall get uncle's entire property at last. But as for returning under his roof, it would do me no manner of good, and I will not do it unless from the most dire necessity.'

"'It would separate her from us all!' said Dr. Mannikin, pathetically.

"'I don't see what she can do, then,' said I, 'unless she lets

the house and sells the furniture, which will give her an income sufficient to board in a very handsome style.'

"'Let the house of course I must,' said Isabel. 'I have not the means to live in it. But as for selling the furniture—uncle's gift only two years ago—he would never forgive me!'

"Ezekiel proposed (without any seriousness) that she should keep both house and furniture, and take boarders.—'You could make a handsome thing of it, and uncle Dashon would rather like your spirit.'

"'There would be such an outcry among the Varicks as never was heard in New York before. They'd consider it infinitely more disgraceful than my husband's not paying his debts! No use talking of that!'

"'I see,' said Dr. Mannikin, "that you are determined to keep up appearances?'

"'Determined!' said Mrs. Varick.

"'Then in one shape or other your furniture,' said he, looking round the frescoed saloon, gay with French mirrors and satin upholstery and gilded carving—'has got to be converted into support—that's clear.'

"'I don't know what is to become of me, unless Helen comes to my assistance,' replied she, bursting into tears.

"'What can I do?' I exclaimed. 'Tell me, and I will do it.'

"At that time I would almost have laid down my life for this woman who, when my sister and I were orphans and homeless, had so disinterestedly (as I thought) offered us a refuge. Dr. Mannikin drew me into the next room—an exquisite dining-room with everything carved in oak, rich antique buffet, chairs all knops and flowers, &c.—and proposed a plan which he thought would solve every objection, and promote alike the happiness and interests of all of us.

"'Mrs. Varick's own idea is,' said he, 'that as you are bent on housekeeping, you should take this house, furniture and all, and pay her partly in money—for she will want some, you know—and partly in board: but I tell her you can't afford it. The rent is more than you can pay.'

"'Entirely out of the question,' said I.

"'Here is a more practical plan. Your own house bears the

same rent as this, but as you would let the basement to me at a high price, you could afford to live in that, and taking Mrs. Varick's furniture at a low figure, pay her in board, while she would provide for her other expenses by the rent of this house.

"'You forget, Ezekiel, that Mrs. Passavant has a five years lease.'

"'Not at all. That's the very point. Mrs. Passavant has a fine opportunity to take a large family mansion in Lafayette Place, where she thinks she can make her fortune in a few years, and she only hesitates because she has your house on her hands, Say the word and you shall have it.'

"'I shall be delighted to get my father's house again, and to give you the office and have you live with me, cousin Ezekiel,' said I; 'but can I afford to buy this costly furniture at any decent price? And to take Isabel with her two children (and servants—she must have a nursery-maid—and her own maid, of course)—I shrink! Besides what will her uncle Dashon say to her selling the furniture? He won't like her selling it to me better than to any one else!'

"He need never know it, or if he does'—for I shook my head resolutely at that—'he can be told, what will be the truth, that it is only hypothecated as security for her board till her husband's return. Of course, you would resign it to her on full repayment of her bills—eh? Thus, she unites every object; she avoids an *éclat*, keeps up appearances with her relations and the world; and you refurnish your house more splendidly than ever on the easiest terms, and at the same time secure the presence of a matron, which has always been your difficulty, Helen.'

"You must remember that I saw this proposal precisely as Dr. Mannikin represented it, and the only objections I perceived were the expense—more than I had ever contemplated—and the destruction of my plan of quiet domesticity with Laura. I dreaded Mrs. Varick's children and her maids. A very faint and dim idea also floated through my inexperienced maiden mind, that it was not quite the thing to have two married people living with me, of whom the man was separated from his wife, and the lady from her husband. Still, as the lady was my in-

timate friend, with whom I had lived for two years on sisterly terms, and the man my nearest relation, this view appeared prudish, and I did not allude to it. I referred the proposal back to Isabel herself, who of course had already agreed upon it with Ezekiel in private. She, therefore, only spoke to thank me eagerly, and promised the easiest bargain that ever was about the furniture. In fine, I consented, provided Mr. O'Morra's consent could be obtained. At this condition Ezekiel's brow blackened. He observed that Mr. O'Morra was in Washington, conducting a cause in the Supreme Court. 'I will write to him,' said I. 'We shall get the answer in three days.'

"I wrote the letter, which Dr. Mannikin took to put in the Post-office."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rosemary. "What a fool!"

"I waited a week without receiving an answer; Ezekiel coming every day to inquire, and growing very impatient and pressing with me to decide. At last he brought a message from Mrs. Passavant, requiring an immediate answer about the lease, as she was obliged either to accept or decline the proposal made to her. Thus pressed and interpreting Mr. O'Morra's silence as a sign that he was resolved not to interfere further in my affairs, I gave my consent.

"Dr. Mannikin now hurried every thing, urging the prudence of getting Mrs. Varick's furniture out of her own hands as soon as possible. I bought it, therefore, immediately, taking her receipt for the very considerable sums which I had already lent her, as the first payment, and contracting to board her, her two children and as many maid-servants, for three years, giving them an entire floor, with fuel, lights, use of the drawing-room, and all other imaginable privileges, at a very handsome compensation no doubt. The contract was reduced to writing, and signed by us both. Ezekiel witnessed it. He figured up what the bargain would cost me in cash, and found that I should get the furniture at about one-third its original value, the rest being paid entirely in rent and supervision, which, however useful to Mrs. Varick, would cost me nothing. He was never weary of dilating on the advantages to accrue from the arrangement. I was going to be mistress of a splendid establishment, and at the

same time their common benefactress. He confessed that he had not succeeded at all in the two years since my father's death. He had even lost some families who at first employed him. They regarded him either as a bachelor, or as separated from that cursed wife of his, who was born to be the blight of his existence. Now that he was going to live with two young ladies—his cousins—daughters of his old and celebrated uncle, Dr. Tankerville—all would be changed. He proposed to order a new door-plate with his own name for the front door.

"'Really cousin Ezekiel!' said I. 'Doesn't that turn me into your housekeeper at once?'

"'Fie, no, cousin Helen. It is merely for the sake of the good effect it will have upon my practice—the position it will give me!'

"'To pass off my house as yours—is that it?' said I.

"'Why you wouldn't put Miss TANKERVILLE on the door—as if you kept a boarding-house—would you?'

"'No, you can't do that, Helen!' said Mrs. Varick, laughing. 'Just think—on Broadway—too conspicuous a place for you to hang out your sign, my dear! The most natural thing in the world for you to give your cousin the doctor the benefit.'

"So to give Ezekiel the benefit, I agreed to it, and before we moved in, the name of DR. MANNIKIN appeared on a large silver plate upon the lofty green door. This was an immense lift in the world for Ezekiel Mannikin! Consider what a respectable figure he now cut, living in a four-story house, with granite basement and massive steps, on Broadway! If you called on him, you were shown into a noble office, two rooms deep, lined with walnut bookcases and a magnificent medical library. Every circumstance breathed the old-established practitioner. Daily, at the hour when Broadway was most thronged, Dr. Mannikin would be seen, entering or issuing from his office, in faultless suit of black, Quaker cut, broad-brim hat, white-top-boots; a sort of Quaker dandy, neither ashamed of the Society nor superstitiously attached to it, and fast becoming a most respectable notoriety.

"Dr. Mannikin's motives for desiring this arrangement were quite patent. Mrs. Varick's were not so clear——"

"Oh, never mind *her* motives," interrupted Rosemary. "One must have read history to little purpose not to know that people, under the influence of criminal passions, will go any lengths and run any danger to gratify them. Otherwise Isabel Varick's conduct is inexplicable, for had she applied to—to her uncle Dashon, he would have done anything for her at that time."

"The lessons of history have made a deep impression upon you," said Miss Tankerville, with a smile. "To dismiss, then, the motives of Mrs. Varick. Immediate possession of the premises had been a condition which Ezekiel made with Mrs. Passavant: so she moved into her new house without even waiting to clean it. Dr. Mannikin wanted me to do the same, but I was too thorough a housekeeper, and not yet sufficiently tamed to obey him there. I must have kept him on tenter-hooks, while, regardless of his advice, which I considered a pure impertinence; I sent in an army of painters and house-cleaners. Once in for it, I was resolved to do the thing as became the daughter of Dr. Tankerville. Mrs. Varick's carpets had to be taken up, purified, new breadths put in and refitted, causing fresh delays. Her rooms were narrower than mine, so that the drawing-room had to have a new medallion-carpet, one which I thought would not disgrace her French mirrors and Paris upholstery. I had been overseeing it laid down; the mirrors being already up, and the curtains, and pictures, but not another stick of furniture yet moved in. My father's and mother's portraits by Inman, and a great picture of Hippocrates, which old Paff persuaded my father to buy, and a silvery landscape by Doughty—white-armed sycamores overhanging a running stream chrystalline clear—and a purple and gold sunset by Cole, adorned the walls, giving already a familiar look, and I looked round with a sense of pride to think I was mistress here once more, when the door opened, and Cahal O'Morra stood before me.

"In the mirror that had been Mrs. Varick's I saw the blood rush tumultuously to my face. It was only a minute—I ran up to him to shake hands. He took mine icily and gazed round in silence, his frock-coat buttoned up, and his gloved hand resting on his hip.

"'Well, sir,' said I, with woman's quickness beginning the

attack, 'are you not a pretty cavalier not to have answered my letter all this time?'

"'What letter?' replied he, black as thunder.

"I explained.

"'I received no letter. How did you direct it?'

"'To *Cahal O'Morra, Esq., Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.*, as plain as I could write it; and Dr. Mannikin put it in the office for me himself.'

"'That explains why I never got it.'

"'Sir!' said I, flaming up.

"'Your cousin is to live with you, or *you* with *him?* I see his name on the door-plate. Who else?'

"'My friend Mrs. Varick, sir, who is compelled to relinquish her house for the present. I wrote to you about all these arrangements, asking your approval and advice.'

"'My approval is out of the question. My advice is to break the bargain at any cost.'

"'Sir, it is too late. Had you said as much a month ago, in answer to my letter, I would not have stirred hand or foot in the business.'

"Confound the letter!' said he, stamping with his foot, and using a much more forcible word. 'I never got it, I tell you, nor do I believe it was ever sent.'

"'Please not to swear, sir,' said I: 'I am not used to it. As for the imputation upon my cousin, that he has had the baseness to suppress my letter, I shall not notice it.' I was excessively angry, and went to the mirror to adjust my hair and bonnet, as if about to go. Mr. O'Morra strode up and down the room, in equal wrath; once he turned to the door; then he stopped before my father's portrait and sighed. He came back to me and took my hand.

"'God forbid.' said he, 'that I should stand on idle etiquette, or yield to selfish anger, when the daughter of my old friend is risking her fortune, her happiness, her reputation and perhaps even her virtue.'

"'What mean you, sir?'

"'I mean that your cousin Ezekiel, in whose power you are about to place yourself, is a scoundrel, and that your friend Mrs.

Varick is his accomplice. Early last summer I heard unfavorable rumors in regard to her and I should have spoken to you on the subject, had I not found you bent on this housekeeping project, which I thought an excellent mode of withdrawing from her. I even supposed that you intended it so, and hence I did not explicitly warn you. Besides you know what hopes I formed upon your summer tour. Had those presumptuous hopes turned out better founded, I had planned for you a visit to my mother this autumn——'

"Here Mr. O'Morra stopped, overcome by emotion, and for my part I listened pale as death, wondering what was to come next.

"'That was out of the question after what passed between us in our last conversation. Still, I wrote you from Washington, urging you to pursue your housekeeping plan, but to keep clear of all connection with your cousin, and hinting why.'

"'I never received such a letter!'

"Ah, it is all of a piece. Yesterday I returned. On my table I found a letter informing me of your plans—not your letter—an anonymous letter——'

"'Sir!' said I, 'Mr. O'Morra! an anonymous letter! Oh, no; I beg of you, sir, not to say another word. I would rather incur any disgrace than listen to anything from so base a source. Against the reputation of a lady too! Fie, fie!'

"I walked away impatiently.

"'You should hear me out,' said he. 'I regard these things exactly as you do. I will not even mention to you the charges contained in this letter. But as it concerned you so nearly, I thought it right to make inquiries in the quarter indicated. I have been to Rockaway. Now weigh what I am going to tell you! It is certain. Both your cousin and Mrs. Varick know of the scandal: for Varick was informed, and questioned them both, and accepted their explanations as satisfactory. In the face of that fact, which should impose on them such peculiar discretion, they form a plan to live together, during her husband's absence, under your roof!——'

"'Is that all?' said I.

"'Is it not enough?'

"It is enough to have prevented my forming this engagement, had I known it earlier; not enough to make me recede now. I have signed a written contract with Mrs. Varick; I have bought her furniture; it is hers no longer, it is mine; her house is let from the First, I must move out of it in twenty-four hours, and she has no place to come but here. The arrangement is generally known, and for me to draw back at the present moment would be to disgrace her, Mr. O'Morra.'

"'Her own fault entirely.'

"'She has not used me well, I admit, but I utterly disbelieve that scandalous story. Do you think me so deficient in penetration that there could be any grounds for such idle talk and I not know it?'

"'I wouldn't give five straws for your opinion in such matters,' said he with unbounded contempt.

"'I shall not desert her when she is traduced,' said I warmly.

"'Take care of yourself and Laura—you have no call to protect the reputation of a married woman who cannot protect her own. Come, Helen, authorize me to act for you, and I will rid you of your contract and every other embarrassment, before the world is a day older.'

"I drew away from Mr. O'Morra, and leaned against the mantel—for there was not a seat in the room—to reflect. At last I asked him—more for want of something to say, than any other view—what he would do if I gave him full powers.

"'In the first place, serve Dr. Mannikin with a notice to quit the premises in a week. He is a tenant at will. I can prove that he pays no rent and never has paid any. I could set him on the sidewalk with all his traps to-morrow. Next with this notice as a screw, I am prepared to treat with Mrs. Varick. I will offer to return her furniture anywhere she pleases, or to pay her cash for it in full, at a fair valuation by disinterested appraisers. It is a tremendous extravagance for you, but what is money in such a case? If she refuse all terms of accommodation, I shall inform her that this house is locked up, and I shall leave her to her remedy. I doubt if she will sue for damages. My life for it, though, when she finds that Dr. Mannikin is not

to live with you, and that you will not live with her, she will come to terms.'

"'My dear Mr. O'Morra,' said I, 'you must be sensible that this is a kind of proceeding to which I can never have recourse with friends whom to this moment I have loved. If I believed Isabel guilty—and I totally disbelieve it—I couldn't do that. After she has sheltered me and Laura under her roof for two years——'

"'For her own purposes!'

"'I don't care—I am not going to stamp her with public disgrace by an open breach, and ruin Dr. Mannikin too—my nearest relative, whose interests are my own. I will try to persuade Mrs. Varick for her own sake to give up the arrangement.'

"'She won't, and she will persuade you that she ought not. Well, I have done my duty, Miss Tankerville. When they have entirely ruined you between them, call upon me again.'

"I shook hands with him, tears in my eyes. He went to the door, then returned.

"'There is yet a way for you to escape this difficulty,' said he, in a tremulous voice, 'without inflicting the slightest wound on the reputation or feelings of Mrs. Varick, or doing the least prejudice to your cousin.'

"'How?' said I. 'I would gladly embrace any method of escaping that satisfied those conditions.'

"'Would you?' he asked, with his fieriest glance.

"'Indeed I would. Do you think me indifferent to a possible stain on my fair name?'

"'Marriage,' returned he, taking my hand in his iron fingers, 'changes all the relations of a woman to others, and alters all her plans. No one will expect you—not Mrs. Varick herself—to fulfil these engagements from the moment that you announce yourself as—my betrothed wife.'

"No words can express the mingled respect, passion and energetic wilfulness, with which O'Morra uttered these last words: it was enough to sweep away the opposition of any feminine will in the world. A man of forty, who knows his own power, is far more formidable to our resolutions than a youngster, Rosemary. He would make us marry him in spite of ourselves, and be ex-

tremely well contented afterwards, I believe. But I was his match in pride, and man as he is"—observed Miss Tankerville, triumphantly—"more than a match for him in dissimulation. I could not bear that any man should say I accepted him to get out of a scrape; so I turned away with a breaking heart—for I felt to my inmost core all the noble devotion of his conduct—and said: 'Thank you a thousand times.'—I raised my eyes from the carpet and saw in the mirror his look of doubt—as plainly as if he had said with his lips—'She thinks me too old for her!'—Why don't these wise men know us better? I was only ashamed to yield without a stronger urgency. So the man put on his hat and went away, leaving me alone in my grand house. With much ado I kept from running to the window to call him back: maiden pride prevented me."

Young Rosemary clasped both hands over her face with a beautiful movement of modesty, then with a sidelong glance and half smile said: "Go on." They are all alike. The child understood it, as the duckling understands paddling about in a pool.

"Suppose all that Isabel Varick said in answer:—her protestations, her tears, her wounded feelings, her bold denials, taking Heaven to witness of her innocence and praying God might strike her dead that instant if she spoke not true. The Rockaway rumor she treated as the most idle gossip, such as no woman on earth could be exempt from, and which, with as little reason, might any day assail myself. From mere innocence she had attached no importance to it, which from me won instant credence. I ended by feeling the greatest compunction for speaking of it at all, and almost feared that I had compromised my own character by having listened with any respect to so monstrous a calumny. When she saw the effect she had produced, she changed her tone. If I thought I should sustain the slightest injury, she released me from my engagement. A word from me was sufficient—she would tear the contract into a thousand pieces. With difficulty I appeased her wounded delicacy.

"So the next day a grand move.

"To say I did not enjoy myself in my new home, or rather

my old home restored, would be untrue. In some respects it was the happiest period of my life. Dr. Mannikin was a singularly agreeable companion; above all, at table. He had seen so much and had so large a fund of anecdote. He brought to the house many amusing and celebrated people, editors, authors, artists, actors, and Bohemians generally. Our winter evenings at home were rendered delightful by this sort of society. We went to the opera and theatre frequently, and I had little suppers at home thereafter, to which some witty actor or renowned and social man of letters would be invited. We were not invited to so many parties—some of Mrs. Varick's friends left her off their visiting list, and I was included in the proscription—she for boarding, I for taking her to board. To make amends we attended some very brilliant public balls, where Isabel was always distinguished for her grace, her beauty, and her ravishing toilette. I had also enough of domestic cares. I got a governess for Laura, a remarkably nice young person, and I had her taught music and dancing by competent professors. I was present at her lessons, and attended myself to her religious instruction. There was one great drawback—I could not invite Mr. O'Morra to the house: he would have deemed it an insult; and this always rankled in my mind, although I was more and more convinced of the injustice he had done to my cousin and my friend.

"Another thing I did not quite enjoy was the expense. The family was pretty large; Dr. Mannikin was an epicure, and we entertained quietly indeed, but pretty often, dinner company. I sustained the whole establishment; for though Dr. Mannikin paid me nominally $1,000 a year, the money, you observe, came out of my pocket. I merely retained the pension I previously gave him. Mrs. Varick, of course, paid me nothing: for I was all the time paying her for her furniture. At the end of six months I had exhausted all my reserve, and saw that my expenditure would regularly exceed my income. I was now fairly in for it, and seeing that I could not lop off anything without pinching my table or doing injustice to Laura, by the advice of Dr. Mannikin, that Fall I let two furnished rooms, with breakfast, to a couple of literary gentlemen, Mr. Forrester, who

is still with me, and a young foreigner named Rusé. To do this, however, was to exhaust the capacity of my house: I had not a spare room left.

"Let me tell you (there is reason for it) how my space was disposed of. In the first place we had five female servants, and Dr. Mannikin kept a black boy to drive his carriage: for I had lent him money to set up a handsome brougham with two horses: Mrs. Varick said that Ezekiel ought to have that, to match the house. I had also a sempstress, whom I did not consider exactly as a servant. She and Fleurette (Isabel's own maid) occupied the same room in the attic, and the rest of the girls and the boy, occupied all the remainder. There was a counter basement under the front office. This was the sewing room and servant's hall:—the rest of that floor was occupied by the kitchen, laundry, store rooms, and so forth. The basement was Dr. Mannikin's office—he slept in the back room, on a sofa-bedstead of his own invention. The extension-room was the dining-room. Over it, accessible from the first landing of the back-stairs, the old billiard-room had been converted into two pieces, of which one was Laura's school-room, and the other the bed-room of her governess. First floor—the drawing-room suite, consisting of two large saloons, communicating by folding doors, and a small boudoir (over the hall) fitted as a ladies' work-room and library: no sleeping apartment on this floor. Second floor (Americans would call it the third)—Mrs. Varick's apartments; her sitting-room, bedroom, Roosey's room, a dark-room, where the nurse slept, four in all, with closets, and bath-room affected to her alone. Third story (in New York parlance, the fourth), Miss Tankerville's room, and Laura's adjacent; which left precisely two rooms corresponding in front, for Messrs. Forrester and Rusé: deep closets between, cut off from the apartment of said *messieurs*, and appropriated to herself by the young lady who owned the house and almost everything in it. I have hardly left a corner for a mouse. Yet the rent paid by my new lodgers did not suffice to meet the deficiency in my income as compared with my expenses: for it was I who fed Dr. Mannikin's horses, and paid his boy's wages, and kept his carriage in repair. What didn't I do? I didn't pay the wages

of Mrs. Varick's maids, nor her milliner's bills, nor those of Dr. Mannikin's tailor: but if we went to a party together, I paid the carriage hire afterwards: Dr. Mannikin, however, bought the tickets when we went to the theatre. He considered that that balanced the account.

"I was, I own, deeply alarmed when, at the end of the second year, I found myself, after my November rents had been paid, with a debt exceeding my cash-in-hand by a cool $1,200 and not a stiver to go on with. Well, I had some Chemical Bank shares; I got my certificates, drove down to Wall street, went straight to Mr. Nevins' office, came back with a cheque, paid my debts to the last dollar; then resolved to economize.

"Dr. Mannikin was now doing well in his profession. The appearance of wealth sustained for two years had done its work. I ought to know, for his bell was always going. I thought in my heart that if he did not relinquish the $1,000 which I yet had to pay him for one year more, according to my promise, he might at least refund the various sums I had lent him over and above that, and also relieve me of the expense of his stable and boy. I told him so frankly. He readily promised to do so, and that was the last I heard of it. He used to market for me (to increase his own consequence) and paid both my butcher's and grocer's bills. I was glad to be saved the trouble; and to tell the truth, I was so youthful-looking—so completely a young lady in appearance—that it often annoyed me to make purchases for the house. Everybody called me 'Miss,' at first, and then very likely, when I gave the house, changed it to 'Mrs. Mannikin' —a most odious appellation to me. The bills used to be made out against Dr. Mannikin, and he, when he had paid them, of course with funds that I furnished him, would carefully file them away. He observed that these fellows might 'come down' upon him some day. Well, the only item I could succeed in retrenching was wine. I quietly locked up my store-room, and the doctor, after a laughing quarrel on the subject, got some wine for his own use, and Mrs. Varick and he drank it at dinner. It passed as a jest, but produced bad feeling.

"I approach with trembling the conclusion of this history. What led to it was that Miss Smith, Laura's governess, with

whom I was entirely satisfied, who had been with me now for two years, and was, as I believed, tenderly attached to her charge, as well as to me, suddenly, without any reason assigned, gave up the situation. When I pressed her for her motive, asking if I or any one in the house had given her cause of complaint, she would only answer that she could not be happy here, and ended by a flood of tears.

"'Now tell me,' cried I, 'who has dared to annoy or insult you? For if it were the best man or woman in the house, he or she shall leave it.'

"'No one, Miss Tankerville—no one, I assure you. Everybody has been and is most kind to me.'

"I saw there was some mystery. Was she going to be married? Was she married already? What then? At last the poor girl, after making me promise never to betray that she was the author of the information, told me. I could not and did not believe her. I would see with my own eyes. I soon had abundant proof. The deepest darkness, discretion the most absolute, cannot forever hide the guilty. That gliding serpent form—I see it still creep by in the dark—that stealthy step on the winding stair—I hear it yet. The long garments do not rustle—she is too careful: no slipper creaks—she is barefoot. That woman is capable of committing other crimes than this one day, when cupidity, or vengeance, or some darker passion yet, shall prompt her.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CROWNING VILLAINY.

"You understand what I have been telling you, Rosemary?"

"Sufficiently," replied the young girl. "Excuse me for asking if it is not possible that you were mistaken? Such monstrous ingratitude on the part of Dr. Mannikin—such infamy in one bearing the name Isabel Varick bears, and that which she bore before her marriage,—appear to me incredible."

"For your sake I touch the evidence lightly—hinting rather than describing. I pass over my visit to Isabel's own room during her absence—her children and nurse buried in a sleep so profound that the influence of drugs could alone account for it. I see your astonishment: but Miss Smith's slumbers had been deepened in the same method by a soothing draught prescribed by Dr. Mannikin for her cough. She slept like the seven sleepers after it, but it affected her nervous system so much that without Dr. Mannikin's knowledge she omitted it; hence her part in the *dénouement*. The nurse—a healthy buxom Irish girl as ever you saw, scarce sixteen, suffered in the same way. Two years later I placed her in an asylum, a wreck. She is now restored, and waits on you daily. Question her, if you doubt. Besides the wicked are never so secret as they deem. There was Fleurette—she had eyes and ears too in her French head, and a French tongue to relate her observations. Fleurette slept with Rhoda, the sempstress; Rhoda, the sempstress, sometimes talked with Miss Smith, the governess. Long before they came to live with me, in the revival winter, this shame began."

"Enough! enough!" cried Rosemary, with a gesture of deprecation.

"It only remains to decide upon the course I should pursue. Outraged modesty, injured pride, wounded affection, the sense of ingratitude, of betrayal, abhorrence, resentment, indignation,

contempt, overcame and banished at once every kindly feeling that I once had entertained for either. At the same time justice to myself required that I should seem entirely ignorant of everything, and rest my action on entirely different grounds from the real one.

"The next morning, then, at the family breakfast I announced that I had determined to break up housekeeping. My manner was so serious that the announcement caused a general start. Mr. Forrester and Rusé, who for some time had been admitted to the common table by unanimous vote, expressed lively regret. So little was my motive suspected that Dr. Mannikin, supposing it was the pecuniary difficulty again, immediately offered to 'double' (as he expressed it) his board, in other words to pay me in fact what hitherto he was only reckoned to pay me.

"'I can afford to do it now,' said he, filling his glass with some delicate Chateau Margaux. 'Come, cousin Helen! that will add a thousand a year to your income at once.'

"There was a general smile—for everybody knew exactly how Dr. Mannikin paid his board.

"'I'm not so rich as you, Mannikin,' observed Forrester; 'I can't afford to double my board; but'—turning to me—'if a very handsome rise, Miss Tankerville, will enable you to go on command me. I'd be confoundedly sorry to see this family broken up—wouldn't you, Rusé?'

"Mr. Rusé expressed the same sentiment, but added:—'Miss Tankerville must remember that she is receiving part of her income in the shape of her furniture. In less than a year all this beautiful establishment will be entirely yours, Miss Helen, and I think there is not in the city one more elegant. It is unique.'

"'That's true, Helen,' said Mrs. Varick, reaching out her lovely arm for some buckwheat cakes. 'It's I who ought to be thinking what I'll do when the year is up, unless my husband digs a fortune out of those new gold mines in California where he writes me he's going.'

"'I have nothing to complain of,' said I, 'nor do I complain. Since I have cut off my wine bills and a few other little extras, and have taken Mr. Forrester and Mr. Rusé as full boarders, I

am not running behindhand any more. I certainly would not allow you to raise your board, gentlemen, though I thank you for the offer. I appreciate too, I assure you, the pleasantness of the family, and of every member of it—you may rely upon it that no one will feel more keenly than I shall the pain of parting: but part we must.' My voice trembled and broke in spite of myself.

"'Very sorry, Miss Tankerville,' said Forrester. 'How soon do you propose?'

"'There will be a bill on the house to-day, and if I can let it from the first of January, I shall do so.'

"'Indeed you will do no such thing, Helen!' said Ezekiel, rising from the table.

"'The house is mine, cousin Ezekiel. I am free to let it if I choose.'

"'You will not violate your contract with Mrs. Varick, I conclude!'

"'That,' said I, 'is a matter between Mrs. Varick and myself.'

"'Well, Helen? And how do you intend settling it?' demanded Isabel herself, flushing up. 'You are almost a whole year's board in my debt!'

"'My successor and tenant,' said I, 'will of course complete the time for me; or, if you prefer it, I will pay you the money instead.'

"'Neither the one nor the other is the same thing to me, by any means,' she replied. 'The money I won't accept at all, and as for the other proposition, it is a mere evasion!'—And she flung out of the room with a look I can never forget. Her feminine penetration or accusing conscience divined the truth at once. Miss Smith also slipped away, terrified (I think) by a glance of frowning inquisition which Dr. Mannikin directed at her, and betraying her consciousness by the very act.

"Forrester—a mild-mannered man as ever lived, a giant in stature and bearded like a pard, yet gentle as a woman—began to reason with Dr. Mannikin in favor of Miss Tankerville's right to decide such a question according to her own interests and feelings. Still he regretted her determination in view of the

fact that Mrs. Varick considered she had claims. He could understand that. For his own part, if everything else remained the same, and Miss Tankerville were left out, it would no longer be the same to him. Without prejudice to Mrs. Varick, who was a very charming person, no doubt; or to Mrs. Varick's furniture (now Miss Tankerville's), which was extremely *recherché* and elegant; Miss Tankerville herself was the charm of her own house, and he hoped they should be able to induce her to recognize that fact and to alter her resolution. Rusé—a slight, pale, fair-haired young man, with keen, light-blue eyes, and a beautiful light-brown mustache—looked from one to another in his foreign-bred manner, but said nothing. I liked Rusé very much, though Mrs. Varick had taken an intense dislike to him. He had rigorous foreign ideas of feminine decorum, and was scrupulously observant of every form of respect to us ladies. Isabel said he was dissipated, and preferred Forrester greatly, who certainly was much more liberal in his notions. Dr. Mannikin had introduced them both into the family, and I used to think it odd that he, a man who was nothing (as I supposed) to either of us, seemed to be jealous of them both, of Forrester (that I barely tolerated) in relation to me, and of Rusé in reference to Mrs. Varick, who could not bear him at all.

"When Forrester had finished complimenting me, I answered.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, with all the sweetness I could put into my manner, 'my position is somewhat peculiar for the mistress of such a family as this. I am a young unmarried woman, and as such I have both interests and feelings which are sacred to myself, and of which I will render account to nobody. It is sufficient for me to say that I choose not to keep a boarding-house any longer, and that I don't expect any one to inquire into my motives.'—And with that I too swept out of the room."

"That," said Rosemary, "was capital!"

"Before I got out of the lobby, a servant opened the door again, and I overheard Dr. Mannikin say with an oath—'I do believe she is going to get married!'

"Miss Smith was resolute to leave me. She was afraid that Dr. Mannikin, if he suspected that all was discovered, would poison her to destroy her testimony. Considering the difficult-

ies I had before me, I was not sorry to let her go, and I felt that Laura too would be an embarrassment. Moreover I would not allow the child to remain in the house a single day longer, for fear she might come to the knowledge of that which I would not bave had her know for the world. So I went immediately to Madam Commifaut's, at whose fashionable school I had myself been educated, and placed Laura under her care. The school was in Houston street, only a few squares distant; I could visit the child daily, and I knew that I could rely implicitly on Madam's kindness to my little sister, then nearly eight years old. This step convinced every one that I was in earnest, and confirmed the idea that I was meditating matrimony.

"From Madam Commifaut I went straight to Mr. O'Morra, whom I wished to consult in regard to the legal effect of my contract with Mrs. Varick, and the steps I needed to take to get rid both of her and Dr. Mannikin. I took him a copy of the contract.

"'Hem!' said he, regarding me steadily, although I had not intimated my reasons for wishing to break up, until my face consciously burned under his scrutiny. 'This instrument is equivalent to a lease of the apartment here designated, for three years; and I see it has eleven months to run. Of course you are bound by this rigorously; and as she is in possession, you cannot dispossess her. You must also supply her with board, fuel, lights and other things here enumerated, to the end of the time, or forfeit your title to all the consideration, that is, the furniture: a cunningly devised instrument!'

"'Then I am at her mercy altogether?'

"'Not at all—for by fulfilling the conditions your title is perfected, and since it is for necessaries of her position, is good even against her husband; and in five days after you may show her the door.'

"'No earthly consideration will induce me to remain another month, much more eleven, under the same roof with her,' said I.

"'Is it so?' said he, with a terrible eye-flash. 'Then begin by serving a notice to quit on Dr. Mannikin. He is a tenant at will. All you have to do is to give him a month's notice, and if he fail to vacate the premises on the day appointed, the sheriff will

put him into the street. The woman will follow of her own accord probably.'

"'Very well, sir,' said I, not raising my eyes from the floor, 'please serve the notice on Dr. Mannikin to-day.'

"'I will write it,' said he, 'and you shall deliver it. In the meantime you can advertise your house as you propose, and put a bill on it; and if Mrs. Varick finally refuse all accommodation, and insist on the letter of the bond, you can make it a part of the conditions with your tenant to board that lady and her family till next November. You should get a tenant who is willing to buy the furniture out and out, and who will give security to fulfil your engagement to Mrs. Varick as part payment. I think you will have no difficulty in finding one, as it is an excellent situation for a fashionable boarding-house. Mrs. Varick is a very fashionable lady too—she will give the house a character at once!'"

"Your Mr. O'Morra is too bitter!—I don't half like him."

"'If you can,' he concluded, 'compromise with her. Pay her anything in reason—three—four—thousand dollars down, to give up the contract and move out. Or let her take her cursed furniture and begone, and do you offer to pay the cartmen for moving it.'

"The idea of a compromise was in my own mind, and as a preliminary to it I paid another visit to the broker's. Mr. Nevins met me with a half-reproachful smile. 'What! going to sell more stock already, Miss Tankerville? I fear you are extravagant; and I hear that you take boarders too? What is that for?' —I confessed it was a folly, but assured him that I was cured of it. Several gentlemen who had been conversing with him, looked round at the name of Tankerville; a handsome pleasant Jew came forward and took my hand, saying—'The daughter of my old friend Dr. Tankerville?' 'Mr. Nathan, I believe?' said I.—'If you are selling Chemical,' said he with a smile, 'I will take it of you. A friend of mine, Mr. Dashon, who has more money than he knows what to do with, ordered me to buy all the Chemical I can lay hold on. I will give you one quarter of one per cent. advance on to-day's quotation, Miss Tankerville.' So this transaction was soon effected. I transferred the

certificates, and he filled up a cheque from one of the little packs ever ready on hooks above the desk used for that purpose.—'And so you remember me?' he said.—'Perfectly, Mr. Nathan.'—'Ah, your father and I were old friends. I used to buy a great many stocks for him. He was too fond of Insurance—burnt his fingers in '35 that way. How is it you are still Miss Tankerville? In *our* church a young lady with your *shekels*, and half your beauty, would have lost the power of signing her own name to bank certificates long ago!'—Mr. Nathan insisted on sending out a boy to get the cheque certified, and meanwhile chatted with me about my father. All the gentlemen in the office saluted me when I retired, with that respect which says so much to a young woman. 'After all,' thought I, 'I am only three and twenty—I am independent—I have good manners—my share of beauty—and an unspotted hereditary name—why shouldn't I yet do well when I have cut myself adrift from my fatal cousin and my false friend?'

"Much the same reflection did I make when I went to the bank to deposit the cheque I had received. It was past two, there was quite a string of depositors waiting their turns, and as it was not very agreeable for a lady to take her place in a line of young clerks, I went into the cashier's office. Mr. Deedoity placed a chair for me with punctilious cordiality, and taking my bank-book—'Selling more stock, Miss Helen? For that, I take it, is the meaning of Mr. Nathan's cheque. Are you going to buy a little more real estate? Well, it is better!'—And the old gentleman took the book himself to the teller, had the entry made, and brought it back to me. He told me a pleasant anecdote of my father, accompanied me to the door of the bank and handed me into the carriage. 'So much,' thought I, 'for bearing an unsullied name!'

"During my absence the house-agent had already put a bill on the house. I could see where it had been: for Dr. Mannikin had torn it down in a rage.

"'I'll not have a bill on the house while my name is on the door,' said he. 'It is an insult to me. If you want to let the house, I will take it.'

"'You cannot afford to live under such a rent, cousin Ezekiel,' said I.

"'Perfectly well afford it—allow me to understand my own interest.'

"'I shall expect my tenant to take the furniture off my hands.'

"'Of course—I am ready to do that—on your own terms.'

"'That is all very well to say, cousin Ezekiel, provided I am satisfied with the security.'

"'You shall have ample security. Here is your father's library—I will mortgage it, and the furniture itself: that's enough, I hope. I will engage to fulfil the unperformed part of your contract with Mrs. Varick, and she will give up the contract accordingly—that's fair. I will do anything in reason; but put a bill on the house you shan't.'

"'Do you mean to say, cousin Ezekiel, that I shall not put a bill on my own house if I choose?'

"'I do, while I am the tenant in possession, of which my name on the door is *prima facie* proof.'

"I rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"'Hand this letter to Dr. Mannikin,' said I.

"He took it mechanically and broke it open. After a glance he threw it into the fire.

"'It is a notice to the doctor,' said I, 'from my lawyer, to quit the premises in thirty days?—do you understand that, Mary?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' said the girl, with a terrified look.

"'You may go.' She darted off. 'I shall not quarrel with you, cousin Ezekiel, about the bill, but you cannot prevent the house being advertised, and if there is any interference on your part with the servants showing it to persons who call at the hours designated, I will soon show you whether I am its mistress or not by calling in the police.'

"My father's blood was boiling in my veins with the anger and contempt that I hardly suppressed. He seemed cowed.

"'What is thy motive, Helen, for such a step at this moment? Wert thou about to marry, I could comprehend it.'

"'My motive, Ezekiel—if you must know it—is a very sim-

ple one. Mrs. Varick, as well as yourself, has lost my esteem, and I cannot longer live under the same roof with either.'

"'This is extraordinary language,' answered he, reddening violently. 'I insist on knowing precisely what it signifies.'

"My answer was prompt and crushed home like a cannon-shot. It was too frank, no doubt, for an unmarried girl, but my blood was up, and I could not stand on trifles. He gave me a look of horrible and cowardly malignity, accompanied with that death's head smile which lately began to play over his sinister features.

"'Say that again,' he hissed out, 'and I will kill you.'

"'You won't kill me,' said I bitterly, 'for you would have to hang for it, and you value your precious neck too much to place it in jeopardy.'

"'Servants' gossip!'

"'No, Dr. Mannikin! Nothing short of the testimony of my own eyes could have convinced me of the reality of such double-dyed treason, guilt and infamy.'

'"You conclude from mere indiscretion to guilt.'

"'All I know of such guilt, sir, is that such indiscretions are conclusive proof of it, and I desire to know no more.'"

"That," said Rosemary, admiringly, "was a noble and maidenly reply."

"War was now declared. There were incessant conferences between Mrs. Varick and Ezekiel. The former refused to listen to any proposition of mine to compromise her claim, unless I would give Dr. Mannikin a lease of the house for a term of years. Meanwhile I was soon left entirely alone with them and the servants; for Messrs. Forrester and Rusé, pursuant to my notice, took apartments with Mrs. Passavant. Then occurred a move of Mr. O'Morra's, which seemed to render the breach irreparable. A very handsome woman, but pale, shy and half-frightened, presented herself one morning with a letter of introduction from him, which announced her simply as Mrs. Grace, a lady actually keeping a small boarding-house in Brooklin, and desirous of trying her fortune on a larger scale in New York. Mr. O'Morra added that if we could come upon terms he would be security to *any amount* (underscored) for Mrs.

Grace's performance of her contract. I was very much pleased with her, showed her the house from garret to cellar, except Mrs. Varick's apartments—for that lady was so disagreeable on these occasions that I avoided troubling her. Mrs. Grace seemed equally pleased with the house—didn't care to see Mrs. Varick's rooms—was quite willing to board that lady and her family in part payment for the furniture, which she was prepared to purchase entire—and agreed without haggling to the price which I had caused to be estimated by an appraiser. I was quite delighted with so reasonable a tenant, and one, despite a few peculiarities of accent and some grammatical solecisms, so lady-like. I told her that letting the house under the circumstances that I did, leaving in it a lady of very delicate and aristocratic breeding, to be provided with board by my successor, I felt bound to satisfy myself that the general character of a first-class house would be maintained, so that Mrs. Varick should have no reason to complain either of the table or the persons whom she might meet there, and with whom she would be compelled in a certain degree to associate.

"'That's very right and proper, ma'am,' returned Mrs. Grace, 'and those are just my own *idears* about the house. It is to be A No. 1 in all respects—I understand that. I believe you have a right to give Mrs. Varick a private table, if you choose, in her own apartments? It is what I would do, and then she couldn't complain of her associates, *nor I neither!*'—And Mrs. Grace smiled. 'As for her table, she must be hard to please, if I don't please her there: for she shall order what she likes!'

"'As Mrs. Varick,' said I, 'is entitled to receive her visitors, if she prefers it (as she always does) in the drawing-room, it is implied that that suite shall be preserved in its present character and not disposed of to families:—I am sorry to make so many conditions?'

"'Oh, no apologies is necessary!' cried Mrs. Grace. 'I wouldn't let these beautiful and elegant parlors to nobody; no money would tempt me; and then the chairs and sofeys would be ruinated in six months! Ah! bless your heart! I know better than that!'

"On the other hand Mrs. Grace made a point that the entire

remainder of the house should be at her free disposal. I barely hinted that Dr. Mannikin, who at present occupied the basement, might probably apply to her in order to stay; but Mrs. Grace flushed up at that, and said she wouldn't have the basement occupied by a doctor on any account whatever, and she was not willing to sign any agreement, nor to hold me responsible for my bargain, till Dr. Mannikin was actually out of the house; 'not merely promised to go,' said she, emphatically, 'but actually *gone!*'—I need not say that I was enchanted to find her resolute on this point.

"'I shall say then to Dr. Mannikin that he need not apply to you, as you will not let the basement to a doctor?'

"'Tell him I have disposed of the basement already, and that I won't have a doctor in the house. And mind, Miss Tankerville'—with great earnestness, 'I don't consider it a bargain till *he* is out of it, so that except Mrs. Varick's floor, you can give me possession of the entire house.'

"'It is so understood,' said I, smiling at her vehemence.

"While we were discussing the matter in the drawing-room, the doctor himself returned, and Mrs. Grace ran to the window to see him get out of his carriage. I could not but observe her paleness and agitation. She hid herself behind the curtain, and demanded of me nervously, if it was at all likely he would come upstairs. She remained at the window till he went out again, and seemed to breathe freely only when the brougham drove away. Before departing, she would take another look at the two basement rooms, admired the office-furniture and library, asked where the doctor slept, and made me show her the sofa-bedstead, and explain how it worked. She was excessively curious too, I thought, in wishing to know how my various rooms were at present occupied, and inquired very particularly into the character of Miss Smith, who she learned had occupied the rooms in the extension over the dining-room. I told her that she was a thoroughly estimable girl, an admirable teacher for a young child, with excellent government and the purest and most pious principles.

"'Why did you part with her?' asked Mrs. Grace.

"'She insisted on leaving me, I was very sorry to lose her, I assure you.'

"'Your little girl—I beg pardon, Miss Tankerville—your little sister, I mean—is now at school—is she? Why wouldn't you board with me yourself, Miss Tankerville?'

"'Next year, Mrs. Grace, when Mrs. Varick shall have left you, perhaps I will,' said I.

"'Ah, you have had a quarrel with this grand Mrs. Vafick, who, they tell me, is one of the most fashionable ladies in all New York! She and Dr. Mannikin are great friends, I hear?'

"'We are not on the best of terms just now,' said I, smiling, 'so I never permit myself to speak of her affairs—except in the way of business.'

"'Oh, I don't want to pry into any of your secrets, Miss Tankerville,' replied Mrs. Grace. 'Neither Mrs. Varick, nor her doings, nor her particular friends, nor who she is, nor *what* she is, is anything to me. To me she is nothing but a boarder; and so long as she bears a fair character before the world, I ask no questions:—if she didn't behave herself, I would go to the police-office, as sure as you are born, and enter a complaint and have her put into the street, just as I would any other disreputable person.'

"This clear statement relieved my mind of a great deal. I saw that this shy Mrs. Grace had her eyes open, and knew what was what, and especially what was due to herself, and probably what she ought to think of the great lady whom she was to provide for ten calendar months with apartments and a table.

"You will not wonder that I found it difficult to maintain my spirits in the extraordinary circumstances in which I was placed. I might have quitted the house, placing an officer in it to protect my property, and taken legal measures to get rid of my tenants; but to take this course would have produced a public scandal, where now there were only whispers and surmises, and would have brought my own name before the public in a way too painful to be thought of. I wished the affair to be arranged without *éclat* above all; and I thought—not without taking the best and surest advice any one can command in this world—you know what I mean, Rosemary—I thought that every scruple of dignity

as well as of virtue was satisfied by leaving my house as soon as I could without a violation of my engagements, and compelling my cousin Ezekiel Mannikin to quit it. The servants of course knew that Dr. Mannikin and Miss Tankerville had quarrelled; on what subject, as I had communicated with no one but Miss Smith, they could only conjecture. I met them still at table. It was an insupportable penance, but I endured it to avoid what would have been worse. At night I sometimes feared. I was quite alone in the third story; the servants were above me; Mrs. Varick and her family on the story below; Dr. Mannikin in the basement. I thought of Miss Smith's soothing draught and the potions of the children: often and often in my dreams I saw Ezekiel approaching me with a poisonous dose, which I vainly attempted to resist swallowing.

"This incessant preoccupation of my mind with one thought, the absence of any sympathetic companion with whom I could relieve it, and the depressing effect which always attends living with persons once intimate without being able ever to speak to them with genuine abandon, the fearful constraint of ruptured friendship and confidence betrayed, wore at last upon my health as well as spirits. I counted the days, the hours, which must elapse before I could be free; and as the period approached, and Dr. Mannikin showed no sign of preparing to leave the house, and Isabel, as she left the room after one of our silent meals, would furtively smile, a fear seized me lest after all they had framed some subtle combination to defeat my purpose. I had never been seriously ill a single day before since the unavoidable disorders of infancy; and now I sickened, lost appetite, passed sleepless nights, got a slow fever, and wandered about restlessly with hollow eyes and trembling knees, like a criminal expecting execution. My hard cousin ate with the appetite of a wolf, as if crime helped his digestion; and Isabel Varick, her complexion grew fresher, her face fuller, her whole person more insolently luxuriant every day.

"I gave them both due notice of the arrangement I had made with Mrs. Grace. I told Isabel what Mrs. Grace proposed doing for her, and what sort of person she was; very lady-like in appearance, with some defects of education, sensible, shrewd

and decided. Isabel Varick sneered; supposed she would fill the house with vulgar rich people, with whom she could not associate. She observed that it was entirely a different arrangement from any which she had ever contemplated. At present her friends when they called saw nobody but a young lady whom they had been accustomed to see at her own house, her companion and *friend;* now they would meet Mrs. Washington Potts and goodness knows who else, all the Potts connections, and Mrs. Grace too, floundering on two or three sofas at once, and the *young* ladies thundering at the piano and singing *Di tanti palpiti* of course, from morning to night! She might submit to such an arrangement, because she could not help it. I could not expect her to like it, or to say that she regarded it as an honorable fulfilment of the *spirit* of our contract.

"'Really, Isabel,' said I, 'you have yourself fulfilled our contract in its *spirit* so remarkably that I hardly expected that observation from you!'

"'What do you mean?' she asked, with an icy stare. 'Oh, well, if you cannot explain your remarks, you had better not make them.'

"When, however, I had made known to Dr Mannikin that my incoming tenant would not on any terms let the basement either to him or any other physician, and that he must positively go on the second of January, if he would not oblige me by moving before, Mrs. Varick's contemptuous apathy was stirred. I was very much mistaken, she told me, if I supposed she would submit to any such arrangement. Ezekiel laughed scornfully. —'You can't turn me out of this house,' said he; 'I am your tenant, and by the law all tenures of houses in New York, without a written agreement, terminate on the first of May. O'Morra knows that as well as I do.'

"On the last day of December I had a final consultation with Mr. O'Morra on the plan to be pursued. He advised me still to compromise with Mrs. Varick, if I could, even by a pretty large pecuniary sacrifice, provided she would quit the house. He treated Ezekiel's bravado about being my tenant with contempt. 'I doubt,' said he, 'if the doctor will venture to make affidavit of that before a justice, or to sustain it before a jury: if he does,

the consequences be on his own head—he will give me an opportunity for which I have too long thirsted.'

"Sad as was the time, I had some presents to buy for Laura, and even for Roosey, as well as for the servants; the shops were crowded as they ever are on New Year's Eve, and I was belated before I had finished my purchases. The omnibuses were all full, as they always are when you are in a particular hurry; it was long after dark when I reached home laden with my parcels, exhausted, and feeling already the symptoms of a fever which nearly cost me my life. I had then to dress for dinner, though I could scarcely stand. At the table I fainted, and I suppose that Dr. Mannikin carried me with the aid of the servants into his back-office, for when I came to myself I was lying on a sofa there, and one of the maids tending me. And there was so much to do that evening, and I needed for it all my powers of body and mind! I resolved that before going upstairs, which I felt would be to take my bed for some time, I would see Mrs. Varick and settle with her. I sent the girl to tell her so. Dr. Mannikin came in and felt my pulse. He said that Mrs. Varick had some visitors, but that if I would compose myself, she would come down and see me there as soon as they were gone. The servants brought me tea in Dr. Mannikin's office, and after a while I fell into a kind of uneasy slumber—half doze and half delirium—on his sofa. I was awakened by the doctor's telling me that Mrs. Varick was ready to see me, and starting up, I saw that the mantel clock pointed to ten. The doctor's bed had been made up, showing that the servants had probably retired. Feeling suddenly alarmed, and knowing that in that case I was separated from them by three stories, I made a pretence of wishing to see the cook.—'She is gone to bed,' said the doctor; 'so are all the servants; the point is now to attend to your business with Mrs. Varick, after which she and I will help you upstairs, for you are not able to get to your own room alone. You are going to have a fit of sickness, madam.'

"Isabel sate opposite in an elegant demi-toilette—for hap what would, she was always beautifully dressed. On the table were papers, pen and ink, and files of receipted bills. I must

have looked wo-begone enough, my hair falling about my death-pale face, my dress partly unhooked, and a shawl around me, just as I was left by the girls who took care of me when I fainted. The doctor was calm as a surgeon before an operation, and politely offered me a glass of water, which I just tasted.

"'I want to compromise this matter with you, if possible,' said I, rallying my energies, and addressing Isabel.

"'How?'

"I offered her at once the largest amount which Mr. O'Morra had designated—viz.: $4,000—if she would give up her contract, and the lease contained in it, and engage to quit the premises within a week. I pointed out to her that it was extremely for her interest to accept the offer, for let her give what extravagant terms she liked for rooms elsewhere, she would save at least half the amount—quite enough to support her another year.

"She accepted the offer, on condition that I would draw the cheque immediately, when she would sign a release of the contract. I was overjoyed at this happy termination of the affair, with which I had less reason to be dissatisfied as within a twelvemonth prices had gone up at least twenty-five per cent. (in mercantile phrase) and the appraiser had consequently estimated the value of the furniture of which I now became fully possessed, as if it had just come from the shop. Everything was done as fairly as possible. Dr. Mannikin produced a blank cheque, which I filled up and signed; and Isabel wrote and signed a release, and handed it to me together with her copy of our contract, which I put into the fire.

"I was going, but Dr. Mannikin requested me to be seated He had a little business also. He wanted a lease of the house. He said that he understood very well the object of this recent movement of mine; it was inspired by his personal enemy, and was aimed at himself. To deprive him of the house was equivalent to destroying his practice. Besides all that, he had a claim upon me, which he had never intended to enforce, but driven as he was to extremities by a conspiracy between O'Morra and his cursed wife (for no doubt I knew who Mrs. Grace was),

a conspiracy to which I had made myself a party, he should keep no terms with me or with them. Then laying his hand on the files of receipted bills,—'Here is the evidence,' he added, 'that I have paid the expenses of this house for two years past —butcher's bills, grocer's bills, coal-bills, all made out against me and all paid by me. The whole amounts to some thousands of dollars——'

"'Cousin Ezekiel!' I interrupted. 'You cannot be so unprincipled as to pretend that you have paid those bills! You know that I gave you the money to do it. I only did it, at your request, to give you consequence.'

"'Can you prove that assertion, madam? If not, you had best not make it.'

"I saw that his course was taken. He adhered to this statement. Mrs. Varick stubbornly sustained him in it. Here was a debt evidently standing against me, and entered in his books. If I would give him a lease for five years, with privilege of renewal, at a low rent, he would destroy these receipts in my presence, but otherwise he should take such measures as would make me rue the day that ever I knew him. So saying he sate down at the table and read the lease which he had drawn up. The rent was fixed at $600, to commence with the first of May following; I was to give him a receipt in full for the first year in lieu of the unpaid balance of the stipend that I owed him. Do you believe me when I tell you that those infamous people would not allow me to leave them till I had signed this paper? It was two in the morning, before, under the influence of threats so terrible that to hear them only deprived me almost of my senses, and utterly worn out by their persevering cruelty, to escape from their hands and their persecution, I consented to everything they proposed. Isabel Varick's eyes flashed with so fiendish a joy that I half suspected even then that I had done more, and was more in their power than I suspected. Not a word was said about the furniture, without which it would be impossible for them to get along: but I was too glad to be let alone, and to crawl upstairs, to mind anything. In fact, I fully believed that I should die, and little cared I for the rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS TANKERVILLE'S STORY FINISHED—ALARMING INCIDENT.

"THE six weeks that followed were nearly a blank to me. When the time came for Mr. O'Morra to eject Dr. Mannikin, that gentleman alleged that the difficulty between himself and his cousin was arranged, and produced his lease. O'Morra insisted on seeing me. He found me in bed, delirious. He insisted on a consultation. The consulting physician agreed with Dr. Mannikin that I had a low fever of malignant type, commended the doctor's prescriptions, and supported his opinion that I could not be removed without extreme danger. Owing to the malignity of the case, Mrs. Varick had fled with her children. Ezekiel was doubtless sincerely anxious to save my life, knowing that in my hands he was much safer from a legal prosecution than he would be in those of Mr. O'Morra, who was my executor and guardian of my sister. One servant was allowed to attend me; my medicines he administered himself. At last I was convalescent.

"Until I was pronounced out of danger, O'Morra sent or called every day to make inquiries. In the meantime Ezekiel had taken measures to put me out of the house as soon as I was fit to be moved. While I was unconscious, every formality had been complied with; and as I did not appear to defend myself in the obscure court where he entered his complaint of forcible detainer, a writ was issued to eject me. The object of this move was of course to put himself in possession not only of the house, but of the furniture, so that I could not recover either unless by a process of law. The first day that he judged me able to go down stairs, Dr. Mannikin waited on me in my room and informed me that a sheriff's deputy was below to turn me out of the house, and that I must leave immediately. In vain I re-

monstrated with him on the brutality of thus turning me out, without giving me time to look for other quarters, or for a place to store my furniture.

"'Furniture!' said he, scornfully. 'What you have is easily stored. The Varick furniture, I suppose you know, belongs to me. Mrs. Varick never had any right to sell it. There is a bill of sale from her husband to me. Had you treated me honorably, I never should have mentioned it, but after your joining in the defeated conspiracy to ruin me and Mrs. Varick, I stand upon my legal rights. So pack at once! These old traps that belonged to your father you can of course move out: there are men here waiting to put them into the street.'—And without another word he threw open the door and called in the porters.

"Resistance was vain. The men were accustomed to move out refractory tenants. I had an old bureau, older sofa, some venerable chairs, a child's crib which stood in Laura's room, and other relics of my mother's housekeeping. These were readily taken out one after another; Dr. Mannikin stood by giving directions in an imperious tone. I requested him to withdraw that I might pack my clothes.

"'I'll pack them for you,' said he; 'we can't stand on delicate ceremonies, Miss, to-day.'—And opening a large trunk, he went himself, in spite of my resistance, to the various presses, drawers, &c.; took out my dresses and flung them in pell-mell, and when the trunk was full, even going the length of emptying with his own hands drawers that contained soiled underclothing, all in a heap, into a large uncovered basket, sending it down stairs, and standing it on the side-walk—an outrage incredible, accomplished by physical violence, and which no woman can ever forgive. The very officer who was present with a justice's warrant for this unmanly insult, and who had been led to believe that I was a troublesome lodger who failed to pay my rent, was shocked, and when he saw me come down stairs, pale with recent illness, in tears, and the servants all weeping and boldly crying shame—'To turn Miss Tankerville out of her own house!' he said to the doctor—'I believe that you are a great villain, sir!'—'Why don't you turn him out, then?' cried

I. 'For this house and everything in it, except the office furniture, are mine, I assure you!'—'Madam,' said the officer, 'I don't doubt your word, but my orders is to turn you out. You must sue him, ma'am, and justice will be done you!'—'For every wrong there is a remedy,' said an inferior official. 'If the doctor have wronged you, Miss, you can sue him for damages afterwards.'

"The truth of my being the injured party struck them all when I had the pictures in the drawing-room taken down. Then I bethought me of my silver. I moved direct to the dining-room. It was the hour of luncheon, and the table was set. To my surprise Mrs. Varick was there; for the servants had told me of her departure, and I had not heard of her return.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed. 'You are going—are you? Won't you take pot-luck with us?'—Rising as if we were the best friends in the world. It was her pet expression.

"'No, Mrs. Varick,' said I, 'I am not going to take pot-luck; I'm going to take my silver.'

"'Pardon me,' said Dr. Mannikin, who followed me close, 'I can't allow the silver to leave the house. There's a bill due me for your board these two months past, and for medical attendance. I shall retain the silver as security for the debt.'

"This was the last drop that made the cup overflow. Hitherto, indignant as I was, I had observed all the refined rules of lady-like conduct even in resenting the infamous treatment I had received. I could contain myself no longer. I marched resolutely to the side-board, where the silver-basket stood in full view, and took it. Dr. Mannikin approached to take it from me by force. I seized a large carving-knife that lay on the table to cut a round of cold spiced beef. It was sharp-pointed and keen as a razor.

"'You cowardly scoundrel,' said I, panting with rage, 'touch me if you dare, and I will strike this knife into your heart. You keep my silver indeed!'

"Brandishing the carver, before which he retreated, I made the circuit of the table, picking up the spoons, forks, and every other article that was of silver, and threw them into my basket. Mrs. Varick got hastily out of my way—I believe she thought I

was mad. I ended by taking a large silver tureen from the sideboard, filling it with the goblets, and such articles as were not kept in the basket, and calling one of the girls, who came with a good-will,—lashing him all the while (as women do) with my tongue to keep up my own courage and damp his,—we carried all out together, and I never quitted the knife till I got into the street. Then as I turned and threw it down in the hall, I saw Dr. Mannikin and Mrs Varick following me with affected laughter. I stepped back like a lioness at bay: they retreated a step.

"'Laugh!' said I, bitterly. 'Yes, you may laugh. You have robbed me between you of half I possessed in the world! But I have one treasure left which you have forfeited, sir—honor! And one more precious still which you have not, madam—chastity!'

"Ezekiel rushed towards me, but the officer pushed him back, and leading me out, shut the door upon him.

"A crowd of boys had collected to see a lady put upon the sidewalk like a beggar who can't pay her rent. The neighbors looked from the windows—not one of them personally known to me—for the neighborhood had changed and they were newcomers. I believe they thought I was some light character turned out for cause. Exhausted by passion, and feeling my physical weakness once more, I sank into one of the chairs, put down my head and sobbed aloud. I might have been robbed of everything and I should not have noticed it.

"It is not necessary to linger over the rest. Of course I got into safe and respectable quarters at last, and sent for Mr. O'Morra. I shan't stop either to explain why (in spite of his boiling indignation at my weakness) I declined to prosecute Dr. Mannikin. That gentleman had rightly calculated that neither desire of vengeance nor the wish to recover my property would weigh against my family pride and dread of an *éclat*. He was sure of this from the first moment that I showed it was my intention to get rid of them quietly, and he acted on that knowledge."

"Ah! that was your grand mistake, Miss Helen," said Rosemary. "At the first instant of that terrible discovery, I would

have quitted the house, with my sister, and gone—anywhere. Then I would have entrusted the whole affair to my man of business, and the faces of those wicked people never have looked at again!"

"It is easy to criticize after it is all over, and you not a party involved. No doubt I was cowardly, weak, and demoralized by the humiliating position in which I found myself. No one could associate so long and so intimately with such people and imbibe no harm. True maidenly courage would have acted as you suggest, and the result would have been very different."

"You were educated, Miss Helen, at Madam Commifaut's, which I have always heard was a very fashionable school, and you know a great many things that I do not. I was brought up at home, or in a convent, and yet I don't think I should have been taken in by Isabel Varick in the very beginning, as you were. Your story convinces me that innocent people have instinctive distrusts which serve to protect them. Even when a child I had such premonitions about Isabel Varick, although I could not have the faintest idea of her incredible badness. Now I seem to be saying that you were not innocent, but you know that is not what I mean, my dear Miss Tankerville."

"Innocence is a relative term. I was not altogether so innocent as you are," said Miss Tankerville, with a look of great tenderness.

"I like you best," said Rosemary, smiling, "when that horrible Dr. Mannikin turns you into the street. A wise man, whom I dearly love, said to me once—'A woman's tongue is given her, for a defence!'—And he bade me never fear to use it when I had occasion. I could kiss the feet of a penitent of the Good Shepherd; but such a shameless creature as that,—I should hold it less unlady-like to spit in her face than to speak to her in terms of seeming friendship. But pray go on with your story, and bring it down to the present time."

"That summer was occupied in re-establishing my health. In the autumn—the Fall, as we Americans poetically term it—I hired another house (for boarding was utterly distasteful to me), and to eke out my income in part, and partly for the comfort of society, gave apartments to some real friends, Mr. O'Morra

being the chief. A few years later to avoid all kinds of intercourse, even indirect, with Dr. Mannikin, I sold my house, and bought this one, where I have regularly embarked in the business, as you perceive. It was time, because Laura was growing up like a weed, and I saw that in a few years my means would be cut off by her marriage. It has turned out very well. People like to board with a lady who has no rent to pay, who cannot be turned out of her house because the landlord wants to sell or build, and lastly who *is* a lady. Mr. O'Morra has fitted up his own apartments as if he were to be an eternal fixture here. Meanwhile, although I lay up nothing directly, I am growing rich, he tells me, by the rise in value of my property. Nobody in Brooklyn is more respected, I believe, than Miss Tankerville."

"And your sister?"

"Oh! about a year and a half ago, Commander Varick came here seeking board. Odious as the name was to me, I admitted him for old acquaintance' sake: for I had not seen him since he danced with me in his middy's uniform on the night of my first party. An old maid has always a weakness for the beaux of her youth. I am glad that there is a Varick of whom I can speak well. The commander (now Captain Varick) is as brave and noble a fellow as ever trod quarter-deck, telescope in hand. He wanted a room in my house because he could see his ship from the windows. When he had been with me a month, and everybody in the house was in love with the candor and nobleness of the man, Laura came home for her vacation. What will you have? Dashon (as we love to call him) was a sailor. He invited us to visit his ship; and Laura, whom I regarded as a child, and scolded her for her forwardness in asking Captain Varick so many questions, and giving him so much trouble, and screaming like a little fool because his gig rocked on the fresh waves of the bay, entangled his heart with that simple schoolgirl net; and before she has been at home a week, the commander comes to ask my permission. I refuse, and tell him the outlines of my unfortunate connection with the family. He swears to shoot Dr. Mannikin. I say if he does he shall never have Laura. In fine, I consult Mr. O'Morra, and give my con-

sent provided his family are willing. He applies to his family. The Varicks make an unheard-of row; for the captain's expectations are considerable; he must have his share of old Peter Varick's property when his father dies, who has only a life estate, and they want him to marry (as I told you before) his cousin, Miss Dashon, the great heiress. The captain was in a great rage, for the theory of the Varicks has always been that this girl, whom old Mr. Dashon had acknowledged after his son's death, was illegitimate. However, to please them he drove over to the Sacred Heart, where she was at school, to see her. He described the interview to us on his return. Miss Dashon was not at all to his taste; dark, plain, no manner, dressed like an overgrown school-girl, none of Laura's womanly graces, or fine eye for costume, and not a word to say, only to offer both cheeks to her aunt Varick aad the tips of her fingers to her sailor cousin. No hope of marrying her under two years, which would be three for him; and no certainty of it then except that his lady mother assured that Miss Dashon had no mind of her own, and would conform exactly to the will of her grandparents, who both desired the match. At all events the girl never looked at him, never smiled till they rose to depart, and a mountain of prize money wouldn't tempt him to take such an iceberg for his consort. In short the man was past thirty, and had reason on his side as well as sentiment, and Laura being nearly seventeen, and he to sail in a few months on a three years' cruise, it was either marry at once, or not at all. So I dispensed with the permission of the illustrious house of Varick, and we had a wedding in this house to which half Brooklyn was invited. What is more to the point, Dashon had never been baptized; this was an essential point, you know; and it was attended to by him so piously; and they were married in Sydney Place at eight o'clock in the morning, without dispensation and with all the ceremonies; and I felt more than ever glad that suffer what I might I had not inflicted on the name of Varick an open and indelible disgrace."

"Every one of the race, and all related to them, owe you a debt of everlasting gratitude for that," said Rosemary, with feeling.

"And what Varick are you? for your blushes and emotion at parts of my story prove that you *do* belong to them. Yet I cannot fix you."

The young lady hesitated, looked down, blushed.

"I am the daughter of Richard Varick Dashon—'handsome Dick Dashon,' Miss Tankerville—the young lady of whom your gallant brother-in-law gave you so flattering a description!"

"You Miss Dashon! old Roosevelt Dashon's granddaughter and heiress!" exclaimed Miss Tankerville, quite stupefied.

"They call me Dashon—it was the name of my father—I never claim it—nor ever will till something happens which perhaps never will happen."

"I understand—Isabel Varick used to maintain that you were not born in wedlock."

"I do not blame her for saying so—for I have supplanted them all," said Rosemary, gently.

"But I never knew that Miss Dashon was dead—still less that she died on her wedding-night—as you did, or were thought to do!"

"Who says I died on my wedding-*night?*" demanded Miss Dashon, with a vivid blush.

"Dr. Mannikin, I believe. He did not say you were married, but that you died at the altar: which your dress when brought here confirmed."

"Dr. Mannikin is too deep for me. I cannot conceive his motive for such a very singular untruth. What else did he say?"

"That you were buried as you died, in your wedding clothes, at your own express desire before you breathed your last, or something to that effect."

"Worse and worse! Do you think I am the sort of person to be guilty of such a piece of weak sentimentality in my last moments? Depend upon it if I thought myself dying I should be a great deal more apt to be thinking what would become of my poor soul in the other world than of the way my body should be dressed for the funeral."

"I cannot allow that I was very stupid not to think of this before," said Miss Tankerville; "for if you are Miss Dashon—

Roosevelt Dashon's granddaughter—is it not excessively strange that I never heard either of your intended marriage or supposed death? True, we have no intercourse with the Varicks, yet surely some of our friends would have observed so noticeable an event; and Laura, who reads all the papers, hoping to get news of the squadron, and never misses the deaths and marriages, would be sure to light upon it."

"That you never heard of my intended marriage," said Miss Dashon, with a singular expression, "is not so surprising. I owe that I am a little puzzled myself that you never heard of my death. Certainly, it was no secret. *I heard it said* that fifty carriages followed me to Greenwood. IT MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE PAPERS!"

At this moment a sepulchral voice was distinctly heard, as if close to them, saying:—

"IT WAS NOT IN THE PAPERS!"

Both the women started up in affright. Rosemary shrieked. Miss Tankerville ran to the closet. A man darted from the long folds of the curtain that fell from the canopy of the bed, sprang to the window, threw it open, and disappeared.

"Goodness!" said Miss Tankerville.

"Holy Virgin, protect me!" said Rosemary.

The latter stood in the middle of the room as if transfixed, her eyes dilated with terror. Miss Tankerville, with her wonted physical courage, ran to the open window, and stepped out on the balcony. A knotted rope, fastened by aid of a loop round one of the rails, plainly indicated how the intruder had both entered and escaped. The time as evidently had been while they were engaged in searching the parlors below, after their first fruitless alarm. Miss Tankerville drew in the rope, pulling it through the loop, and dragged it into the room.

"It is I that am aimed at still!" said the terrified Rosemary.

"How lucky I sate up with you to-night telling stories! My lengthy narrative has baffled some nefarious project, doubtless. Rosemary, you must always close your shutters after dark, and bar them on the inside! And I will not quit you to-night."

Searching the carpet they found behind the bed a bottle of chloroform.

"I believe after all," said Miss Tankerville, "that they are vulgar thieves, and that your pearls, not you, were the object sought. *He* would disdain to have recourse to so vulgar an expedient as chloroform!"

Gradually yielding to this not improbable hypothesis, the nerves of Rosemary became tranquillized, and long before Miss Tankerville closed her eyes, the younger lady slept the deep and heaven-bestowed sleep of youth and innocence.

BOOK II.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THUS far have we followed the rule laid down by the famous author of the Art of Poetry. We plunged at once, in our First Book, *in medias res*—into the very crisis and fire-heat of the story: for surely the death, burial and resurrection of the Heroine are nothing less. Then by way of episode we have had a history which sets before us the antecedents of some of the principal villains of the fiction, whom the discerning Reader already detects as deeply implicated in the sinister event which has so nearly cost the heroine her life, and which for the present has separated her from her family and her betrothed, and thrown her among strangers. In listening to this history of another, Rosemary has perceived a strong though mysterious light to flash upon her own. The story of Miss Tankerville was very necessary in another point of view, viz.: in order to make an artful transition between the romanticist torch-light glare of Rosemary's first entrance upon the stage, and the pure yet not untroubled daylight of her childhood's history. For it is now high time that we resume her story from its beginnings, and satisfy the curiosity of the reader by showing who she was, and what causes led to the singular but "ower true" events thus far recorded.

One design that we have in these Introductory Chapters is to elucidate the moral of the narrative, which otherwise some persons would be dull enough to miss. The unsophisticated reader, indeed, will at once perceive it without any help of ours; since it lies quite on the surface; it is the sophisticated—those who have already a theory about books, and hence see nothing naturally and simply, whose misapprehensions we have to guard against.

Now in the story of Miss Tankerville we see the impossibility of navigating the treacherous ocean of life, even with ever so good a will to arrive safely at port, without either rudder or compass. The compass is a knowledge of our vocation; the rudder implies authority. Here was a young woman left to her own guidance, without father, husband or guardian, and she got on a lee shore and drifted among the rocks. It needs no long line, no heavy plummet, nor any of the appliances of deep-sea fishing, to fetch up this old time-honored moral, which is good enough for us.

Book Second will also comprise the personal history of a young woman of the higher ranks. The original type of her character is richer in the elements which tend to splendid evils, and her surroundings will be more abundant in temptation on the side where her sex is most liable to it. We shall not forestall the narrative. It will contain more than one illustration of our principle. If in so simple and, as it were, every day maxim the reader does not find a sufficient moral, he will search in vain for one in these pages: for we have not undertaken to talk like a prayer-book, in order to prove that we may be read with profit. This is not a prayer-book, but a story, written expressly to win the attention of those who will read nothing but stories, and sensational ones at that; and if we succeed in adding to the species that literary merit in which most specimens that we have seen are notably deficient, we shall be content. It will go hard if we do not produce something at least as well worth reading as the masterpieces of Mr. Sylvanus Cobb (Jr.), or the still sublimer productions of the author (ess) of the "Hidden Hand!" After provoking such a comparison, nobody certainly will accuse us of a want of proper humility.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDPARENTS.

M. ROMARIN was a Frenchman by birth, of the class of artists. It was a family that had seen better days. The grandsire of M. Romarin was a judge in the reign of Louis XVI., and ennobled by letters patent of that monarch, so that his descendant might, if he had liked, have prefixed to his patronymic the symbolic *de*, so much valued by the French aristocracy of the gown. This ancestor lost all in the Revolution, his gray head inclusive; and his son was swept into the army by the conscription, where his gallantry might have won him another "*de*" from Napoleon I., but he was killed in the rank of captain, and wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor, in the campaign of Austerlitz. The young Romarin (son of the last-mentioned) was educated at the imperial expense in a military school, and was old enough to participate in the disastrous campaigns of 1813–14. After the events of 1815, having no hopes of promotion, and mortally disaffected to the Bourbons, he came to America, where he taught fencing, music, and his native language. For the last *métier* he had a decided genius. His method of oral instruction in French, original with him, but adopted by more fortunate teachers since, and rendered famous by the grammars and manuals of Ollendorf, needs only to be mentioned. He would have become rich by his pupils, had he not been cursed with a taste for so many arts besides. Romarin drew very well, and might have succeeded as a painter; but his passion, or perhaps I should say, his hobby, was music. He spent a third of his waking life in the vain attempt to make himself a great pianist. He composed an opera, but he could never get it performed. The artists said it was really superb, but quite impracticable. This misdirected ambition kept Ro-

marin, in spite of so much talent and industry, always poor. The "know thyself" is the first requisite of successful genius.

Romarin had a fine person, in a poetical style—dark eyes, curling black hair, a well-formed brow, classic features. His female pupils admired him hugely. He became passionately *amoureux* of one, the belle of the season, a very beautiful girl according to the standard of that time, and of the highest social position in the city; who flirted with the dark-eyed, foreign music teacher (Romarin had not commenced his French classes at that date, nor invented his great system), listened to his vows, half promised to run away with him, and ended by marrying a rich merchant. This heartless behavior (no foreigner at first understands what is meant by flirtation) nearly broke Romarin's heart, but he was a brave man, and as it happened that there was another young lady very much *éprise de lui* at the same time, desolated that he was, he magnanimously took pity on *her* and married her off hand. There never was a sweeter creature on earth than the young West-Indian whom Romarin wedded. Her name was Floréal, child of a planter in Guadaloupe whose estate had been swallowed up by an earthquake. She was not beautiful, nor striking in any way; but she was good; like a very child in innocence and sweet broken English; and Romarin made an incomparably lucky bargain when he married her instead of the brilliant and worldly Isabel Varick. Unfortunately our climate did not suit her, and after the birth of her second child, a sickly infant and short-lived, she went into a decline and died, leaving Romarin with a little girl to bring up. It was this daughter of Romarin's, who at the age of twenty became the mother of Rosemary.

Rosemary was born in the attic of a tenant-house in Varick street.—"But stop!" you cry. "Is that all you are going to tell us about it? What preceded her birth—that is what we want to know, and which you have promised to narrate!" My dear madam, you know as well as I do (if you have read Miss Tankerville's story) that Rosemary's father was "handsome Dick Dashon," only son of a rich merchant, whose wife, and consequently the mother of Dick, was a Varick before her marriage: there's the whole genealogy! This young man—Richard

Varick Dashon—was a well-bred, well-educated young fellow, who had graduated with credit at Columbia College, and was reading law in the office of C. O'Morra, Esq. He was also a pupil of Romarin's; for his mother had said to him—"My son, your French accent is detestable, and I know of but one teacher in the city who could correct it: that's Captain Romarin, ex-officer of Napoleon's army." Dick Dashon had a great way of taking his mother's advice; her influence over him was unbounded, and was the source both of his faults and of his virtues: for Dick was not only handsome, but for a young New-Yorker virtuous,—if virtue admits of a *secundum quid*. The virtue of a young New-Yorker that does *not* admit of a second quid, and a third quid, and lots of cigars into the bargain, must be a tip-top virtue, you opine. However, Varick Dashon was a good son, a trifle extravagant (as young men are apt who have unlimited pocket-money), a terrible fireman, captain of a company, which kept him out at all hours and gave him a slight but dangerous proclivity for brandy and cigars—it was a perfect insanity these fire-companies in Dick Dashon's time: on the other hand his mother rather encouraged it—"for young men with such an excess of moral and physical energy as Dick, must have excitement," she said. He *was* a magnificent fellow physically, no doubt, strong as a young lion, with the head of an Apollo set on his broad shoulders, and equally superb to see in the yellow-gauntleted and switch-caned attire of a Broadway promenade, or in red-shirt and fireman's cap, splashed hip-high with mud and drenched with the water of his own pipe, and bawling through his trumpet at a fire. Under all circumstances he was the same irresistible Dick Dashon. His name—pronounced *Dash-on!*—became the cry of his men, and with the wild boys and youths who crowded to every fire to partake the excitement, it was the synonym of daring energy and invincible pluck.

This splendid young man had features and bore a name which after the lapse of twenty years still powerfully affected Romarin, who declined giving him lessons unless Varick would come to his cottage; for nothing could have induced the ex-officer to cross Mrs. Dashon's threshold as the tutor of her son. Varick

readily consented to this arrangement, which showed nevertheless a great want of ordinary prudence on the part of Romarin. Nay, so little forethought did he show (being then absorbed in his grand opera) that one day when he missed Varick's lesson to attend a rehearsal, he requested Thérèse to supply his place by asking the conversational questions in that famous manual invented and composed by himself. The pupil (at nineteen who would have felt otherwise?) was not at all chagrined at the substitution; the lesson proved three hours long instead of one, and the conversation was not confined to the questions in Romarin's book.

When papa returned he found Dashon still receiving his lesson. Fancy the explanations, fancy the pupil dismissed, and the daughter forbidden to see him more. Imagine that the self-willed Varick applies to his own astonished parents. Conceive, if you can, their indignation and dismay, and how completely even Mrs. Roosevelt Dashon has forgotten that she learned her own famous French accent, long time ago, from the lips of love and Romarin.

Romarin's domestic affairs were regulated and administered by a Swiss *bonne* named Louise. These *bonnes* and feminine domestics were in all time so many go-betweens. Is it not notorious? One believes that Louise was much the same. If not a venal ally of Dashon, she was no less effectually bribed by her devotion to her young mistress, and a natural desire to promote her advancement in life. In fact, but for the native tendencies of *bonnes* and maids to accomplish the views of lovers rather than of parents, half the romances could never take place. There is no doubt that Dashon and Thérèse met often in secret. By and by Mademoiselle fled with her lover, and, some months after, Rosemary was born.

"Were they not married, then?" asks the reader, very much shocked. Dear reader! I should be as much shocked as you if I thought they were not. Indeed I never should have written this history at all if I had not been well convinced of the contrary. It is a sufficient fault already to have made a clandestine marriage. Not that Varick Dashon regarded it as a fault. In the eyes of young New York at that period it was rather

rigorously a merit. That love, if sincere and honorable, justified any extravagance, was perfectly established in the ethics of nearly all his associates under twenty. Besides, I always thought that Varick's family had only themselves to blame. He was an affectionate son, but obedience as obedience he had never known. Mrs. Dashon did not obey her husband: she could not complain if her son (in a critical point) obeyed neither. Their opposition also was unreasonable and violent, and it proceeded chiefly from his mother; for his father, though his wife made him dislike the match, was disposed to temporize; but Mrs. Roosevelt Dashon was a very great lady, with a very strong will, and she ruled the house; and she had set her foot down (to use a vulgar expression) that Romarin's daughter should never be its mistress. No doubt Mademoiselle Romarin was much more to blame. One shows less mercy always to the lady in these runaway affairs. Women especially are slow to pardon her, and yet I should like to see what some of these fair censors would do if *they* had a lover like Varick Dashon. It was a youth accu·tomed to have his own way entirely, and who knew not the name of fear. Once—it was while he was courting Thérèse—he scaled a fourth story window to rescue a lame child, only a minute before the roof fell in: the unsupported wall on which the spliced ladder rested trembled as he descended with his helpless burden. A silver trumpet was presented to Capt. Dashon for this gallant action. It was not so easy as you perhaps think for a girl of nineteen—a poor teacher's daughter—to deny the honorable suit of such a brave fellow as that—so flattering to her ambition and to every other natural sentiment. Then I am afraid she had a very bad adviser in Louise. When the simple-hearted *bonne* saw that her young mistress was impetuously pursued by a young man of such force of character and so high a social rank as Varick Dashon, she concluded at once that it must end either in marriage or some dreadful catastrophe, a ruined reputation or a broken heart, or both: for "his family will never consent," she said, "and my master is too proud to give his consent without theirs;" so she counselled her adored pet and foster-child to wed without it. I know that Thérèse sharply reproved her *bonne* for this

indiscreet advice, which however by no means proves that she did not subsequently follow it. It rested entirely with herself to do so, for the only thing necessary to make a marriage by our laws, was a mutual contract, even without witnesses, and it appears that there was more than this, whereof the following is the evidence.

The old French bishop of New York was a friend of the Romarins, and the confessor of Mlle. Romarin. It is a fact and was thought a little scandalous by some, that she never intermitted her monthly communion during the whole year that preceded the birth of her child. The bishop himself gave her communion just before this event, while she was living openly with Varick. It was the inference, drawn by everybody who witnessed it, that the bishop himself had married them; and the reasoning on which this inference proceeded was found afterwards to have great legal force.

A motive for concealment was not wanting. Varick's father had given him a certain allowance, which was to be withdrawn if he married Miss Romarin; an allowance at that moment indispensable to their support: it would appear that they both endured the appearance of an illicit connection, or rather abstained from the formal avowal of a marriage which everybody would infer to exist, from the sheer apprehension of want. They lived in great retirement, without even a servant, and had their meals sent in from a restaurant; while, as the Providence which commonly suffers all kinds of irregularities to work their own punishment willed it, at the time of Rosemary's birth, Varick was absent at Washington soliciting a government clerkship, (showing a determination to provide for himself, and so inferring a marriage, without which he needed no such provision); and the mother, after passing two days without attendance—for the birth of her infant had taken her by surprise—was found on the third delirious and expiring:—it is quite a tragedy. The marks on her linen enabled the charitable strangers who visited her to trace her family. Suffice it that Romarin was sent for, received his daughter's last unconscious sigh and took care of her burial. On her tombstone he caused to be inscribed merely her Christian name, her age, the date of her death, and the name

of her parents—leaving a blank space for all other particulars. As for Varick Dashon, he returned with his appointment, not knowing his wife's death: for Romarin himself supposed that he had deserted her. What passed between them no one knows; but they parted in apparent kindness: Varick left his little girl with her maternal grandfather; and, without communicating with his own family, whom he regarded as the authors of his misfortunes, sailed for Europe. His letters were very brief and far apart; they constantly spoke of Rosemary as his child, but never alluded to Thérèse except once, where in feeling terms he deplored his "irreparable loss," and expressed the hope of a "reunion in a happier life."

Dashon suffered extremely from poverty at first; afterwards he enlisted in the foreign legion of the French army, and was killed in Algeria, in an action where he greatly distinguished himself. His body was embalmed by his fellow-officers and sent home; the French government sent his sword and helm and decorations to his parents, with an autograph letter, full of sentiment, from the Minister of War. Romarin talked a great deal of this, saying with pride: "He is the father of my little girl!" Rosemary (who, however, was always called Mademoiselle Romarin) was put into mourning; and the wealthy Dashons—they went into deep mourning for their son—adding the weeds without, to the profounder *deuil* they had long worn upon the heart.

Now it was, when their only son was actually no more, and had died in the arms of glory, that the Dashons began to consider whether or not the child he had left, and of whom they had hitherto taken no notice, was not after all their legitimate grandchild and legal heiress. They were not ignorant of the general belief touching the marriage of its parents, and they now as much wished the hypothesis favorable to the marriage true, as before they had wished and asserted it to be false. Pride alone stood in the way of the truth being ascertained—a double pride, the pride of the Dashons, and the pride of Romarin. The pride of wealth, which had an immense benefit to confer, stooped first. Old Cornelius Roosevelt Dashon—a kind of Yankee Knickerbocker, Dutch on the mother's side, of New England descent on the father's—went in his carriage to call on

Romarin, the French teacher. Romarin divined the object of the visit, and received the grandfather of Rosemary with calm politeness.

"My son is dead," said Roosevelt Dashon, icily.

"You have my best sympathies, Monsieur," replied Romarin.

"There is a child," pursued the rich burgess, his voice trembling, and also the hand which rested on a gold-headed cane.

"She is ten years old!" said the poor ex-officer, with an accent which we might call theatric, and which was meant to *écraser* the *other grandpère;* as who should say—"Why have you never asked for her before?"

"What—— is she called?" asked Mr. Dashon, somewhat faintly.

"I call her Rose Marie de Romarin," replied the father of Thérèse, *sèchement* (as he afterwards said.)

"Was that her mother's name?" inquired Mr. Dashon, in a gentle voice.

Romarin stared, as if at the insolence of this question.

"The child is named after her maternal grandmother," he replied at last, "Rose Marie de Floréal, daughter of the *feu* Marquis de Floréal, of Guadaloupe, and my beloved wife, whose loss I cease not to deplore."

"I knew M. de Floréal slightly," said Mr. Dashon, with courtesy. "He lost his West-India property in an earthquake or something, I recollect: it was a very singular case. I never knew what became of his family."

"They all married very honest men, though none of them rich," said Romarin, cynically.

"Your wife left you only one child, I think?" said Mr. Dashon.

"But one!" replied Romarin, with a terrible pathos.

"I also have lost an only son," said Mr. Dashon, with a mixture of irritation and sympathy.

"Who has died, Monsieur, on the field of glory!" responded the old *militaire*, straightening himself up. "My daughter—*ma fille*—has died covered with shame, her reputation ruined by you and yours!"

There was a silence.

"Let bygones be bygones," said Cornelius Roosevelt Dashon at last. "The past cannot be undone; it is tragical for us both. This child, M. Romarin—it is of her that I would speak. She is all my son has left behind him. I have heard, though I never till now was disposed or able to believe, that Varick was married to your daughter. If that were really the case, I would acknowledge the little girl, and make her my heir:—in any case——"

"Say no more!" cried Romarin, sternly interrupting his visitor. "*In any case*, I do not part with my grandchild. I have always acknowledged her as mine, though in the eyes of the world, it was the acknowledgment of a daughter's dishonor. My blood runs not in the veins of any other living creature."

"Nor mine," said Roosevelt Dashon.

"I took her from the bosom of my dying child," said Romarin. "She has grown up ever since upon my knee."

"I have had no message, no pledge, of my son since her birth," said Dashon, "till his coffin crossed my threshold."

"You desire to know if she is legitimate," pursued Romarin, hotly. That is my secret *à moi*, monsieur! Yes, *mine!* When I die, you shall know it, if you survive me; and *in that case* the child is yours."

"This is well, monsieur," said Roosevelt Dashon, white as a sheet. "But the law has something also to say on these points. Your testimony can be required by a court, you will find; and the question of guardianship will equally be determined by the tribunals. I have the honor to wish you good morning."

The two grandfathers parted. The conduct of Romarin may appear a little singular at first sight, but a little knowledge of human nature will cause our surprise at it to cease. If Rosemary was illegitimate, he did not wish to own it to the haughty and wealthy father of Varick Dashon; if, on the contrary, she was legitimate, a certain pride made him say that the reparation offered came too late. Moreover, he feared that in the next place a claim might be set up to her custody.

"While they hoped that their son might yet return and make some grand alliance," said Romarin, "little did they care about my poor Rose Marie; but now that he is dead, they discover

my treasure, and would deprive me of it, to solace their selfish ambition."

It seemed incredible to these grand people that their wishes in regard to the child of their lost son should not be gratified. They considered that they were the injured parties in the calamity which had befallen both families. Had this young woman not ensnared their son, he would still remain to them. Mrs. Roosevelt Dashon resolved to try her eloquence on Romarin, to convince him of his *tort*. They met for the first time in more than thirty years. A still more elegant carriage than that of Mr. Dashon, drew up at Romarin's humble gate. A lady still handsome, tall, with sweeping black train, and long black veil, advanced up the little gravelled walk, and was admitted to the low parlor. M. Romarin received her standing. Her hair was prematurely white, her pale face was printed with the crow feet, yet he recognized her. And Isabel Varick knew, not without emotion, the classic features of her handsome music teacher, become more strongly marked with years, but still eminently noble, with a fire still in the eye, and beauty in the profuse curl of the now silver hair. They were alike in that respect, where once they had differed: for when Romarin's locks were black as night, Isabel Varick's were of the softest auburn.

"Louis!" she said.

"Isabel!" said Romarin.

"I have come to see you again, and our grandchild," said Mrs. Dashon, always speaking in French.

"Be seated, madame—you shall see her," said Romarin, conducting her to the plain hair sofa.

The little girl was sent for and came. It was a dark-eyed angel in short black bombazine frock and pantalets. Her black hair fell in ringlets beneath her waist: for it had never been cut.

"Oh, Louis!" exclaimed Mrs. Roosevelt—"she is the image of my Varick!"

"She resembles strongly father and mother," said Romarin.

"How strange, Louis," said Mrs. Dashon, "that your blood flows in the veins of my only living descendant, and mine in yours!"

This was the way to take Romarin. In fact, he was moved

much more moved than Mrs. R. D., who, had she really felt what she said, could not have said it. Female tact revealed to her the appropriate, the telling sentiment, and woman's genius for acting enabled her to say it well. Romarin was not wholly her dupe, but his vanity was soothed, and that is half the heart of the brave *Français* after all.

"Tell me truly, Louis," pursued Mrs. Dashon, caressing the soft curls of the wondering Rosemary, whose brow she had tenderly kissed—"tell me truly, did we injure so much your child as well as our own? Was your daughter Varick's very wife? Not that it makes any difference in our love for his child—*vous le savez bien.*"

"What good would it do you to know the fact, if you had not the proof of the fact?" demanded Romarin. "How do I know, madame, that you will take my word for the honor of my child?"

"But I suppose that you have proofs," replied the lady.

"None. The parties are dead, the witnesses are dead—or wilfully silent."

"But the bishop?" inquired Mrs. Roosevelt.

"No one knows better than you why those young persons insisted on the secresy of the late monseigneur," said Romarin.

"I know that the bishop has been dead some years. He did marry them, then?"

"Madame!" said Romarin, rising. "That is implied in what I have told you already. But that is not enough. Not enough for my child's honor. He may have married them when she was already a mother. If that were so, I could more easily prove that she was already a wife when His *Grandeur* performed that ceremony there. But since I have told you so much, you shall know the rest. My child was not only married to your son, first in secret by a valid contract before witnesses, subsequently with a religious ceremony before a priest, a bishop *même*, of the Catholic Church, but at the moment when she knelt for the nuptial benediction, she was still a virgin, unsullied by any indiscretion—save one, which did not touch her maiden integrity. This is more, not than the bishop knew, but more than he could tell, if he were alive. I had it from the lips of her husband, your son, madam, after her death. I have never

spoken of it to any mortal since. The proof I do not possess—but it exists, and I believe that the justice of God will make it known one day: till then let the reputation of the innocent dead remain under the cloud of suspicion."

Mrs. Roosevelt Dashon sighed. What was that proof which existed but could not be produced? Who were those witnesses not dead but wilfully silent? why silent? and why wilfully so? She gazed on the enchanting face of the youthful Rosemary—too youthful to comprehend this conversation. There were a thousand reasons in that face why she should yield entire faith to all that Romarin had said. The charge which rested on the memory of Thérèse Romarin had elicited from those who knew her in childhood and maidenhood a striking and unanimous testimony to her virtues. No one had ever suspected her of levity; on the contrary, all bore witness to her modesty, her discretion, her innocence, her charity, her filial piety, and her regular devotion. She was the last girl in the congregation to be suspected of a false step, till her elopement, followed by the birth of a daughter, obscured (such is the force of a consistent good character) rather than tarnished her reputation. All this Mrs. Roosevelt Dashon had heard frequently and sometimes very energetically expressed by Catholic ladies of her own circle; and it tallied with her father's story.

"*Eh! bien*, Louis," said she, "I am firmly convinced at present that this is my legitimate grandchild, the only daughter of my only son, and born in wedlock, as much as my son was. *Il s'agit*—the question is—to restore her mother's reputation—is it not?"

Romarin bowed.

"What better means for that, Romarin, than for the parents of Varick to acknowledge his child. We shall say that we have learned from what is equivalent to his dying declaration, that he was lawfully married to Thérèse de Romarin. Who will question it? Meanwhile, we can seek for further and more positive proof of the marriage."

"You will do what pleases you, madam. I have not asked for justice or reparation at your hands," said Romarin.

"We shall guarantee the future of our granddaughter," said the lady, loftily.

"That will be only just to her, madam."

Mrs. Dashon had carried every point of the enemy's fortress but one. She now boldly assailed that.

"You will not be so unreasonable, Louis, as to wish to *monopolize*"—with a slight emphasis—"the possession of the child, when we have so large a share in her, and when she must expect so much from us. It is time," added she, hastily, "to think of her education—one suitable to a great heiress—I am her nearest female relative—her only female parent—surely these are claims which even you must allow."

"She will visit her grandparents, of course," said Romarin, his brow darkening.

"I will not urge the matter further at present—we understand each other perfectly, Louis!" cried Mrs. Roosevelt. "And *you*—you darling!"—addressing the astonished Rosemary—"will you love your grandmamma? Kiss me, my child!"

"You are not my grandmamma!" cries Rosemary, starting back. "*Voilà ma grand' mère!*" pointing to a youthful portrait of Mrs. Romarin on the wall. "She is not so old as you!"

Mrs. Dashon laughed frankly.

"I was as young as that, once, impertinence! That is your grandmamma Romarin,—do you understand, my dear child. I am your grandmamma Dashon. Your name is Rose Marie (did you say, Louis?)—Rose Marie Dashon."

"Oh, you tell fibs!" cried the child. "My name is Rose Marie Romarin—is it not, grandpa?"

"Romarin was the name of your dear mother, my child," said Mrs. Roosevelt; "but your father's name was Dashon, like mine."

"That's another fib," said the child angrily. "My papa's name was Varick—*n'est ce pas*, grandpapa? *Vous vous moquez de moi, madame.*"

"No, I am not making fun of you, Rose," said Mrs. Dashon. "Your papa's name was Varick Dashon, and he was my son. That makes you my grandchild—do you understand?"

The child looked at Romarin, expecting a denial; but seeing that her grandfather's face was grave, and that he neither treated it as a jest, nor denied it; she broke away from her grandmother, ran to him, threw her arms round his neck, buried her face in his bosom, and burst into a passion of tears and violent sobs.

One divines the end of such scenes. The young girl who cries is sent away to tranquilize herself in private, and the visitor departs. Mrs. Dashon was on the whole satisfied with her progress that day, but she resolved not to rest short of the possession of Rosemary.

"You are a stranger now," Romarin observed, in a consolatory tone, but with evident satisfaction. "By and by she will like you, when she gets accustomed to the idea of other relations than myself."

"It is an angel of beauty," said the grandmamma to herself, "but spoiled by that *vieux Louis*. She has had no bringing up at all, to be so extremely rude on such an occasion."

The old Swiss *bonne*, Louise, looked down leaning over the stair, as Mrs. Dashon swept out of the cottage-door.

CHAPTER II.

CHANGE OF DYNASTY.

THE information which Mrs. Roosevelt Dashon had so skilfully elicited from Rosemary's maternal grandsire fixed the ideas both of herself and her husband in regard to that interesting child. It would not have much mattered what defects of person, character or education the little girl had betrayed; the legal and blood relationship to themselves which made her at their time of life their sole possible lineal representative, would have rendered them indifferent to every other consideration: the instinct of parental affection, which is even stronger in grandparents than in the parents themselves, centering wholly upon this grandchild, and not acting with less vehemence because their claim upon it was disputed by another grandparent, with equal nearness of blood and a better right from early care, and the vantage-ground of possession. But besides all this the little granddaughter was a child of infinite promise.

In the mean time they began to talk freely. Mrs. Dashon told all her friends that they had discovered the existence of a positive marriage between their lamented Varick and the daughter of Romarin.—"And would you believe it, that terrible old campaigner wanted to keep it a secret from us? and why? Just to spite Cornelius and me, because we were opposed to the match, and to prevent our getting possession of the little girl—do you understand? Now the fact is we were not opposed to our son's marrying Miss de Romarin, only that we thought him too young to marry at the time. Fortune was no object to us, you understand? Her family was unexceptionable; her mother was daughter of the *feu Marquis de Floreal*, and Romarin himself has a right to the *de*—do you understand? That is the symbol of French nobility—but he is such a Repub-

lican, he won't use it. Why should we be opposed to such a marriage as that on the part of our son? She seems to have been an excellent girl, after all, and her virtue was spotless. She would listen to nothing without the *ring*—do you understand?"—With a short, peculiar scornful laugh, whereby Madam Dashon signified her appreciation of the perfidy and untrustworthiness of all *men*.—"She was quite right, *eh*? Varick and she went to the bishop together. The bishop was her father-confessor, and as there is no council of Trent in New York (they say), Monseigneur married them, to prevent their marrying themselves, I suppose. Not even old Romarin knew anything about it. Wasn't she a sly puss—that Mademoiselle Romarin?" —With another short laugh.—"So after that the affair was managed for them by an old *bonne*—a Swiss *bonne*. Famous *intrigantes* all these *bonnes*. Never knew one that was otherwise. *Elles ne sont faites que pour cela*—it is all they are good for! So after a few months Madame found to her innocent surprise that her secret could not be kept, and she ran away with my son. The reason she did this was that she so much feared her father's displeasure on account of her secret marriage, and my son feared ours: for Roosevelt had told him that if he married Miss Romarin he would never see him again; in fact gave him money on condition he would never see her again, or at least not marry her. This was very wrong of Cornelius; it was actually tempting my son to act in an infamous manner; so I don't blame Richard much—and the girl, poor thing!—if she committed a fault she atoned for it with her life—she died in child-bed, you know, and my son went to Europe. So, till he was killed," —Mrs. Dashon wept—very sincere tears—"after performing prodigies of valor in fighting the Arabs, we never knew he was really married. My poor dear boy was the soul of honor, and the idea of having broken his word to his father preyed upon him. Hence he kept us in the dark about it for so many years. No doubt he hoped to return full of glory and confess it all. Providence ordered it otherwise."—And the old lady lifted a devout glance to Heaven.

All Mrs. Dashon's five hundred dear friends, of both sexes, understood it perfectly. They agreed with her also that she

had a perfect title to the possession and education of her granddaughter, and that it was very strange M. Romarin should dispute it. On that point the ancient teacher proved obdurate, and neither threats nor promises, neither flattery nor large pecuniary offers, would induce him to recede for a moment from his position. He came indeed, according to promise, with the little Rosemary, to return the visit of her grandparents; but the adroit old soldier, fearing that some stratagem, or perhaps force, would be employed to detain the child, timed his visit when Mr. and Mrs. Dashon were both out taking a drive. Mr. Dashon was so indignant that he talked of legal proceedings, but after advising with his lawyers, concluded to abandon that idea as not likely to lead to any thing better than a disagreeable and expensive *éclat*. They told him that Romarin's right both in law and equity was, under the circumstances, better than his, and that it was a case for amicable negotiation. The pride, jealousy and self-love of both parties presented, however, such formidable obstacles to a friendly adjustment of the difference, that at the end of a whole year of disunion it seemed taking the shape of an irreconcilable breach, when the Providence which determines the fall of thrones without overlooking that of sparrows, interfered to settle it, as if to prevent the scandal of these old people, on the declining slope of their existence, quarrelling for the possession of a descendant who would probably survive them all.

Romarin was a fervent Bonapartist. He had made the acquaintance of Louis Napoleon when that prince was in New York, and had formed a high opinion of his capacity. The prince himself, with his usual insight into character, appreciated at once the devotion and the talent of Romarin, and still more that Spartan integrity which is so rare, and so invaluable to princes. It was now the eventful 1848, and Louis Napoleon was once more in France, into which he had so boldly thrown himself on the downfall of the government of Louis Philippe, and where he was just entering upon that career, then so dubious, which has since culminated in such a height of power and administrative glory; and the future Emperor, then simply a Representative and candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, wrote a letter to Roma-

rin, entreating him to return to France and give him the benefit of his able services and fidelity *à toutes épreuves*. This was too much for an ancient officer of the grand army, and a beneficiary of Napoleon I. Romarin resolved to accept, or as he said, to *obey* the prince's invitation, and he at first thought to take his grandchild with him, but on reflection, in the great uncertainty of political events and of the prince's fortunes, this seemed so unjust to Rose Marie herself, that he adopted the wise resolution of making at this moment a graceful concession to the Dashons. In a month after the receipt of the prince's letter, Romarin bade adieu to his weeping granddaughter on the deck of the Havre steamer, and she was borne away from the vessel's side in the carriage of her grandmamma Dashon, as inconsolable as a nature half French would permit her to be, and as demonstrative of her grief as an education wholly French would necessitate her being, at the age of eleven. Grandpapa and grandmamma Dashon, whom natural anxiety as well as their high sense of decorum had induced to visit the steamer in person and receive their grandchild from the hands of their departing rival, endeavored to console her: but this angel in short skirts plainly showed that she inherited the quick passions which had got her parents and grandparents into scrapes, she flung away from their caresses with temper, and burying her face in the bosom of her dear *bonne*, sobbed without restraint.

Scarce was this pathetic ebullition of temper well over, before it was necessary to stop at Romarin's former cottage. Mrs. Dashon had requested permission to fit out her granddaughter on occasion of her going out of mourning, but this offer had been respectfully declined by Romarin. The sale of his piano and noble collection of music had produced a sum sufficient to provide for this slight expense, and still leave enough for his passage to France and support during the first year: the rest he trusted to that bonapartist Providence known as the star of Napoleon. He might have had other means, had it not interested his pride not to send Rose Marie portionless to her proud paternal relatives. Scanty as Romarin's income had been, French economy had enabled him to lay up something every year, and the cottage in which he lived, with the little garden attached to

it, situated in a district poor enough when he purchased it, but now rapidly filling with magnificent residences, was his own, and he had settled it on his granddaughter in the hands of trustees. It had been let to a German market-gardener, who had bought the humble furniture; it only remained to take away Rosemary's trunk, her grandmother Romarin's portrait, her goat and some precious souvenirs and treasures of childhood. An express wagon was on hand to receive them, and then another passionate burst in bidding farewell to the humble home for ever.

And now the little heiress stood for the second time in her life before her paternal grandsire's door, and on this occasion she was to enter and make it her home.

The rich in America are fond of ostentation in their dwellings, dress, equipage; so they are everywhere; perhaps here they have more excuse, no other career being open to them, and our institutions being unfavorable to that permanent establishment of families which contributes so powerfully to the moral solidity of states. However, one effect is that such another city as New York architecturally, exists not in the world, when you consider the vast number of beautiful private mansions. The spirit of ostentation causes the avenues or long streets of the metropolis to be chosen for the finest of these, although the cross streets are more agreeable in our climate, as in winter they receive the noon-day sun, either in front or rear, and in summer the unfailing southern breeze. Mr. Dashon was one of the few rich men who thought of such matters, and his house combined both advantages. It fronted on a noble avenue, and on the north ran a fine street, while the owner's immense wealth enabled him to preserve on the south a garden rich with shrubbery and flowers, and extending to the very walls of a fine gothic church whose brown tower and buttresses sustained a mass of creepers now already glowing with autumnal tints. A lofty iron railing was all that separated this charming domain from the public gaze, but in front of the whole ran a grassy and shrubberied courtyard, with a low massive rail. The house itself was one of those elegant Palladian structures in brown stone with which that district is now so thickly sprinkled, and its lateral fronts (if

we may use the expression) were the most imposing, as they included a longer line of fine windows, with a small extension, and the lofty stone screen of the back-court, and the architectural entrance of the stables. As the little Rosemary ascended the easy steps to the open vestibule, she was sensible, young as she was, of a mighty transformation in her fortunes. She was, then, the sole descendant and heiress of this merchant prince!

A footman in livery had stood behind the coach; another threw open the glass door of the vestibule. Before her stretched a marble hall, with a grand painted staircase leaving it on one side, springing aloft in great sweeps, but not breaking the vista, and at the further extremity an arch, and beyond that another, opening into a conservatory where a fountain played among bright flowers and birds in cages.

On her right, as she entered, a door was open into a library, all lined with dark rich book-cases, and looking to the north. On her left another, which her grandparents entered. It was a sumptuous reception room, with a large window on the Avenue and another on the garden. The draperies were dark blue; in the avenue window stood a magnificent bronze; the garden window had a stone balcony: the mantelpiece was opposite the avenue window, and over it was a huge mirror, in which you could see the persons passing on the opposite side of the street. An arched door, tall and narrow, in the recess, conducted into the next room, whither Rosemary's grandparents led on. It was longer, had one large Venetian window of three lights looking upon the garden, with a balcony and a flight of stone steps. In a deep recess at one end an oaken buffet or sideboard, profusely carved; on the walls pictures of game and numerous engravings; an oaken wainscot all round, and a carved fireplace; a ceiling in compartments of gold and purple; a gilt chandelier dependent, beneath which a table was set for dinner. The draperies were purple.

"We dine at five," said grandmamma, and passed on to the next room, by a door exactly corresponding to that by which they had entered. There was a sort of arched passage, indeed, with dark-paneled and fragrant cedar closets on either hand; and the room was a bedroom, grandmamma's own bedroom;

and here Louise took off Rosemary's Leghorn hat and merino mantle. This was the exact arrangement (but Rose Marie did not know that till her grandmamma said so) of a great mansion in Europe—a suite of living apartments terminating in a *chambre à coucher*, all in the *rez-de-chaussée*, or basement floor. This room had two windows upon the garden, the draperies dark-green velvet, relieved with lace; a wood fire blazed in the chimney on tall brass andirons, with a tall green fender before it, and for the first time the young girl was reminded of home, as Romarin always burned wood on his cottage hearth. All three of these rooms would have appeared rather sombre from their dark and rich draperies, had not the sun streamed brightly in at every window between the parted curtains. But now going straight on, without giving Rosemary time to observe many things entirely new to her, and which piqued her childish curiosity, grandmamma opened another door in a straight line with all the preceding, and lo! another room a little more than half the size of the last, with one large bow-window overlooking the garden like the rest. I call it a bow window, but it was not one; it was a Maltese window; that is, a deep rectangular recess not so high as the ceiling, and so contrived that it could be entirely closed by shutters sliding up and down, or partially opened in any direction; and even when entirely closed the room was still perfectly lighted from the wall over the recess, which itself was elegantly draped with rose silk and lace; and right beneath these curtains stood a toilet table of ebony adorned with ivory carvings in full relief, and richly inlaid; and against the wall a bed in the same style, and further on an *armoire* or ancient clothes-press to match, with mirrors in the doors; in one corner a *prie-dieu* or kneeling desk in the same style, with an ivory crucifix upon it, and images of Our Lady and St. Joseph—hundreds of years old at least, you will say! Not a bit of it! Nothing was old but the pattern. Grandmamma Dashon had it all made last year in Paris. The effect was extremely quaint and beautiful; for to carry it out, the walls were wainscotted in oak—real oak—carved in Belgium, and hung with arras; and the gas-fixtures, shaped like antique cressets, were of silver-plate. The floor, which was parqueted, was co-

vered in part with a rich Persian carpet. The curtains of the bed and window, being of rose velvet, were cut in formal medieval points. But nothing could be snugger than that Maltese window, half shut in by curtains, a richly cushioned seat running all round it, the sunlight pouring in at one or two open panels, a view of the garden and Avenue through another; nothing more picturesque and quiet than the little chamber within, with its one high light, and its antique furniture. We hope the reader will bear in mind this description; for here will occur the catastrophe of this story.

—"I had this chamber fitted up merely as a curious show, to amuse my lady friends when they called," said grandmamma Dashon; "but now I shall put it to use: it is *your* room, my dear,—next to mine, you see—I like to have my little girl under my own eye, do you understand?—Still, you can get out, if you like, without passing through my room. See here, *petite!* This door, you observe, leads into the bath-room, and this"—passing on through another arched passage with cedar closets,—"into the small conservatory."

In fact, following her grandmother, Rosemary saw the same fountain playing among the brilliant flowers and birds in cages, which had caught her eye as the termination of the vista of the hall. The birds were singing merrily, and in the marble basin of the fountain gold and silver fish were swimming. A beautiful tawney hound of choice breed sprang forward and leaped up on the little girl's dress.—"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed.

—"Perhaps you would like to see the house?" inquired grandmamma.

"If that does not derange you at all, madame?" replied the young lady, still in French.

They went into the hall, the end of which was fitted up as an anteroom. "Which is the communication, you observe, between your grandpapa's room and mine," said grandmamma, "and if you remove the cushions from that turkish divan, you will discover a marble bath, with hot and cold water."

In the hall they were joined by grandpapa. His cane clattered over the marble floor: for he was lame with gout. They mount the grand staircase very leisurely on his account. Rose-

mary thought of grandpapa Romarin, who, though in his fifty-eighth year, could mount a stair like a young man. "Wealth," thought she, "does not keep people from growing old: this rich grandpapa of mine is as stiff in his joints as poor old Laurent who asks alms at the church door."

The stair was stately with bust and statue, on which the soft abundant light showers down; and here is the upper hall, columned and paved with marble. One enters an antechamber, which, like the one below, looks into a conservatory but a much more stately one, filled with tall rare plants, and the sun shining brightly in among them. On one side of the antechamber is the "state bedroom."

"What is a state bedroom?" asked Rosemary; for all the fine rooms below have nothing so sumptuous.

"It is one that is used only for very illlustrious guests, like the President, if he should visit us, or for a bride—do you understand?"

"Or Prince Louis?" said the little girl.

"Exactly, my dear: but as no such visitor is very likely to come, I have reserved this apartment in my own mind for another occasion."

"What is that, grandmamma?"

"Your wedding, my little girl."

The mantelpiece of this room had a singular design. Two winged figures in white marble supported the slab, which was festooned with flowers—on one side Hymen; on the other, with torch *reversed*, the Genius or Angel of Death! But what was really very curious was that in the centre, on a smooth scroll, in antique raised letters, was the word "ROSEMARY."

"What is that, grandmamma?" asked the young girl.

"*Rosemary* is for remembrance," said the grandmother; "and the design signifies 'Life and Death.'"

Next grandmamma called her attention to a portrait:—a fair-haired, handsome young man in a fireman's dress; in the background a house on fire and a very long ladder placed against one of the upper windows.

—"Do you know who that is, Rose Marie?"

"No, madam."

"That is my son!" said the old lady, with a quivering lip.

Grandpapa's hand trembled resting on his cane.

The little French girl dropped on one knee and clasped her hands.

—"Ah! it is my papa!"

After looking at it earnestly, with a great deal of sentiment, for a few minutes, she rose quickly and threw herself first in the arms of one grandparent, then of the other: it was quite a scene.

"I will have your mother's portrait framed to match this, and hung in the recess on the other side," said grandmamma.

Recrossing the antechamber they advanced into a cabinet—that is, a saloon of moderate dimensions sparkling with objects of *vertu;* it has two windows on the garden and one into the conservatory, and the last is in a range with the line of arched doors of the suite, so that you see the whole length of the state apartments on that side; but there are no folding-doors—"they are vulgar!" says grandmamma. This room is paneled in grey satin in borders of blue and gold. Next is the "winter drawing-room;"—a larger room which corresponds to the dining-room below, all crimson and gold, with a magnificent oriel window, stone mullioned; the walls hung with numerous pictures. Here was a splendid full-length of Cornelius Roosevelt Dashon, Esquire, in his library, in the attitude of Scott at Abbotsford, reading the *Courier and Enquirer* Shipping List; the paper turned over so as to display the word TEAS in large capitals at the head of an advertisement; and just below, a steamship; indicating the great branches of trade with which his name was connected: on the table a map of his real estate. Ancient India merchant (the globe at his feet showed the coast of China uppermost), chief owner of a line of ocean steamers, great landed proprietor!

And now grandpapa, who seemed greatly comforted since he had surmounted the difficulty of the stair, and also by the embrace of his grandchild, led on gaily to the last apartment of the suite—the *salon* or "great drawing-room." It extended across the entire front of the house and had two ranges of windows; over the chief entrance was a music gallery, accessible from the story above. Rosemary looked up in wonder to the lofty, coved and

painted ceiling, whence depended a chandelier where knights and dames with horse and hound chased the deer in a forest of frosted silver; then glanced at the walls glowing with arabesques and gilding, or encrusted with numerous mirrors reflecting the majesty and loveliness of sculpture, or down at the vast parquetted floor laid but not covered with Turkey rugs and carpets, and leading the eye to various brilliant objects—vases taller than herself, cabinets, luxurious seats of regal splendor. On the whole the effect was simple though magnificent. And the young Rosemary, fresh from Romarin's humble cottage—was she indeed, as she had been told again and again by Louise, the heiress of all this?

Perhaps it was not the wisest thing in the world for these rich grandparents to show this child all these splendors the very first moment. It would have been better to treat her like the child that she was—under twelve years—a half-price passenger, whose chief treat had been a three cent ride in an omnibus: she would learn her new position soon enough. Nor was it the surest way to her heart. The vulgar pride of wealth was brought rather too suddenly to bear upon a pride perhaps not less offensive to the Creator but more honored by men.

—"What think you of this, Rose?" asked her grandfather, when the young lady had sufficiently, as he thought, sated her wonder.

That young person stood in the middle of the grand *salon* beating time with one little foot *à la militaire*, her black ringlets falling in disordered grace to the waist of her simple white dress.

—"It is very well, *monsieur*," said she at length, with grave simplicity: "but *my* grandpapa is going to see the Tuileries, *vous savez!*"

"Ah! always 'my grandpapa!' You must learn, my child, to say 'grandpapa Romarin:' you have two grandpapas—do you understand?"

"Yes," responded the child quickly. "There are grandpapas and grandpapas—I know it well. That is my French grandpapa;—this is my Yankee grandpapa! That is a poor brave man;—this"—here Rosemary held her tongue.

"And what is 'this?'" demanded Mrs. Dashon, half vexed, half amused. "Something very complimentary, Roosevelt, no doubt."

"This is the way old Romarin has taught the little French monkey to regard us!" said grandpapa Dashon. "Well, what is your Yankee grandpapa? pray finish, child."

"My Yankee grandpapa is a rich *gentleman*," replied Rosemary, grievously offended to hear her French grandpapa styled old Romarin. "I don't like rich gentlemen—I like poor brave men!"

"Take your young lady to her room, and dress her for dinner," said Mrs. Dashon to Louise. "It is truly an *enfant terrible*. Ha! ha! But we must put up with this impertinence at first, till ma-de-moi-selle finds out on which side her bread is buttered—eh! She has been taught this (the pert little parrot!) by that dreadful *vieux Louis!*—do you understand?"

"The old boy take him!" said grandpapa Dashon, piously.

"Amen!" was the charitable response of grandmamma Dashon. "That is, I wish he were in Heaven!"

As Louis Napoleon had got the man, some might think that Mr. Dashon need wish poor Romarin no worse; but as he was gone to Paris, a Frenchman might think that Mrs. Dashon could wish him nothing better.

CHAPTER III.

NEW AND OLD CHARACTERS.

It will be necessary to say something about the education of our little heroine previous to this date. One easily understands that it was economy joined to the love of independence, a garden and fresh air, that first induced Romarin to rent the cottage in the purchase of which he afterwards invested his slender savings. The household consisted of himself, the child, the *bonne*, and a nanny-goat, which fed in the court-yard, and browsed on the grassy hill near by. The hill was still crowned with a grove, and the old rock cropped out on the declivity. Before Romarin left, a street had been carried right through the hill: at the present date the spot is a brown-stone paradise.

The baby throve on the milk of the nanny-goat, who in time became the little girl's chief companion and playmate. The goat was a wonderful climber, and Rosemary became a wonderful climber too. Nanette and the child would mount from a low bench to the roof of an ash-house, thence to that of the kitchen, then to the very ridge of the cottage, and return by the window of the attic. This might be hereditary propensity, for they say her father had often performed the same feat. It was vain to scold and punish, where Nanette went Rose Marie feared not to go, and *vice versa*. The girl indeed could climb where the goat could not—into the cherry-trees, for instance.—"Pity she's not a boy!" grandpapa would say: "how *that* would scale a rampart!"—And what with climbing and drinking goat's milk and devouring fresh vegetables and ripe fruits and occasionally a *cotelette* or *bifstek*, the little girl grew up fair, strong and active, with a full plump chest, a lithe and supple figure and limbs of vigorous symmetry.

Her sole teacher was her grandpapa, and the education he

gave her was excellent, although it would in some respects have been more suitable for a boy. Yet much that was proper for her sex came quite naturally under the tuition of that accomplished Romarin. At seven Rose Marie could dance like a sylphide, and already had learned to spread her infantile digits over the octaves of her grandpapa's piano. She evinced great talent for music, which she had great opportunities to cultivate. Romarin attended all the fine concerts, and as soon as she was old enough to sit out the performance, Rosemary accompanied him. The society at the cottage was wholly of an artistic kind. Then every Sunday the grandpapa and little granddaughter heard High Mass in the French Church, where Romarin always frequented the choir and sometimes played the organ. It is superfluous to observe that Rosemary was mistress of French, as no other language was spoken in the family. English she spoke with a perfectly pure accent, although she had learned it entirely from her grandfather, whose foreign accent was very marked: it is a marvel where children pick up the native accent of the country they live in. From some of her grandfather's musical friends she had early acquired the Italian pronunciation and a variety of conversational phrases, while others taught her to babble in German and sing German songs. Thus the little girl had such mastery as such a child can attain of the principal modern languages. Grammar, history, geography she learned in the manuals of the military schools of France; she could draw maps beautifully, and was skilled in perspective; she could sketch a little, paint flowers, hem her own pocket-handkerchiefs, and darn her own and her grandpa's stockings, cook a cutlet, make coffee and bake bread. She had also read the campaigns of Napoleon with maps, and knew the hero's career by heart, she could describe the day of Austerlitz, and explain the defeat of Waterloo. But all these were comparative recreations: the *study* on which her grandfather insisted was mathematics. At ten Rosemary was mistress of arithmetic; at eleven she could evolve a binomial; at eleven and six months could demonstrate the 47th Proposition of the First Book.

It was with deep regret that Romarin saw himself obliged to interrupt this well-considered education: but he knew that in

Paris he should not be able to carry it on in person, and masters he could not afford. However, he merely stipulated with the Dashons, that if they sent the child to school, it should be to the Sacred Heart. As Romarin was a perfect *philosophe* and had somewhat neglected Rosemary's religious education, it is likely that national prejudice had more to do with this choice than anxiety for her faith. It was Louise who taught the child her prayers and catechism, took her to confession at eight, and saw that she made her first communion at ten years. Louise was as far as possible from being an *intrigante*, as grandmamma Dashon insinuated; she was the most honest and simple-hearted woman in the world; in her neat shawl and embroidered white muslin cap, with broad ruffles beautifully quilled, framing her high-colored round face, she never missed early Mass and seldom Vespers, to which she took Rosemary. It was she who taught the child, perhaps in plainer language than a high-bred mother would, but all the more wholesome for that, her moral duties; and if she sometimes flattered her vanity, or stimulated her ambition, and indulged her self-will, you could hardly expect more from a simple *bonne*.

Except that she always missed and lamented her French grandpapa, whom a Yankee grandpapa and grandmamma both could not for a long time replace, the child soon discovered the immense superiority of her new home in a child's point of view. Grandpapa Dashon's garden was not only three times as large as grandpapa Romarin's, but infinitely more agreeable as a play ground, to say nothing of its brilliant flowers and delicious fruits. The streets were incomparably pleasanter, and she had now companions of her own age with whom she was permitted to associate. They trundled their hoops on the broad sidewalks, and sometimes in the neighboring square; and even Nanette found a rival in a *mooley* cow, sweet-breath'd and full-uddered, which while the green grass lasted in the court-yard was allowed to crop it night and morning.

In respect of climbing there were glorious diversions in store for her. The *cour de derrière*, as Madam Dashon in her French affectation called what common people term the back-yard, was four or five feet below the level of the street and garden, and

paved. From this paved court to the garden there was necessarily a flight of steps. Here a wide and lofty arch let in the sun, and its shadow ever slept upon the pavement. On the brown stone wall above, connecting the extension with the stables, there were huge pots of cactus over the pillars. Outside the stables a narrow winding stair of stone led to the flat stable roof. Vases filled with cactus crowned its massive balustrade. It was the delight of Rosemary and her companion to pass perpetually up and down these flights of steps; all young animals do the same; when she was in the court she wanted to get upon the roof; when on the roof, she immediately desired to descend into the court, then to ascend to the garden, and so back. But one bold enterprise long tempted her; it was to cross on the top of the high wall from the roof of the stables to that of the extension: there was no obstacle but the dizzy height and the pots of cactus, one over each pillar of the arch, that guarded the access. On one side were the steps leading up to the gardens, on the other, twenty-five feet below the pavement of the kitchen court. One day she attempted it; they passed successfully the great vase of cactus. Now the child is safe if she keeps her head—if she lose it for an instant, that fluttering white frock will cover a lifeless form on the pavement down there, and the black ringlets will be matted with blood on the stone steps. They pass safely, but how to return?—the child and the goat can hardly turn. They are at no loss. Over the extension is the conservatory, which has a sash open. To clamber in here was the grand object. The playmates enter the antechamber of the grand suite, and then the state bedroom; Nanette goes first, and Rosemary, laughing and chattering French, follows her four-footed and silent friend. The little hoofs move noiselessly over the thick carpet. *Quelle chambre!—c'est pour mes noces, entendez vous?*—for Nanette understands French—at least not a word of English.—"And see the portrait of my mother among all these fine things! *Quel cadre magnifique!*"—This is the real object of the Alpine achievement—to show Nanette the maternal picture in its new frame—the daughter of Romarin overlooking all this regal luxury! Very curious to watch that white frock and snow-white coat glancing about

this princely chamber (reserved, as Rosemary says, for her bridal), now gleaming in a cozy corner, now reflected in the tall psyche glass where Nanette is at first disposed to butt her double. Then they enter the bath-room—the little hoofs clatter over the marble floor, and Rosemary bethinks her that it is a capital time and place to wash the long-haired coat till it be white indeed as snow. All went famously till the gipsey had the brilliant idea to try the effect of the shower on the nerves of Nanette, and it so happened that she turned on the hot pipe only: in the twinkling of an eye Nanette was out of the bath, dashed like a crazy goat through the silken chamber, gave a furious butt at the psyche in passing that shivered the mirror in a thousand pieces, and flying through the opening door, nearly overturned grandmamma, whom the noise in the bath had attracted, and went skipping down the great staircase like a chamois on the Alps.

"Ah! a thousand pardons, grandmamma!" cries the principal offender, dismayed but unabashed. "I protest to you that I had no idea the shower would frighten Nanette—who could suppose that she would be such a fool as that!"

"Is that the way the little monkey has been brought up!" was grandmamma's comment. "Ah, that *vieux Louis* was an excellent French teacher no doubt, but he knew no more about bringing up a young woman than I do about taking a fortress. There was his own daughter! But the least said the soonest mended in these cases. A mirror is more easily mended than a reputation, even though broken by mistake. A girl almost twelve climbing into a second story window with a nanny-goat! Such a thing was never heard of in our family before."

To divert the young heiress from these perilous, unbecoming and in the end costly experiments, a pony was procured for her—a new, livelier and more exciting pet that threw Nanette completely into the shade. Accompanied by a groom or by grandpapa himself, Rosemary explored all the rides on the island. Impossible but that she should attach herself to such affectionate and generous grandparents, who vied with each other in spoiling her. When grandpapa had won her heart by the gift of a pony, grandmamma rivals him with a watch. It

was truly a new life for the grandchild of Romarin to go shopping with grandmamma Dashon. A magnificent coach conveys them to their destination; a footman opens the door when they alight; obsequious shopmen think nothing trouble that gratifies a whim of either. Grandmamma was dressy and expensive: it was her taste, and she could afford it. Rosemary's simple white (she had never worn anything else till she put on mourning) was soon exchanged for radiant silks and velvets of every hue. A butterfly is beautiful fluttering from flower to flower; so is a little girl in a gay dress on the broad flagging, or the high stone steps of that superb street, where the little girls played and flitted from house to house, and inspected each other's costumes with premature womanly airs, in the afternoons, while the soft bright days of autumn permitted.

But the year grew dark, and the days both cold and brief; a fortnight at grandpa's farm in Westchester abbreviated the autumn; the Christmas holidays came, after which it was proposed that the little lady should resume her studies; and in the meantime Mr. Dashon proposed to give a large family dinner party, in order to introduce his grandchild more formally to her relatives, some of whom were extremely chary of their courtesies to the new-found heiress. Among this class of Mr. Dashon's connections the marriage of Rosemary's parents still found skeptics. One family even affected to doubt her being Varick Dashon's child at all. Those who took this view were the relatives of Mrs. Dashon, the numerous and powerful family of the Varicks. Mr. Dashon himself had but one blood relation who could be prejudiced by the acknowledgment of his grandchild. This was a niece, daughter of his only brother, and brought up in her uncle's family as a daughter. Before Dick Dashon had his grand affair with Mlle. Romarin, it was thought that these cousins would marry; in the midst of it, however, Isabel Dashon (named after her aunt-in-law) married too, and fortunately for her a Varick, so that all the family were interested in supporting her claims. The idea was that the little Romarin (as she was called) being considered a mere side-slip, and provided for at best by a handsome legacy, if Varick Dashon died abroad unmarried (as seemed likely), Mrs. George Varick (of

whom the reader knows something), as next of kin to Mr. Dashon, would inherit all that portion of his vast property, viz.: the whole real estate and half the personalty, which the law, if he died intestate, would give her as his brother's child; while the remainder, falling to Mrs. Dashon as widow—it was an understood thing that she should survive her husband—would be distributed at her death among her brothers and sisters and their descendants.

But in thus cutting up Mr. Cornelius Roosevelt Dashon before his time, the Varicks evidently reckoned without their host, as what we have just related concerning his recognition of Rosemary proves. They had received her, as we have said, very coldly. Mrs. Dashon's brothers and sisters to be sure had not failed to call upon their little relative, if only from a motive of curiosity; but Mrs. George Varick had hitherto neglected to do so. It is true she had been at Newport when Rosemary was brought home by her grandparents, but some weeks had elapsed since her return and she had only dropped a card at her aunt's on a day when Mrs. Dashon and Rosemary were out —a single card, not even turned down in the mysterious form which signifies for "all the ladies;" and grandmamma Dashon, vexed "at this impertinence—do you understand?" returned the visit a few days after by sending her own card in an envelope by a servant to "Mrs. Geo. Varick." There was no love lost betwixt this aunt and niece-in-law, in spite of their duplicated affinity: but Mr. Dashon loved his niece and invited her with her husband to the dinner. He had better not: there are some people who are less dangerous as open foes than as nominal friends.

The hour was five. The Dashons received their guests in the library, and as the sun set that day at 4.40, it was already dark. It was a very fine apartment, lined with the most beautiful book-cases in the city, and had but one defect considered as a library—there were very few books in it. To remedy this the cases were ingeniously contrived to show only half the shelves, which part being carefully filled, the collection appeared to be superb. But the company on this occasion were rich rather

than learned, and perhaps appreciated the magnificent cases more than they would have done the books.

Yet was not Dr. Varick there, brother of grandmamma Dashon and Professor of—well, no matter what he was professor of—in the "Hosack Medical College?" He was a learned man, or at least a learned physician, with the largest practice in the city in the department where his skill, science and experience were supposed to be conspicuous. Undoubtedly there was not a doctor in the metropolis whose buggy was seen to stand (and sometimes to remain for hours) before so many first-class, brown-stone fronts as Dr. Edward Varick's. He had ushered half the rising generation of the Fifth avenue district into the world, and it was a strong evidence to his mind that our Rosemary had made her entrance into it on the wrong side of the blanket (as the saying is), that he had not officiated at her birth. Dr. Varick was not particularly intellectual in his appearance, though he wore spectacles; but he was remarkably neat in his dress, especially so about his wristbands, and his hands were always white as snow (a figurative expression to convey their unsullied cleanness); points which the ladies, Dr. V. considered, were sure to notice in a gentleman in "my line of profession."

Then (what *was* I thinking of just now?) there was the Rev. Dr. Clerestory, Rector of St. Hubert's, the fashionable church of the city, and brother-in-law of Mrs. Dashon and the preceding. Dr. Clerestory was a solid divine and himself owned a fine library of the Fathers. I know it because I have often heard him speak of Chrysostom as a favorite author of his. He also had a professional reason for doubting the marriage of Rosemary's parents: for it was clearly a thing that belonged at least to the rule of "decently and in order" that a young man of Varick Dashon's position in society should be married at St. Hubert's, either by himself or the bishop. Dr. Clerestory had not a bad head; it was bald, rather massive, with gray thick locks over the ears; the face was shrewd, sly and indicative of sensibility. In the pulpit he was vehement and eloquent. Although he had a highly fashionable congregation—for a box at the opera and a pew at St. Hubert's were equally symbols of a fashionable family,—no one could denounce the spirit of the

world and all its vices and follies, more impartially, constantly or energetically than he; nor did this plainness of speech ever give offence; on the contrary, the more Dr. Clerestory lashed their worldliness, their devotion to pleasure and show, their extravagance in living, dress and equipage, the round of parties, the useless life, the novel-reading, the vices of youth of both sexes, and so forth, the more popular he grew; so that it really seemed as if, like some Catholic penitents in Lent, the congregation of St. Hubert's desired to atone for the dissipation and boundless frivolity, the devotion to Mammon and the unscrupulous ritual of his service, all the other days of the week, by listening with great self-complacency to Dr. Clerestory's denunciation of their course on Sunday. It was a dish served up to them, at all events, with great regularity, as often as the day came, and served hot, with the richest condiments of satire and invective, in a voice whose piercing quality ought to have awakened the most careless sinner, and that produced a thrill in the sensitive nature, which perhaps the trembling but delighted auditors mistook for repentance. The congregation then turned out on the sidewalk, a stream of beautiful dresses, feeling better for their weekly castigation, like children who have been voluptuously whipped, and returned to their former ways with renewed relish. This reverend gentleman was rather silent in company, as fluent speakers and ready writers often are; but he could talk on occasion, and great weight was attributed to the remarks which then fell from his lips; he was observant, polished, courteous, and a dextrous listener; and his wife, the Rev. Mrs. Clerestory, sister of course of Mrs. Dashon, was sufficiently voluble to more than atone for the taciturnity of her spouse. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Abram Varick—Mr. A. V. was the present chief of the firm of Varick & Co., formerly Dashon & Varick; and some junior members of the several families. There were also a pair of professional friends of the family; namely, first, the Hon. Daniel Plaidoyer, ex-member of Congress and Mr. Dashon's confidential lawyer, the depositary of his will, and whose opinion, very decidedly expressed in favor of the legitimacy of our little heroine, had greatly influenced the Varicks in the determination they had

come to, of accepting her heirship as a *fait accompli;* and secondly—but this gentleman deserves a fresh pen and a new paragraph.

We have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the means, not always the nicest or the most just, by which Dr. Ezekiel Mannikin launched himself into a leading metropolitan practice—how he got his fine four-story house on Broadway and its fine furniture, his handsome brougham, his black fellow to drive it, and so forth. These externals could not alone have secured his object in so short a time. Ezekiel had early perceived the importance of a "speciality," and that for which he appreciated in himself a certain predilection was toxicology. Since Orfila no one ever knew so much about poisons. His experiments in *corpore vili*—in dogs, cats, rats, rabbits, &c., were thorough affairs, and he reported them for the "Hosack Medical and Surgical Journal," with a cynical minuteness which proved him to be a man of genuine science. Next, Dr. Mannikin pulbished a book—a thick and costly o ctavo with plates—"Mannikin on Poisons," comprising his own experiments, and showing a truly wonderful acquaintance with the history of accidental and criminal poisoning. Departing from the beaten track of medical works, he related the cases with romantic details which rendered the book popular beyond the limits of the profession. By sending copies, with a $5 bill enclosed, he had got it noticed in all the leading papers in the Union; the metropolitan journals under different influences gave long reviews of it with appetizing extracts: the *Herald* gave it the benefit of a savage editorial attack, so worded as to inflame the curiosity which causes the accounts of prize fights and criminal trials to be eagerly read: the fortune of the book was made and Dr. Mannikin became famous.

In every career there is a woman who does something for a man which he could never do for himself. Dr. Mannikin's good feminine genius was a relative of the Dashons, as we are aware. How much of his success he owed to her no one can tell. Didn't she indirectly procure him his desirable house and fine furniture, his handsome brougham and smart black boy? Did she not get her uncle Dr. Varick to adopt Dr. Mannikin as his con-

sulting physician? Was it not her high recommendation (inspired by affection for her dear uncle) which induced grandpapa Dashon to consult him for his gout? And was it not in consequence of his marked success in this instance that grandmamma Dashon (much as she disliked taking up any pet of her niece) had lately employed him in preference to her own brother? And who smoothed over, if she could not wholly extinguish, the natural jealousy which this caused in the Varick connection?

Mrs. George Varick at this time stood well with all the world. Her husband had returned from California some four years previous with (people said) half a million in gold dust, and a beard a foot long. He had paid his old debts; his debts of honor in full; his notes he cleverly bought in, through the agency of a broker, at an average of fifteen per cent. on their face: in fine, he had extinguished all his liabilities, and bought a house on Fifth avenue, where he lived in elegant style. Doubtless the general esteem which he had won by these acts of high integrity had procured him a responsible post in the city government, of which the salary was nominal, but the pickings amounted to a sum so large that it could not be classed as income. It was said that he had doubled his fortune by his share in contracts, all legitimate operations. It was thought he would run for Congress: and if he did, the knowing ones observed that Varick would make a good thing of it. Enjoying the unlimited confidence of this admirable citizen and model public functionary, and dispensing his fortune with elegant liberality in their splendid and hospitable mansion, Mrs. Varick's social position was what in vulgar New York parlance is termed A. No. 1. It is a mistake, by the way, to suppose that in New York wealth is everything. It is a great deal, but without blood and family connections this branch of the Varicks, with all their wealth, would have been sent to Coventry.

Mrs. Varick is at uncle Dashon's to-night, and looking, as she always does, her best. In that principal virtue which our ladies sacrifice so much to obtain, viz.: of dressing well, she shone conspicuous. Her robe was a pale purple satin with a train; her lovely arms were bare; her berthe was of antique point lace, so old that it was yellow as gold, and she wore

a profusion of tasteful jewelry. Mrs. Varick was fair, with light brown hair; her mouth was her greatest defect, it resembled that of a squirrel; her figure was universally admired, and by the way the superfluity of stuff in her train being borrowed from the body of the dress, showed what she herself considered her strongest attraction. She advanced to greet Rosemary with a sort of serpentine undulation, half turning to disengage her dress from some gentleman's boot, and kissed her on both cheeks, calling her "Cousin Rose." Augusta Varick did exactly as her mamma did, and then Master Cornelius Roosevelt Dashon Varick came shyly forward. This boy was a month or two older than Rosemary, with the most splendid eyes any male creature ever had: but he was undersized and not quite straight. As the girl shook hands with him, she overtopped this boy cousin almost a head, and her capacious chest, well-poised figure and vigorous limbs (she was in shorts, remember), were a striking contrast to his narrow chest, stooping figure and poor shrivelled legs. Rose Marie bestowed on him a glance of surprised and tender pity, and seemed about to kiss him; but the boy at that drew back with a flush of anger, and his mother too reddened deeper than her rouge. This incident was observed by all the company.

Meanwhile the hour was past, and yet they waited for some one. Grandpapa consulted his watch. Then a carriage rolled up. Presently enters the loveliest woman of the company. She was evidently a matron, for her husband was with her; to judge by the maturity of her form, might own thirty summers; but her face, of an ideal purity in all its containing curves—perfect oval or classic profile,—was still of a delicate bloom; her throat (to which she was covered) and her arms were of a dazzling whiteness, heightened by her black velvet robe. A diamond arrow pierced her braid, and a cross of brilliants glittered upon her breast. Grandmamma Dashon received her with distinction, and then immediately presented Rosemary, saying: —"My dear Mrs. Atherton, let me present to you my granddaughter, Miss Rose Marie Dashon."—And Mrs. Atherton, like Mrs. Varick, stooped down and kissed Rosemary on both cheeks —with a mouth like one of Correggio's smiling angels.

"Your papa and I were great friends," she said.

"Varick and you must have danced together hundreds of times," said grandmamma.

"Shall I ever forget it? A handsome boy and a brave. How well I remember his quitting me once in the quadrille, to run out to a fire!"

"This daughter of his is our only grandchild—do you understand?" said grandmamma.

"I understand perfectly," said Mrs. Atherton, smiling. "Poor thing! I pity you, my dear. I was an only child and great heiress too. So in all your troubles you must come to me,—will you, Miss Rose Marie?"—with a glance half mirthful, half tender, which fascinated Rosemary.

Many others hastened to greet this beautiful woman whose appearance at this family gathering was a mystery to some of the Varicks. The Athertons were very wealthy people who had been residing abroad for a number of years. A domestic incident, requiring, as Mrs. Atherton fancied, Dr. Varick's attention, had recalled them some months previous, since when they had been at their country seat. Within a few weeks only had they returned to town to spend the winter, but it was solely in order to carry on the education of their children to better advantage, and they seemed to avoid general society. Grandmamma Dashon could have told them why she invited the Athertons on the present occasion. Twelve years before, when Mrs. Atherton was a girl of eighteen, she had called upon Mrs. Dashon—the most fashionable matron of the time—with a singular request which Mrs. Dashon had haughtily refused. The young lady had expressed herself on the subject of the refusal with a great deal of warmth, and Mrs. Dashon had been seriously offended. There had been a coolness ever since between the families.

"What do you know about such matters, Miss D.?—you an unmarried girl!" Mrs. Dashon had said, contemptuously.

"I know so much as this, Mrs. Dashon," answered the young lady with spirit, "that the mother who is so well prepared for an infant born two months before its time——"

"How do you know that interesting fact? You have the other

ma-de-moi-selle's word for it I suppose!"—with a short scornful laugh.

"The poor mother is unconscious, madam. I know nothing about such matters myself—I give you the opinion of the doctor and the other ladies. The little creature has neither nails nor eyelashes, and a quart mug would hold it, I think."

"Ha! ha! poor little tadpole! It won't live, and so much the better."

"It is your own flesh and blood, madam," replied Miss D., indignantly, "for whom, I repeat to you, the lovely young mother has prepared a drawer-full of the most beautifully worked clothing—her needle is sticking in the baptismal robe!—I will stake my own character that she never did that for a child whose birth should cause her to blush."

"So much the better for her, Miss D. She had better die, then, and go to Heaven at once, for into my house neither she nor her—child shall come."

For Mrs. Atherton (then unmarried) was one of the ladies, visitors of a charitable society, who found poor Thérèse Romarin, or Dashon rather, delirious and expiring, on the second day after the birth of Rosemary. Miss D., as a girl moving in Mrs. Dashon's circle, and knowing the family from a child, was deputed to communicate the facts to that lady, and she did it with energy but without success.

But all these fine people now filed in to dinner, served in the oak dining-room. The gilded corona was lighted up and threw a flood of light upon the large round table. Every guest's name was in his plate. Rosemary found herself placed between her cousin Roosey, and a gentleman to whom Mrs. Atherton immediately said:—"Alban, I want to introduce you to your youthful neighbor."—The gentleman turned to her with a smile, and Mrs. Atherton introduced Mr. Atherton to Miss Dashon.

"My Christian name is Rose Marie," said the young girl, pointedly.

"They ought to call you Rosemary," said Mr. Atherton.

"They do," said Rosemary.

"Ah! I have made a happy guess. I foresee that we shall be great friends, Miss Rosemary."

"I like you very much already," said the little girl, frankly.

"He is a sad flirt, Miss Rose," said Mrs. Atherton: "so I put you on your guard."

"That lady is your wife, of course—is she not, sir?" said Rosemary, in a girlish whisper.

"Of course, and jealous!" in the same tone.

Mr. Atherton got on famously with his young neighbor, who found her cousin rather surly. Between the succession of courses, and the attentions he was obliged to pay to one of her aunts who sate on his right, he contrived to make the dinner very agreeable to her. When the dessert was come, he was explaining to her a project he had of a great park for her to ride in, like the *Bois de Boulogne* at Paris; and Rosemary boldly referred it to grandpapa, who she thought could do anything that merely required money, and the topic was hunted down by the whole table. Mr. Atherton became silent, but occasionally smiled with Rosemary at the elegant hubbub they had caused. At last he was appealed to by Mr. Dashon, who was in favor of setting on foot an immense subscription to buy land for a park.

"It is useless to talk of subscriptions for a project that won't pay dividends," replied Atherton. "This sort of thing must be done by the sovereign."

"The sovereign?"

"Yes, the People. Let the legislature authorize a popular vote on the question whether the city shall buy and lay out a great park. Then it will be done. All sovereigns are naturally munificent, and the people-sovereign above all."

"You really think such a thing could be got through?" asked Mr. Dashon.

"I am certain of it. It is the only really popular idea I have heard of since the Croton was brought into the city."

"Let us try," said grandpapa Dashon.

"What we want to subscribe for," said Alban, "is the expense of lobbying and engineering the bill through the assembly."

"Our legislators," observed Mr. Plaidoyer, "are of that incorruptible integrity that they won't permit the people to spend their own money unless they receive a considerable *douceur* themselves."

"The Cerberus of the treasury must be drugged with golden honey," said Dr. Clerestory.

"Golden honey! That is money! Good, good!" chuckled Dr. Varick.

"Golden honey! That is money! Why, I declare, uncle, you are quite a poet!" said Mrs. George Varick; and Dr. Edward blushed all round his spectacles at his own achievement, which passed from mouth to mouth of all the Varicks at table.

"Mr. Dashon and myself can well afford to pay a few thousands each to further such a project," continued Atherton, "for we shall get it back fifty times over in the enhanced value of our property. As the land on the island is limited, the more of it is taken up by a park, the less is left for other purposes, and what is left must rise in price."

"Won't you lose in taxation what you gain in that way?" asked Dr. Mannikin.

"Certainly not, doctor," said Atherton, smiling. "The taxes are paid by our tenants, and by the public that enjoys the park; the rise in real estate goes into our pockets."

"I will subscribe five thousand on the spot to set the thing going," said grandpapa Dashon.

After the ladies had retired a subscription was started. The Varicks did not come down so liberally as Atherton considered that they ought, still in that wealthy company twelve thousand dollars was soon made up and Mr. Dashon was confident that it could be raised to fifty thousand, if necessary, in the course of an hour down town. Every man's word was as good as his bond, and Atherton being a lawyer as well as a man of fortune, was authorized to manage the affair.

—"If it cost twice fifty thousand I shall put it through," said he, as he placed the subscription paper in his pocket. It was concluded by pledging mutual secrecy.

—"To succeed," said Atherton, astutely, "we must renounce the credit of succeeding: Let every influential paper in the city privately know our determination, and then take to itself the merit of the initiative."

"The parties who never by any possibility initiate anything

and who seem to initiate everything," said Dr. Mannikin, sardonically.

"'Tis the cheapest way of securing their support," observed Dr. Clerestory.

"Aye! the papers lead public opinion, but what leads the papers?" demanded Mr. Dashon. "This!"—holding up his purse.

"The power behind the throne in this country is money," said Dr. Mannikin.

"Golden honey," said Dr. Clerestory, with a dry smile.

"Golden honey, that is money!" echoed Dr. Varick with a self-congratulatory chuckle.

"Money *plus* brains," said Atherton, with an audacious look. "What can a rich fool do, like poor George Law for instance? Even less than a poor genius. But money with intellect can do everything."

"Both which you all have," said Dr. Mannikin, bowing to the rest of the company.

"And you, doctor," said Atherton, twisting up a cigarette, "have *one*, and intend making use of it to obtain the *other*."

Meanwhile in the "winter drawing-room" over their heads, Mrs. Atherton, with the easy manners of a reigning beauty, had taken the hand of the young Rosemary, while the other ladies gossipped about their families and the winter fashions, and seating herself on the piano-stool, letting her rich drapery spread around her, prattled away in the pleasantest manner with the little heiress. She knew that Rosemary's mother was French. "So was mine, my dear," said the heart-enslaver, and Rosemary, delighted, drew so near that Mrs. Atherton began to play with her curls.—"And Romarin—why that means *rosemary* in French, does it not?" "But—certainly!" replied the little girl.—"And that is why your grandpapa used to call you Rosemary—is it?"—"Yes, certainly."—"I have seen you before, Rosemary—when you were very little indeed," said the beautiful matron, tenderly; and the little girl, emboldened, fairly took hold of the cross set in brilliants that sparkled so on Mrs. Atherton's rich black velvet corsage.—"Do you know your catechism pretty well, Rosemary?"—"Pretty well, madame."—"You must

come to see me," said Mrs. Atherton.—"Where do you live?" asks Rosemary.—"On the corner of —— street and the Avenue."—"Is that Mr. De Groot's house?"—"The same."—"Oh, I know it—there are two little girls live there!"—"They are my little girls, Rosemary. The two eldest are girls, but the baby is a boy."—"How old is the baby, Mrs. Atherton?" inquired Rosemary.—"Six months only, and by the same token the little fellow expects me home soon."—"Ah! he is so little as that!" said Rosemary. As the gentlemen entered Rosemary was just kissing Mrs. Atherton, who hushed her and turned round to the piano; but as she began to play, the enchantress turned again her lovely spirited profile to Rosemary, with a roguish smile, as much as to say: "They nearly caught us—didn't they?"—And the young French girl, with instinctive coquetry, interpreted the movement and the smile by looking slyly across the instrument at those *messieurs*, as if she had said:—"You have seen nothing, gentlemen, have you?"

It is no part of our plan to describe the pleasures of this evening further than their bearing on the story requires. It is easy to give a fictitious character any amount of accomplishment, and it would prove nothing if we said that Mrs. Atherton was a remarkable vocalist: we have said it already when we were relating long ago her personal history, and the years that have since elapsed have only ripened her powers. She knew that everybody would wish her to sing, and gave a delicate recognition of the strictly domestic character of the reunion to which she had been invited, by not waiting to be asked. All conversation was hushed while she poured out her soul-like melody. The beauty of the singer enhanced the charm. The gentleman listened spell-bound. When it was over, she rose quickly from the instrument, laughed slightly at the wondering Rosemary, patting her kindly on the cheek, and went to a seat where she was surrounded by congratulations and praises, which she acknowledged carelessly. The ladies, among whom Mrs. George Varick was conspicuous, complimented her husband.

"Mrs. Atherton has continued to cultivate her voice in obedience to me," answered he, smiling: "hence I am fairly entitled to the praise."

"A woman would do a great deal for such a husband," said Mrs. Varick.

The rules required that the young lady on whose account this reunion took place should give a specimen of her accomplishments also, if she possessed any. Grandmamma Dashon understood these points very well. She had discovered that this little girl was for her age extremely well educated, and she was resolved that the Varicks should know it. First a portfolio of her drawings was handed about. All admitted that for a child they were clever. The maps in India ink were voted beautiful, and indicated also a knowledge of geography.

"Carefully and neatly executed—I wish my little girls may be able to do as well," said Mr. Atherton.

"My grandpapa taught me!" said the little girl, eagerly:—"that is"—glancing round—"my grandpapa Romarin."

Presently, Rosemary stood up in the middle of the saloon, and a little hush being made, recited a passage from Racine. It was thoroughly child-like and thoroughly French; everybody was amused, and the purity of her accent and pretty gestures received high commendation. And now she must seat herself at the piano and play; then sing a short German song, then an Italian one. All this was entirely satisfactory, and showed that no girl of twelve could have employed her time to more purpose.

"You have a talent for music, Rose," said Mrs. Atherton, "and if you practise you will in time play far better than I ever shall;—but you should not sing much."

"Her voice lacks pathos," said Mr. Atherton: "it should be allowed to rest."

"She takes to this kind of exhibition of herself very naturally, we must allow," said Mrs. George Varick, shrugging her white shoulders.

But what is this that the tall servant brings in? An artist's easel, and a black-board with a great diagram chalked on it. At that Rosemary blushed, and exclaimed—"Grandmamma!"

"My dear child," said grandmamma, "I want you to demonstrate—the what do you call it?"

"The square of the hypothenuse," said the child. "Everybody will laugh at me."

With some difficulty she could be induced to comply. Then with a wilful grace she took grandpapa's cane as a pointer, and blushing deeply, demonstrated the 47th Proposition. Then grandmamma gave Mr. Atherton her algebra and requested him to examine her at hap hazard. The tall servant turned and lowered the black-board, and the young lady soon covered that side with mystical characters which except Atherton and Dr. Clerestory perhaps no one present understood. The solution was pronounced by both these gentlemen to be correct, and the others took it in faith.

"This," said Atherton, emphatically, "is really remarkable. It is a study of Freshman year at Yale and Columbia—I had done it myself at fourteen, and was thought a forward boy. Did your grandpapa Romarin teach you algebra, *petite?*"

"Yes, certainly," said Rosemary.

This exhibition was regarded with profound but well disguised irritation and contempt by several of those invited to witness it. Mrs. George Varick, who was generally considered to be chiefly interested in the matter, the more her young cousin's accomplishments and talents became evident, the deeper and deadlier hate she conceived for her, modified only by a plan which before this party she had faintly outlined. After conversing with Mr. Atherton for a long time, and so confidentially that it had the air of a flirtation, Mrs. George gliding through the apartment and speaking to several relatives in high praise of the youthful Dashon,—"Very generous on your part!" as they said,—at last, as if by accident, stopped near Dr. Mannikin, who was listening, quite rapt, to another song from Mrs. Atherton. Dr. Mannikin rose and made her a slight but formal and respectful inclination, as a professional man does to a great lady in society, with whom he wishes to stand well. They seemed to discuss the singer or the performance.

"The *petite* Romarin is quite a success," whispered the doctor.

"If I were Louis Napoleon I would make the grandpapa a general—he has shown that he understands taking fortresses," said Mrs. George, looking at the songstress as if about to cry *Brava!*

"She will inherit these palatial halls, madam," replied the doctor sententiously.

"Could she be persuaded to marry Roosey—do you think?"

"Not for some years, I fancy."

"Roosey will be a man as soon as she will a woman."

"In feelings," said the doctor, emphatically.

"In person he will be a wretched little dwarf, I know," hissed the lady. "For all that she must marry him or——"

"There is time for a thousand things to happen before that."

"True—and what is your boasted science worth, Ezekiel"—turning to him—"if you can't rid me of such vermin as that?"

"An imprudent remark," said the doctor, glancing round uneasily.

"If I meant anything by it," said the lady, carelessly and resuming her composed manner. "As I don't, where's the imprudence?"

When the Athertons retired, which was very soon, Mrs. Atherton pleading, with a brilliant smile, her domestic cares, grandpapa Dashon said:—"That is the happiest couple in New York."

"Mrs. Atherton retains her beauty perfectly," said grandmamma. "What a mouth she has! Of all things I admire a beautiful mouth—do you understand? No face can be really beautiful when the mouth is mean, or like an animal, do you understand?"

Now it was Mrs. Dashon who first observed in regard to her niece, how much "Bell's mouth resembled a squirrel's"—a remark which did not fail in time to reach that young lady's ears, and supplied one of the many original reasons why Mrs. George Varick hated her aunt, who on her part returned the sentiment with the most Christian and lady-like aversion.

Drs. Varick and Mannikin also discovered that they had professional calls to attend and disappeared: and the younger portion of the company, reinforced by the juniors from several neighboring families, organized a quadrille in the great drawing-room. Rosemary was made to play the hostess to them all. New as the part must have been to her, she did it charmingly,

taking off the high easy manner of her friend Mrs. Atherton with all the younger ones.

"What a little monkey it is!" said grandpapa Dashon "She has great talent though, and will be killingly beautiful. If poor little Roosey were only two years older, instead of two months, and a head taller—yes, a head taller—his mother might have some hope of him too."

But Rose will never take to that boy except in a sisterly way. She is dancing now with a lad full fifteen, and although he has the downy beginnings of a mustache, smokes and swears and drinks brandy and water, and goes to the theatre two or three nights in the week, she will presently toss back her black ringlets among the girls and say:—"Oh, I don't like *boys!* why didn't Mr. and Mrs. Atherton stay? I am quite in love with *them*, I declare"

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE DASHONS EDUCATED ROSEMARY.

MRS. ATHERTON entertained her husband that evening with the history of little Rosemary Dashon, which he had never before heard. Seated in her low rocker, with her own baby in her arms, Mary Atherton was happy within and spicy without. There was no vinegar in her sparkling narrative, still less any gall, but plenty of pepper and salt. She didn't spare grandmamma Dashon nor the Varicks either. By her account the story of Thérèse Romarin, the mother of Rosemary, was a deeply pathetic one, and grandmamma Dashon either knew nothing about it, or did not relate it correctly. Mrs. Atherton remembered perfectly the sensation caused by Mlle. Romarin's elopement, and also the emotion—so very rare a thing—at early Mass on the first Sunday of the month immediately following, on seeing her go to communion as usual, and how as she came back from the altar, with head inclined and hands meekly folded according to her custom, every one saw the wedding-ring on her finger—she who never wore rings at any time. Nobody doubted she was married, she never denied it, she answered unhesitatingly, though with a blush, when addressed as "Mrs. Dashon," and everybody understood the reason why they did nothing to force the fact on the attention of Varick Dashon's parents, and also why they ran away—it was not to implicate her father. They were not married till she left her father's house with Varick; the contrary supposition was entirely false. Indeed there was nothing mysterious about it to Mrs. Atherton except the one undoubted fact that Mlle. Romarin deemed herself acting right all the time, and that her director justified her. That was plain:—for on the morning of her marriage (Mrs. Atherton was knowing to all these circumstances) they met in

the sacristy, Mlle. Romarin was accompanied by her *bonne*, Dick Dashon by one of his own family—a young lady—Mrs. Atherton for reasons of her own did not name her; and the bishop married them in the church, without other witnesses (for Mass was said then on week-days in the basement of the chapel) except the boy who lighted the candles on the altar and held the vessel of holy water to sprinkle the ring withal. At that time no record was kept of marriages, not even a certificate was given, but it was on a certain morning of June, 1836, as "Monseigneur certified afterwards in writing to Capt Romarin"

"Why did he not publish it?" asked Atherton.

Because, unfortunately, owing to a sad mischance, the proof of this marriage at this date, did not clear up the real charge under which his daughter suffered, that Monseigneur married them to repair a fault already committed. For on the last night of the same year, while her husband was absent at the seat of government soliciting a clerkship, returning from church about dusk (for the next day was Sunday as well as New Year's Day), she slipped and fell, receiving a severe shock, and before the New Year's morning dawned gave birth to a daughter, to save whose life she sacrificed her own. For after this afflicting accident, it is certain that Thérèse Dashon, *née* Romarin, descendant by her mother of the princely Florеals, destitute of all attendance, after doing all for the child untimely born that she knew how, seeing that contrary to all her expectation it lived and cried, dressed herself and went forth before daylight in the bleak winter morning for a physician. She went first to Dr. Varick, and the doctor declined going to a tenement house at that hour, still more decidedly when he heard that it was Varick Dashon's child—he "did not want to have anything to do with the case."—A few doors further, wandering up Broadway, the fainting mother found another doctor; despairing she pulled the night-bell—

"It was our good Dr. Tankerville," continued Mary Atherton. "You may guess what *his* answer was. He conveyed Thérèse home in his own carriage, carried her up stairs himself, saved the infant by his skilful care, but he could not save the

mother; what terrible sequel of her heroic exposure I know not, destroyed her. Not knowing who she was, he sent for our ladies; some of us came—why linger over so sad a tale? Never shall I forget how poor Capt. Romarin looked when he entered the room—his white stern soldier-like face! Nobody knew what to say, but I drew aside the curtain of a little crib—I had bought it myself—and showed him the infant wrapped in cotton. He regarded it with his eagle eye.—'How long before its time was this child born, doctor?' he asked, hoarsely and briefly.—'To judge by its appearance a six months' child,' said the doctor, in the most matter-of-fact tone—'it is barely viable—I never knew one live yet!'—'It MUST live!' cried Romarin, bursting into a flood of tears.—Oh, Alban! there was not a dry eye among us all!"

Now here was an instance of what we may almost call those secret machinations of Providence which startle us so in unfolding any history whatever.

"The little chit has life enough in her now," observed her husband.

"Isn't she a charming little gipsy! So French! And her progress in mathematics is astonishing to me."

"A clever little girl and well taught."

"And such a pity that all should run to waste under Mrs. Dashon's finishing hand," resumed his wife. "Would you believe that they talk of sending her to Psyche de Juponville's day-school, to be finished? The pupils, you know, wear only silk dresses, and practice their lessons before a swing-glass."

"What lessons?"

"How to lift your robe in crossing a street, how in entering a carriage, and all the other coquetries of the sidewalk and the drawing-room, which a Christian maid or matron is all the lovelier for *not* comprehending. You look incredulous, but it is a fact. Psyche de Juponville's finished pupils have taken the avenue society by storm lately, but that little Rose Dashon has more in her head now that's worth knowing, than the best of them."

"You appear to think highly of mathematics for girls, my dear."

"Oh! it is not that, but solid studies. Have I not heard you often say that mathematics discipline the mind better than almost any other branch."

"Plato thought so, and recommended them for women. So he did gymnastics, in which respect his judgment has not been so highly approved."

"Why not?" asked his wife, simply. "I thought exercise was as good for women as for men."

"True, my dear; but the gymnastics of the Greeks (as the name implies) were exercises in which men contended quite nude."

"Ah!"—laughing innocently—"but surely that feature is not essential. And do you know, little Rosemary Dashon says she can climb 'as good as any boy?' I quite believe it, for she has the most supple, elastic figure in the world. Her spine bends and springs back under your hand like a bow of steel."

"I noticed her striding over Madam Dashon's grand carpet as if it had been a moonlit lawn," said her husband.

"What a contrast to that poor little Cornelius Varick!" pursued Mrs. Atherton. "And yet, do you know, the Varicks think those two children should be married when they are old enough?"

"Cousins! and the boy a ricketty dwarf!"

"Just what Mrs. Dr. Varick observed in telling me of it: for *she* wants the child for her own son the lieutenant."

"Twice her age."

"That objection will diminish as they grow older."

"It will be some years before any such plans can take effect," observed Atherton, drily.

"True; and do you know that I have formed a plan, dear, for this little Rosemary?"

"Matrimonial? you don't mean her for Eugene, I hope."

"Scarcely," said his wife, laughing—for Eugene was her baby;—"no, an educational plan; that is, to have her join our girls in their school-room. Now I know what you are going to object—that she is three years older than Grace, and so advanced that they can have no lessons in common. As regards English studies, I am not so sure of that."

"I am sure of the contrary," said Atherton. "Grace would correct her English a dozen times in as many sentences."

"There, then, you see the advantage to the child, and it will be equally good for the French of my girls."

"We will grant that."

"Well, then I would look after the faith and morals of this little orphan, in whom I must feel the tenderest interest."

"My love, you reflect somewhat severely on Mrs. Dashon in that remark!"

"Mrs. Dashon!! You should have heard her talk to me to-night about her grandchild's religious education. She considers her destined to make some grand alliance in France—the child is descended from the Floréals, you know—and that is another claim upon me, for the Floréals and the Rosières were always connected:—so grandmamma wishes her to be trained in all the observances of the Catholic religion—'were she herself a *duchesse*, she would attend Mass in state every Sunday'—'what one believes is quite another affair, do you understand?'—Hence, she has taken a pew at St. Vincent's for the child, and sends her in the carriage with her *bonne* every Sunday morning!"

"Is it a thoroughly good little girl—this Rosemary?"

"She has had no one to teach her what is right but an old officer and a simple *bonne*. It seems that Capt. Romarin made a scientific division of the subject. He said to Louise—'*You* shall teach my grandchild her religion and her modesty—*I* will instruct her in all other moral virtues.'—I judge that the plan has succeeded—at least she is open as the day."

"It is not from grandpapas and *bonnes* that children learn mischief. What companions of her own age has she had?"

"Till lately none; and even now she has no intimate friends.'

"Except her goat."

"Then she is so devotedly attached to her grandpapa Romarin, who brought her up, understands so well the difference between her obligations to him and to these rich worldly grandparents who will make her their heir. It is a shrewd, sensible little damsel withal."

"The Dashons would not object, I suppose."

"They would jump at the chance!" said Mary Atherton.

"See a little more of her before you decide," said her husband. "If your maternal instinct is satisfied, I shall not object on general principles."

The next day Rosemary came by invitation to visit the Athertons. She brought Nanette, and the children were so much delighted with both playmates, their plays which began to be somewhat dull had so much more life than usual, that Mrs. Atherton was quite convinced her plan was good. They kept the child to dinner; in the evening Mr. Atherton joined his family and amused the girls with funny games. It is in these unguarded moments that character shows itself. Rosemary, quite unused to such diversions, grew wild with excitement. In the midst of it arrived a servant with a carriage to convey Miss Dashon home.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" said Rosemary, instantly breaking off, with a look of severe disappointment.

"Oh, don't go yet—don't let her go, papa!" cried the Atherton girls.

"I think we may venture to keep the carriage a quarter of an hour, till we have finished this game, Miss Rose," said Mr. Atherton.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Atherton," replied the young lady with dignity, "but my grandpapa says that in not obeying immediately, one disobeys."

With that she at once put on her beaver and mantle, embraced her little friends and Mrs. Atherton, offered her hand to Mr. Atherton, left a kiss for Eugene, and departed. We divine that the Athertons made their proposition immediately to the Dashons.

The Dashons were charmed. The question of Rosemary's education, which had become embarrassing, obtained in this manner a prompt and easy solution. She was not sent to a boarding-school, to which grandpapa Dashon was extremely averse; and yet grandmamma Dashon escaped the bore of superintending her instruction by masters. The pecuniary part was so arranged that Mr. Dashon incurred no obligation to the Athertons, while the governess and masters had every reason to be satisfied As soon as the holidays were over Rosemary commenced going regularly every morning at nine o'clock to Mrs. Atherton's

to school. The lessons lasted from nine to three, with an hour's intermission for play and luncheon. Thus six hours daily except on Thursdays and Sundays, were spent by our little heroine under the roof of her friends and chiefly under Mrs. Atherton's maternal eye. These days scarcely formed an exception. The intimacy of school-hours led to engagements for the weekly holiday. Indeed at all times, if Rose was not at Mrs. Atherton's the Atherton girls were sure to be at "Rosemary's," as in children's parlance Mr. Dashon's mansion was soon called. They were taken out to drive together, sometimes by the grandpapa, sometimes by Mr. Atherton; took their rides and walks together, or visited the museum, the hippodrome, the picture-gallery, or other places of innocent amusement together. On Sundays it suited grandmamma Dashon's ideas to send Miss Dashon to church in her own carriage, accompanied by Louise, which did not prevent Miss Dashon often asking and obtaining permission from Mrs. Atherton to take home either Grace or Bessie. On rainy Sundays it became a custom for the Athertons to call for Rose, who then—the carriage being quite full—claimed the right to sit "sometimes" on Mr. Atherton's knee "as well as the others;" a privilege Grace and Bessie were sometimes inclined to dispute, alleging—with a pout—that it was more polite to yield "Miss Dashon" one of the seats of the carriage. It could not be but that "sometimes" these little girls quarrelled, and manifested various infirmities of temper.

As happens with generous children, the difference of age between Grace and Rose only gave their friendship a new shade of tenderness. The manners of the Atherton girls at the outset were undeniably more elegant, savoring of the aristocratic society of the old world in the midst of which they had passed their childhood. This was what specially charmed grandmamma Dashon in the Atherton intimacy. Whether it were blood showing itself, as the Athertons themselves were disposed to allow; or a facility of imitation, as Mrs. Dashon considered; Rose Marie caught all that fine and nameless grace immediately. Of the three children she was the cleverest, the most passionate, the most impulsive and imperious, and she was also the most generous, the least selfish and the most courageously true of

them all. Bessie Atherton, a golden-haired blonde, was a child of infinite susceptibility and mobility of temper, an April temperament of smiles and tears, of eager affection and short-lived petulance; but if she wept, it was like a little lady, with her cambric handkerchief on her face and her face buried in one graceful arm, haughtily suppressing her sobs; if she smiled or laughed, the little aristocrat had the air of despising laughter all the same:—it was the most comical piece of infant noblesse that you can conceive. Mary Grace—quiet, reserved, sometimes moody, dreamily indolent, yet capable of intense application, addicted to novel-reading, even in her temper, invincible in her will, with a high opinion of herself, her parents, her family, her faith and everything else belonging to her, a deep clear brunette in complexion, with eyes like sloes and hair like her mother's, of a rich blackish brown—was not thought so loveable as Bessie, but was more constant, more persevering both in study and in attachments, and for four years kept abreast of Rosemary in English studies, though obliged to "knock under" to her in French, music and mathematics. In this competition of course little Bessie was nowhere.

Mr. Atherton thought that Rose Dashon's turn for the exact sciences ought to be encouraged, and with grandpapa Dashon's consent, he got a rare mathematical scholar, actuary of a Life Insurance Company in which they both were interested, to superintend this part of her education. Mr. Charles Calcul turned up his nose at the idea of a girl being a mathematician; but after making Rosemary show him how to extract the *m*th root of a polynomial, he laughed, settled his auburn wig, pulled his large round English ear, and said in broad Yorkshire, "Wall, we ken but troy her, Mister Atherton." Rosemary teased and provoked the poor mathematician out of his life almost, but she made great progress under him, with the more facility as all the books were in her native tongue.

Each summer saw the Athertons flit to their rural mansion on the Hudson, a quasi-baronial seat; and grandpapa Dashon erected near them a pretty cottage after the designs of Downing: for his own country-house was on the Sound. Here the lighter lessons were resumed, but the physical nature received

the chief care. Grandpapa paid an annual visit of at least two months to the Springs for his gout. Rose was then the guest of the Athertons. With all her affection and duty to her grandparents, those were the golden days of her youth. So passed the years of these children of opulence. The second Spring Rose Dashon and Grace Atherton were confirmed together. The third summer Rose was found to measure five feet exact, and lengthened her dresses to within two inches of her ancles. But she still wore a brown "flat" on week-days and her hair in ringlets. Its color was a shade or two lighter, and by pulling it out straight the jade could nearly sit on it. She would have confined it in a braid, as well as have had her skirts sweep the walks, had she been allowed her own way; for grandmamma was terribly afraid of her growing up, and would not hear of either proposal, an obstinacy which cost the young lady many tears when the muslins were fitted. She even wrote to grandpapa Romarin on the subject, but as the dawning of the Empire was occupying his attention at the moment, and the Prince President had just named him a general, although he answered his granddaughter's letter, he entirely forgot to say anything about her curls or dresses. To make her amends he sent her some pretty Parisian gifts.

The third summer went like lightning, for that autumn was destined to bring sad changes. Mr. Atherton was in Congress. He took a house in Washington, and his beautiful wife accompanied him to sustain his influence by her social charm. The children of course went with their parents, and Rosemary's school was closed. There was more weeping at grandpapa Dashon's the day the Athertons left for the capital of the Union than on the day grandpapa Romarin sailed. It was not such a wilful storm of petulant grief. Rosemary sat on grandpapa's knee, and laid her head on his shoulder and cried at least an hour.—"Come, that will do," said grandmamma: "such a great girl as you, almost fifteen years old, should not be such a cry-baby—do you understand?"—Rose stopped crying, and after that went cheerfully about her lessons as usual. Her masters agreed that she never made such progress as that year; she was so eager to improve that she was unwilling to intermit her

lessons even in summer, and she came down to the city twice a week to recite:—it was only a two hours' ride on the cars. It was the long session and lasted far into the summer, and the Athertons returned just as the Dashons were going to the White Sulphur, and the families missed each other. The next winter it was the same thing over, and a good deal duller for Rosemary, who had no companions, no resource but her music, books, an occasional evening at the opera and driving out with grandmamma in the dreary streets. Grandpapa had gout very severely, and was attended by Dr. Mannikin. Rose became quite devout. Grandmamma was alarmed lest her health should suffer, or she should take it into her head to enter a convent. For the child went to church every morning before breakfast, and during Lent abstained from meat—which grandmamma Dashon called "fasting rigorously, do you understand?"—three days in the week. Rose Marie Dashon was now full sixteen years of age, though she scarcely looked it. The winter dresses, indeed, had at last been lengthened to the full requirements of incipient young ladyhood, but the raven ringlets, tinged in the long extremities with chestnut reflections, still waved on the shoulders and fell below the waist. To say the truth, Miss Rosemary was no longer so anxious about braiding them up; her thin long face, large dark eyes and majesty of brow did not suit a braid; only when half-hidden in flowing tresses could the spare but serene lines of future beauty be discerned. She was very school-girlish, too, in figure, and a trifle awkward in her long dresses. Satisfied with their length, she cared nothing for their amplitude, which together with a profound apathy on the subject of beaux, caused a repulsion between Rose Dashon and her young acquaintances. As for the boys—the young gentlemen, as they wished to be considered—she was more than indifferent, actually hostile. She laughed at their man-like ways, their premature small vices, their foppish attire, and their ceremonious greetings to herself and other girls of her age. When the latter stirred abroad, they walked decorously along, mincing their steps, and practising all the airs of grown women, especially if some lads from sixteen to eighteen chanced to be observing them. If Rose Dashon wanted to speak to any of her little favorites, or to

answer the nod of some matron friend, she would start bonnetless, cross the street on a run very likely ; if she walked out, it was with a rapid, free and elastic step, straightforward to her destination. Nay, it was enough to see her standing quietly among a circle of girls of her age, to feel that she was among them but not of them. Older people were sensible of a deep charm in all that, which escaped her contemporaries. The schoolgirls who laughed at Rose Dashon for her slim figure in contrast with their own apparent diameters, and pitied her for having no beaux to talk about—"and she the richest heiress in New York, too!"—never elicited that grave parental admiration and almost tenderness with which men prematurely gray in the world's battle paused to address the owner of that slender unstarched shape, that intelligent, unembarrassed, modest countenance. And Rose was entirely content to answer such a one's inquiries about her grandparents, her friends Grace and Bessie Atherton, her progress in mathematics, music and drawing, her rides, her new horse Arab, and how long she expected to continue under masters before she entered "society."

Among Rosemary's fastest friends and greatest admirers at this period was Professor Calcul. He was an intelligent scholar, who believed that the chief end of man was the study of the exact sciences, a study which, he firmly maintained, formed the sole occupation and felicity of the blessed in Heaven. Rose used to laugh at this.

"I like to master a difficult problem, like the functions of a parabola, or the calculation of an eclipse," said she,—and Rose at her examination covered the blackboard with series upon series of equations that nobody but Calcul pretended to understand, but which *he* regarded with intense admiration—"I like it best when it's over, though, and I hope for a more agreeable occupation of my eternity than reducing infinite parabolas to algebraic symbols, or calculating never-ending eclipses, of planets perhaps not yet created," and Rose laughed merrily.

"Moy dear pupil," Calcul would answer, "you forget that scoience—and there is no scoience but mathematics—is eternal truth, and that even God himself has mysterious relations of number."

"Ah!" said Rose, "when we see Him as He is, there will be an end of calculations. He is most simple—Unity itself. And in Him we shall see all things, you know; so that logarithms will be entirely useless in reducing the equations that perplex us now," and Rose laughed again; for this scientific language was as simple to her as how to dress a doll.

Then Calcul growled, and sometimes pinched her ear with grim affection, for he dearly loved the child, his only pupil, as he averred, that ever understood him or mathematics either.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROSE BEFORE IT BLOOMED.

GRANDMAMMA was right:—she dreamed of the cloister. Grandmamma was wrong:—there was no particular danger in such a dream. It by no means followed that the child had a true vocation that way: it was but the natural revery of a virgin soul.

Rosemary was maturing like the slow spring of southern climes, which creeps on step by step, instead of passing, as in the north, by one leap from winter's nakedness to the luxuriance of summer. Her intelligence had ripened while her sensibility lay dormant; and the possession of knowledge beyond her sex and years, with the accompanying consciousness of intellectual superiority, united with a bodily vigor rare in these degenerate days, to inspire that proud love of independence and disdain of the future yoke, which is undoubtedly the first impulse of incontaminate youth. If that impulse is rarely felt, it is because youth is seldom incontaminate.

An education singularly happy in its freedom from corrupt influences, with plain moral instruction so much more wholesome than the exaggerated delicacy of our artificial life, had combined with the vigilant aid of heavenly powers to preserve the innocence of Rosemary. That beautiful instinct—woman's guardian monitor, girlhood's "sweet-briery fence" and fragrant charm—no shadow of an evil thought wilfully indulged had ever rendered it less sensitive in the bosom of Rose Dashon. This being so, it is not strange that a young Catholic, accustomed from childhood to hear the praises of virginity, taught to invoke daily a Virgin without spot as the most glorious, the most tender and the most powerful of intercessors at the throne of Infinite Purity, should—when the idea of woman's destiny first dawned upon her intelli-

gence—timidly but aspiringly turn her thoughts to this state so winning in natural beauty and hallowed by religion. Poetry as well as faith painted in glowing colors the happiness of the holy nun. The nun lived secluded from the world. Her life was passed in divine meditation and worship of her Divine Spouse. That was a Bridegroom for whom the purest maid in her innocence could sigh unashamed. To rest in a chaste and narrow cell, with no companion but the crucifix, to kneel daily in a retired and silent convent-chapel safe behind its lofty grille; to move along the cloister walk, where clustering columns cast frequent shadows on the tesselated pavement, and roses bloom in the fair open rectangle—of this Rosemary had heard from Mrs. Atherton in talking of other times and other lands, and many a fine picture in her friend's collection had helped her fancy to vivify the recital. Such things Rose dreamed of as others dream of listening to lovers' vows in moonlit gardens. It was at least a more delicate and less dangerous revery. She imagined that glorious *chevelure*—her luxuriant tresses—which now floated unprofaned by any scissors beneath her very girdle, falling on the marble floor of a convent chapel, an emblematic sacrifice of all she then would offer to Him. Thence her clear and rapid intellect, trained to trace all things to their conclusion, flew over the intervening years to the final scene, the nun's death-bed—that bed where at last the longing of the mystic spouse is turned to fruition, where the joy of others ends and hers begins, her true bride-bed, her nuptial couch of immortality. Could she stand in His presence a virgin soul, and after the resurrection, in a virgin body, what a crown of eternal glory would it be in the sight of the angels! All her sex's pride, all her young ambition (for Rose was ambitious), all her native and untamed delicacy, took this shape, and she sighed for the white amaranthine wreath of the Virgins as other maidens sigh for the orange flowers and nuptial veil.

And yet there was one person of the opposite sex and of an age near her own, for whom Rosemary manifested something like a preference. This was her cousin Cornelius. He was doubly her cousin, and she certainly regarded him as at least very nearly a brother. Young Varick was a precocious youth, as those who

have suffered from his malady often are. He had entered college at thirteen and stood first in his class. When Roosevelt (as he liked best to be called) took prize after prize over fifty others older than himself, the family of course rung with his renown. His constitution had become more vigorous as he grew older and gained his height, which was below the middle stature. His limbs grew stout, his frame became thick-set and muscular, the stoop disappeared; a very large head would still have given him the appearance of a dwarf, had it not been for his peach-like complexion, grand blue eyes and soft brown hair, which were boyish traits. Perhaps to preserve this aspect of the case, he wore a turn-over collar and round jacket, long after every other fellow of his age had left them off.

During the year after the Athertons went to Washington the cousins were thrown a great deal together. Roosevelt prepared his mathematical lessons at his uncle Dashon's, in order to be assisted occasionally by Rose. At least this was the ostensible motive, though grandmamma Dashon, whose dislike of the mother extended to the son, assigned another, viz.: to make love to his cousin.

"Cornelius," she would say (she always called him Cornelius),—"is clever. All the Varicks are clever. But then he is a dwarf. I don't wish to become the ancestress of a race of Tom Thumbs—do you understand?"—with her most scornful laugh. "And he is only two months older than my granddaughter, and her cousin to boot: cousins should never marry—do you understand?"

"I have not the most distant idea of marrying Roosey, grandmamma," would Rosemary reply, with a blush. "He is only a boy, you know, grandmamma, and his being my cousin is a reason why I should love him."

"Ah, he is only a boy!" replied grandmamma, sagely. Her hair was more silvery than six years ago, her wrinkles more numerous, and her wisdom proportionably greater. "He is more a man than you are a woman, child—do you understand?"

Grandmamma had also an offensive way of calling him "the general," in allusion to Gen. T. Thumb. Mrs. Isabel Varick too

pitied and snubbed her son before his cousin, all which excited Rosemary's sympathies strongly in favor of Roosevelt.

One evening (it was in February) Cornelius and Rosemary were sitting together in the blue drawing-room; each had a slate, and there was a volume of French astronomical calculations between them. The problem, whatever it was, was difficult, and the equations extremely intricate. Rose worked at it patiently. It was her lesson, not Roosevelt's, for at college they did not pretend to reach the high and bewildering regions of analysis whither the relentless Calcul had at last carried his pupil. Roosevelt, however, affected to be studying the same problem—for it was not beyond his comprehension, though out of his familiar line of study. One could easily see that it was affectation, for ever and anon he would lay down his slate pencil and lean upon his hand, as if lost in thought: he was really watching his companion, who had covered one whole side of her slate with algebraic symbols, and was busily going over them to detect, if possible, some error which had escaped her. The absence of that lynx-eyed grandmamma, whose jealous vigilance had been overcome by the temptation of a game of whist, was a grand opportunity for the boy to gaze at his fellow-student instead of confining his attention to his book and slate.

Young Varick was in his senior year at college, and lacked but a few months of graduation. This circumstance, and the consideration of his sixteenth birthday, some months ago passed, had induced him to adopt a manlier fashion in his apparel. A dandy collar and showy neck-tie, an easy-fitting, large-sleeved frock-coat, something between a shooting-jacket and a sack, with a waistcoat and trowsers of distinguished pattern, such as the fast yet discriminating youths of the time affected, formed his new attire. His soft brown hair had been submitted to the curling tongs. His fair cousin took no notice of the change, and herself was youthfully arrayed: that is, in a brighter silk than her seniors wore on ordinary occasions, and "low-necked and short-sleeved." One large white arm was bent to support her thoughtful forehead; the other rested on the table beside the slate, managing the slate-pencil with a hand like Hebe's own. A long narrow gold comb secured her black tresses behind and

kept them from falling over her ears and face, but thence they streamed in unconfined luxuriance, here covering her shoulder and arm, there flowing down her back over the bright rose-silk of her dress, till the full skirt threw off the lengthening ringlets. A great arm-chair, carved, gilt, and cushioned with blue satin, held this youthful vision.

"I cannot find this error, Roosey," said the girl, slightly turning to him.

Cornelius, who was watching her as a cat watches a mouse, that is, as if he would have devoured her alive, bent forward to look over her slate. It was then that something happened which we shall only describe by its effects. Rosemary gave a little start, pushed back her chair, and glanced round the room.

"There is nobody here," said her cousin.

"No!" said she, reddening, and her eye sparkling angrily. "Had there been, you would not have dared to do it!"

A glass of water stood on the table; she drew it towards her and with the air of a petted beauty washed the back of her hand freely, and wiped it off with her handkerchief.—"You ought to be ashamed, Roosey!"—glancing at him angrily.—"You have a right to kiss me on both cheeks like a cousin, before everybody, on a fit occasion—I never objected, did I?—You seldom offered, I own:—but you have no right to do it when nobody is by, and my hand too—what do you mean by that, sir?"—a little fiercely.

"It is the first time, Rosy."

"It must be the last time, Roosey."

"I didn't think you would make such a fuss!" said Roosevelt.

"You mistook my character, then," replied she, with the same resentful look. "Grandmamma is right," she continued, gravely, and looking down at her hand, "you are no longer a boy, cousin Roosevelt, and I shall not treat you as one any more."

"I am glad to hear it," cried Cornelius with spirit.

"Very well, sir!"—A tear began to trickle.

"I love you, Rose Dashon. That's the whole truth," pursued Cornelius, proudly.

The girl gave him an open stare of mute astonishment.

"Yes, young as I am—boy as you think me—I love you passionately!"

The first movement of the young girl was to half rise as if about to run away, her second to laugh, though with embarrassment and a vivid blush.

"Oh, Roosey Varick! what a ridiculous declaration! You a boy at college, and I school-girl!"

"A man at college, if you please!" said Roosevelt, indignantly. "In a few months I shall be a graduate. And you don't go to school."

"I have masters and lessons, which is the same thing!"

"So has Louisa Varick, and yet she is engaged to be married."

"How supremely inconsequent! Louisa is engaged to a gentleman settled in business, Roosevelt, and you are only sixteen years and some months old—you can't deny that;—no older than I—you cant deny that either."

"Yes—two months older."

"Fine difference! One month and twenty-nine days. I can tell you to the fraction of a minute presently"—taking her slate again, with an amusing air of defiance.

"Oh, confound your mathematics!" cries Roosevelt. "I detest your eternal slate-fuls of figures."

"You can't do the problems—that's why," retorted Rose.

"We ain't talking of problems, but of love," said the boy.

"Something you know still less about," answers the young girl.

"It is you who know nothing about it," replies Roosevelt. "I declare I never met a girl of your age who was such a perfect simpleton in such matters as you are, and I will leave it to anybody."

"Well, I don't wish to know any more than I do—that's one comfort!" cries the young lady with spirit. "I have something more important to think of just now—*Dieu merci!* and you, too, Roosey. You had better attend to your college lessons, and

leave your cousin Rose to her eternal slate-fuls of figures. I am not a flirt at all events," added she gravely, "and nobody shall ever say that I flirted with you, or trifled with your affections—which would only be to please my own vanity, if I did it. Heaven knows I am heart-whole myself. So, sir, you and I won't get our lessons together any more after this, if you please."

"Oh, Rose!" said the youth, starting. "That would be too cruel."

"If you really feel as you say, it is kind."

"*If?* Now, you are not only cruel but insulting, Rosemary."

"I don't mean it, Roosevelt," said Rosemary, more gently. "You probably deceive yourself, Roosey. No doubt you love me. Don't I love you too? You mistake this brother-and-sisterly affection for something else, which you have read about in novels, but which you certainly do not understand. How should you? I am as old as you, and everybody says that girls are more forward than boys, and I have read a great deal more mathematics than you, and *I* know nothing about it. It is the greatest mystery in the world to me what the girls are so crazy about beaux for, and always for ever talking of being engaged and married. I believe they want to be women, to dress in the height of fashion and go where they like—the more fools they. I don't mean to trouble my head with such nonsense till I am out of my teens at least. You are just like them, Roosey. That's why you have gone and got that new coat. I liked you ever so much better in your blue roundabout."

Roosevelt's mortification was intense. The last was the finishing stroke, and fairly convinced him that his passion was unreturned, for nothing in long robes could possibly prefer a *lover* in jacket and trowsers. Fairly driven to the wall, he had recourse to an argument very humiliating to a lover at any age—authority.

"You may say what you like, Rosy," he replied, with great coolness:—"it is not your whims or mine that will decide this question between you and me at last. Uncle Roosevelt will have something to say, and so will my mother. I know aunt Dashon don't like me, but my mother says she knows how to shut her mouth pretty quick; and if you don't marry me you will

lose all your fine fortune, and that's why I wanted you to love me beforehand, if possible."

"Will grandpapa give his money to you, Roosey, in case I refuse to marry you?" asked Rosemary, smiling, but not without a certain curiosity and interest.

"My mother says so positively—but remember that I tell it you in confidence:—honor bright, Rosy!"

"You may make perfectly sure of the fortune, then, Roosey,' answered the girl, with a laugh. "I won't tell anybody either."

"You despise me, Rose Dashon, because I am not quite so tall as others!" said the youth, stifling a sob. "For all that—if you must know the truth—your father was engaged to my mother, and if he had kept his word, I should be your grandpapa's heir this minute."

"I suppose your mother told you that too?"

"She did."

"It is false that I despise you on account of your height or for any other reason, Roosey."

"You act like it."

"You are young enough to grow taller," said the girl, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye.

"I am almost as tall now as Mr. Douglas, who, my father thinks, will be President."

"That's right, Roosey! Perhaps you will be President—who knows? The Emperor was quite short too—you know the army called him the 'little corporal,'" said Rose, laughing.

"Why, then, are you so *set* against me, Rosemary? Tell me that."

The young girl mused; her great dark eyes fastened on him mysteriously; her perfect brow knitted into a meditative intensity; she flung her long curls back over her shoulders with one hand; she looked like a young queen.

"Cornelius!" she said, solemnly.

"Rosemary?"

"You have no right to know that I have ever thought of anything but my lessons, but perhaps if you think so, you won't be cured of this fancy so soon. Now, then, because I do love

you as a brother, and wish you to be a brother to me always, I will tell you all my heart."

"Rose!" said the boy, rising and coming a little nearer to her, "you're a trump, I vow."

"I have thought about marriage a great deal," pursued the girl, with a bright blush. "How could I help it, Roosey? Grandmamma often speaks to me of it, so does Louise, and sometimes even Mrs. Atherton used. Then aunt Varick wants me to marry her son, our cousin, who is already a commander in the navy, you know, and a MAN, Roosey; and your mother—that's no secret to me either—has set her heart on getting me or my fortune for *you* one of these days. Now Roosevelt, don't be pained by what I shall say. Nothing will induce me to marry any cousin, or any one named Varick, or Dashon, or both. Least of all will I ever marry *you*, Cornelius. If your mother expects it, she is mistaken. In one word, I have been brought up from infancy to believe that the Varicks killed and defamed my mother; *your* mother had a principal hand in it; I don't say that any of them meant it, Roosey; I forgive them all; but as for marrying one of their sons—as for calling one of them MOTHER!" —she sprang to her feet and confronted the lad with a flashing eye —her fairy foot fairly stamped with the determination that her whole figure breathed—"I WILL DIE FIRST!"

As we have already mentioned in a former chapter, the mantel-piece of this room was opposite a window that looked on the avenue. In the day-time a person seated at the table in the centre of the apartment, by glancing in the huge mirror that crowned the mantel, could see a second-story window of the house opposite reflected with its beautiful stone columns and massive balcony. Consequently at night, when the room was brightly illumined, and only the lower part of the shutter closed, as the thick curtains cut off the chandelier, a person stationed at the aforesaid window of the house opposite could rigorously see in the mirror what was going on at the table. With a glass —if they were curious—they could discern even the expression of the faces. No one at grandmamma Dashon's was aware of this optical fact, but it was not unknown to a lady to whose private apartments the window in question belonged, and who

was no other than the mother of Roosey and the cousin of Rosemary, Mrs. George Varick.

Before Roosevelt Varick could reply to Rosemary's startling declaration, the front door-bell rang decisively. This by no means indicated, as it would indicate in England, a servant or a parcel; for knockers are not used in America; they went out with other colonial customs when the old gentry gave way to our spick and span bran-new aristocracy, which lives in brown-stone houses and has bells to its doors. Consequently, in a minute's time some one was admitted, a deep voice was heard inquiring, another minute passed while the visitor was doubtless laying aside his overcoat, the door of the drawing-room was thrown open and Mr. Atherton entered. Rosemary, who (school-girl-like) had resumed her seat at the table and drawn her book and slate towards her, sprang up joyfully.

"Oh, Mr. Atherton! How glad I am to see you!—when did you leave Washington?—how is your wife?—Where are Grace and Bessie?"—These questions were mingled with about as many kisses, given and returned, in the French manner, the young lady offering first one, then the other cheek.—"My cousin Roosevelt Varick—you remember?—Grandpapa and grandmamma are both out at a little whist party—I willl send for them."

A certain gravity with which men of mature years are apt to meet young persons whom they have known as children, disappeared from Mr. Atherton's countenance before the sunshine of this cordial welcome. He took the chair she offered—her own—while Rosemary drew another and lighter one beside it, and placed her hand confidentially on its carved elbow. He had a little note for her from Grace, which she took eagerly, begged permission, broke open and read. The short session would soon be over, and they were all coming to New York immediately. Possibly papa might be recalled by an odious extra-session, and be kept in Washington till August.

"Oh, how tiresome!" says Rosemary. "If I were you, sir, I would resign my seat, unless the people would make me emperor, and then I would change the seat of government to New York. Washington is quite a ridiculous place, I think. Is it so

dreadfully dusty as Grace writes? What a dear little postscript of Bessie's!"—kissing the signatures fondly.—"Oh, Mr. Atherton, you have no idea how dull I find it in their absence, and dear Mrs. Atherton's!"

"Another proof," said Mr. Atherton, smiling, and soliloquizing, "of the wisdom of our arrangement for isolating the legislature in a petty town. I can take my family with me, but I cannot take society and its great interests, nor even such a charming little friend as you."

"I declare you are growing gray in Washington, Mr. Atherton. Do see the white hairs! Oh, fie! why don't the girls pull them out?"—Without more ado she set herself to work, and pulled out one or two that silvered the rising statesman's brown locks.

"They will come in spite of you, Rosemary. But you are not a grain older, I see, than when we parted last—full fifteen months ago. It is very beautiful."

"What is beautiful?—My curls, do you mean, sir? I suppose Grace begins to braid her hair—does she? Has she grown as much as I have?"

"More in proportion. She is nearly as tall as you."

"Grace is very pretty, I suppose?"

"Very!" said her father, with emphasis.

"Of course she doesn't go into society at thirteen?"

"Scarcely—but dreams of balls (and beaux, I'm afraid) over her lessons."

"Oh, those everlasting beaux!"—laughing petulantly. Then suddenly remembering her cousin, whose very existence she had forgotten, she turned quickly and caught his glance of jealousy, rage and despair, and Rosemary recollected that she herself had received a declaration of love that very evening. It would not do for her to laugh at other girls for having beaux after that. So a kind of communicated consciousness—an electricity by induction—made her push her chair a little back from Mr. Atherton's. She glanced shyly first at one, then at the other, to mark the effect. Roosevelt's wrath was partially appeased. The astute Atherton smiled.

"How go the mathematics, Rose?" he continued. "You

and Roosevelt are still fellow-students I see. Any more prizes, Varick ?"

"We don't have prizes senior year," said young Varick, stiffly.

"Well, I never was at Columbia, you know. You have no more honors, then, to hope for till commencement? Will you take the first salutatory, Varick ?"

"I shouldn't like to say so. There is more than one man who thinks his chance as good as mine."

"You ought to beat them all to nothing in mathematics," said Mr. Atherton, smiling and glancing at Rosemary."

"Mathematics don't count so high as classics with us," said Varick, thawing before Mr. Atherton's interest in his college ambition.

"Professor A—— gives the tone, I suppose."

"Then there's a fellow who has been through a Jesuit college, and joined our class Junior year to strike for the honors, and is past twenty—"

"And is a better mathematician than you, Roosey—why don't you out with it like a man?" said Rosemary, laughing.

"Well, he can't hold a candle to you, Rose—that's what I tell O'Morra, that I have a cousin at home—"

"In petticoats," said Rosemary, with a gay smile.

"No, I don't say that; but a young lady, I tell him, who can beat *him* at the blackboard any day."

"Is that Cahal O'Morra's son ?" asked Atherton.

"The same—a splendid fellow, I must say," answered Varick, generously. "He knows more Latin than any man in our class, but I beat him in Greek."

"Ah, the Jesuits are not Greeks but Romans!" said Mr. Atherton, laughing.

"I say it isn't fair a man should take the Greek salutatory, who didn't learn Latin at Columbia. Greek ought to be the test in such a case. If O'Morra gets marked above me in the tragedies, I'll own beat," said Varick.

Here a carriage was heard to stop, and Rosemary, saying quietly—"That's grandpapa!"—ran out to meet them. Mr.

and Mrs. Dashon presently entered, the former leaning on his granddaughter's arm and walking slowly.

In the conversation that ensued, justice was done to the social gossip of Washington for the lady, and to the political complications for the gentleman. The young people listened, which young people now very seldom do. The regular thing would have been for Roosevelt and Rosemary to get into a corner and whisper, and laugh together, in short to carry on a flirtation; or perhaps their seniors might be obliging enough to vacate the drawing-room and take the library or dining-room for their own humdrum conversation. This is the excellent rule of some families. The Dashons had not yet adopted it. On the contrary, had Miss Dashon presumed to flirt with anybody, or to make herself otherwise more conspicuous than became her years, she would have been sent to bed. Grandmamma was naturally more strict with a girl; besides which, the training of Rosemary had been done to her hand, and with all her spirit the child was as obedient as high principle and early habit can well make a human being.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Atherton," said grandmamma, at last, when the general topics had been run through. "I want to talk to you about Rose. She is a great deal too religious, do you understand?"

"Because since Lent began I go to church every morning, Mr. Atherton," said the young lady.

"Before breakfast—do you understand?" says grandmamma. "She goes to church. I say, every morning, before breakfast, and fasts three days in the week!'

"I merely abstain, grandmamma—I never fasted since I was born."

"You don't eat meat, child,—it is the same thing. And what is worse, Mr. Atherton, although I have agreed that she may go to Mass every morning, and every evening too if she likes, on condition that she does not alter her diet, she is so infatuated in her own way that she offers to give up going to church if I forbid it, but absolutely refuses to obey me in the other particular, which is much more important to her health. A walk before

breakfast I consider an advantage to any young person—do you understand? but fish three times a week!!"

Atherton laughed heartily.

"You know, grandmamma, that I have always abstained from meat on the regular days since I was six years old."

"Before which you never ate any at all, child. That was well enough when you were a little girl—but at your age it is different. You require beef, mutton, steaks, cutlets, roast-turkey, partridge, venison—a little every day. But no! Mademoiselle has a terribly obstinate will—do you understand? She is immoveable as a rock. So on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, we are obliged to have turtle-soup, oysters, salmon (in cans, you know, Mr. Atherton), and rock-fish, which grandpapa is so indulgent as to have sent on from Baltimore in ice—do you understand? I tell him he spoils the child. She is growing thin——"

"Oh, grandmamma! I am plump as a partridge!"—And she held out gaily her rounded arms.

"And losing her color——"

The girl's cheek was bright at the moment as a new-blown rose.

"And in short, my opinion is that *made-moi-selle* thinks herself nearly a saint already! I am expecting every day to hear that she is going to take the veil—do you understand? Now what shall we do, Mr. Atherton?"

"Send her to a convent-school for a year or two," said the statesman.

"A capital idea!" cried grandmamma. "To dissipate the illusions of her imagination—do you understand?"

"Send the child away to school, my dear!" said grandpapa, reproachfully.

"It is better to be deprived of her society for a year or two, than to lose her entirely," replied grandmamma.

"Mr. Atherton rose and took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Dashon and shook hands cordially with Varick: then the young girl, who hung back till he had taken leave of the rest, extended both her hands.

"Kiss Grace and Bessie for me, sir."

"Naturally I must first receive the kisses from you, Rosemary."

"Certainly, sir,"—with a sidelong glance at Roosevelt, but offering her cheek with filial frankness.

"God bless you, my dear child," said the man of the world, in a grave and significant tone of kindness. "It is not the first time by many hundreds, but for aught I know it may be the last,"—turning to her grandparents.

"Heaven forbid it should be the last!" said Rosemary, with a merry laugh.

"Rose!" cried her grandmother. "Fie!"

"Be content," said Atherton, with one of his inscrutable smiles. "She will be as chary of such favors one day, as she is prodigal now."

Roosevelt Varick went away in the midst of this without even bidding his cousin good-night; and when Mr. Atherton stood on the steps, the boy was already out of sight and hearing.

Rosemary, meanwhile, was holding a discussion with her grandmother on the precise value of her kisses, and the particular claim of Mr. Atherton to receive as many of those counters of affection as she thought fit to bestow on him.

"Mr. Atherton is a kind of papa to me," said Rosemary.

"Nonsense, child! If he were not married, he would be of a very suitable age for your husband."

"Grace's father! Oh, grandmamma!"

"He is scarcely eight and thirty," said grandmamma, "and you are in your seventeenth year. Depend upon it, my dear, Mrs. Atherton would have a right to be jealous, a much better right than Cornelius Varick—do you understand?"

The young lady had undergone so many trying emotions that evening that her nervous system was at last affected, and grandmamma's reproof being of a nature to cause very keen mortification, she burst into tears. Perhaps she had reason to weep, for her childhood was gone as in a moment. When it was time to retire she embraced her grandmother as usual, then with

comical timidity her grandpapa (as if she feared that it might not be thought quite correct), who laughed quietly—grandpapa did. He thought it was all foolish, but would not interfere. Rosemary was at sea—on the ocean of womanly experience—without compass or pilot, and all her mathematics did not help her to ascertain her moral latitude and longitude; she could only let herself drift with the wind and the current, not knowing whither she was carried, to what mysterious mid-ocean or what dangerous lee-shore.

CHAPTER VI.

MATRIMONY IN THE HORIZON.

At the ever-memorable battle of Balaklava, Gen. Romarin, attached to the *état-major* of the Army of the East, where his knowledge of English made him a necessity of the first order, was hit by a Russian bullet. His life was saved by the circumstance that the ball impinged exactly upon a large gold medal of the Immaculate Conception sent him by his granddaughter, and which, at her earnest prayer, he wore during the campaign. The old soldier of the empire was a bit of a *philosophe*, as we have intimated; he attached small faith to the miraculous medal, but anything that his grandchild asked he was ready to do if possible, and medal or no medal, it could do no harm (he argued) to a veteran in the fire of Russian batteries that a pure young girl across the seas lifted her daily prayer to Heaven for his safety. The Emperor covered the hole of the bullet in the old officer's uniform with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. Romarin's star was in the ascendant: it was a war of engineers, and his mathematical head was of more value than the dash of the African generals. Grandmamma Dashon was never weary of dilating on this subject to her visitors. The name of Romarin became a household word with the Dashons. It was curious and instructive to see how proud they were of a connection of which they had once been ashamed.

"My granddaughter has just had a lettter from her grandpapa Romarin," Mrs. Dashon would say, "dated from the Camp before Sebastopol. Gen. Romarin, you know, is attached to the *état-major* of the Army of the East. My son—you remember—married the only daughter of General Romarin. He says that the Russians keep up an incessant fire on the advanced posts of the allies, and that he does not think the place *can* be carried by

a *coup de main.* Do you understand? Gen. Ro-ma-rin thinks that a *coup-de-main* is impracticable! That signifies that the allies must make it a regular siege. It may cost them a year's hard work. What a war! But Gen. Romarin's life is safe amid the fire of the Russians—do you understand? My granddaughter has sent him a miraculous medal, which he wears, *to please her*, constantly on his breast, and it is a fact that he was hit there by a bullet at Balaklava, while the French staff were gazing with their mouths open"—with her shortest laugh—"at the charge of the famous six hundred! That's a curious coincidence, is it not? However, the Emperor has sent him the grand cross—that's a comfort. Well, it is a fine thing for our little girl, this distinction of her maternal grandfather. My son also was a brave man, and died fighting for France."

Grandmamma Dashon was persuaded that the Emperor would eventually make Gen. Romarin a marshal and a duke; it even occurred to her that if (which Heaven forbid) the gout should finally carry off poor Mr. Dashon, she might after all marry her first love, and shine in the new court of France as duchess of Tchernaya or some other euphonious title taken from the Turkish wars. As for Rosemary, her plan was to keep the child as much as possible secluded from American society, to take her to Paris as soon as peace was concluded, and there marry her to a duke at the very least. The granddaughter of Gen. (perhaps Maréchal) Romarin, sprung from the Floréal, decayed noblesse of a sufficiently high and pure descent, and a wealthy heiress above all:—for what was ancient blood or imperialist illustration, compared with the millions of grandpapa Dashon? Translate them into francs, and the sum was enormous. An heiress ticketed with that amount would command universal attention in any court of Christendom (if that term can be any longer employed.)

Grandpapa Dashon did not sympathize with his wife's dreams. He was fonder of their grandchild, whom he did not care to spare for any grand European marriage, nor yet to sink his name and fortune in refurbishing the splendor of some great family who would always be ashamed of the benefit. Mr. Dashon was ambitious of founding a great American family.

His plan was that whoever married Rosemary should take the name of Dashon, and he designed so to leave his fortune that the bulk of it would ultimately devolve unimpaired, nay, immensely augmented, on her eldest son. His first candidate was Capt. Varick, and when the hasty marriage of that impatient sailor with a Miss Laura Somebody, sister of the keeper of a boarding-house, where he was spending a few weeks ashore, disappointed this expectation, he turned his eyes favorably upon his grand-nephew Cornelius, named after him by the long-sighted parents, and the only male creature except himself, in whom flowed any of the blood of the Dashons. The ingenious English gentleman who then kept what he called a "Heraldry Office" in New York, had investigated Mr. Dashon's pedigree and discovered that he was descended from the Norman family of d'Ashon, who possessed the title and barony of Ashon from the conquest till the reign of Henry VI., when they were all exterminated in the wars of the Roses. What was more certain was that Mr. Dashon's father was the son of a New England sea-captain, who accumulated a considerable property in the cod-fisheries and set up his son as an India merchant, in the great house of Roosevelt and Varick, after the war of the Revolution was over; so that the family had a respectable commercial ancestry of three generations, terminating in a colossal fortune, built up, after signal reverses, by Roosevelt Dashon himself. Young Cornelius Roosevelt Dashon Varick, we repeat, by his mother partook of this honorable family's blood, and since the egregious folly of his cousin the captain, he was the matrimonial candidate of the whole Varick connection for the hand of their cousin, the heiress.

Roosevelt had graduated at seventeen with much distinction, and was studying law with a diligence that promised, with his undoubted talent, a brilliant success. His person was not imposing; his beautiful cousin overtopped him by half her head. and a glorious head it was; yet five feet, one inch and some lines, which a high-heeled boot converted into two inches, was a respectable height, above the French army regulation; and on Commencement Day, robed in the flowing scholar's gown, delivering a salutatory oration which proclaimed him one of the

first three in his class, his noble head and intellectual countenance caused this slight personal disadvantage to be forgotten. His cousin was there, looking her prettiest, and joined enthusiastically in the plaudits which rewarded his success. Grandpapa used to take advantage of the frequent occasions afforded by his visits to Rosemary, which he made regularly every Thursday, and during the vacations, to speak to her of her cousin in terms of praise; and the gipsy, who had as fine a tact in these matters as a kitten in chasing a spool of cotton on the carpet, understood grandpapa's wishes perfectly.

There was one element which none of these worthy people took into their calculation, and that was the possible views and certain influence of grandpapa Romarin. The old soldier, ex-teacher, ex-artist, had his own ideas about Rosemary's future, and knowing the rapid maturity of American girls, deemed it not unadvisable to steal a march on her possible American lovers or suitors. In France these matters are arranged between the parents of the young people. Romarin's thoughts were naturally directed to the illustrations of the empire for a suitable *parti*. He was quite aware that if his grandchild's future husband was to be French, he must be a person of rank: for nothing else would reconcile the *other* grandpapa to the choice, and the other grandpapa's fortune was not to be forfeited. But in spite of his imperialist predilections, his family connections led him in a family affair to the old faubourg. The Marquis de Floréal, first cousin of Madame Romarin (Rosemary's maternal grandmother), was still living in Paris, and had a grandson in the army, the Vicomte de Floréal, the last male scion of the house into which Romarin had married. They were poor as church mice, without being so devout. The arrival of Capt. Romarin, widower of their late cousin, was an event almost as important to this decayed house as the revolution of '48. The Abbé de Floréal, brother of the marquis, called on Capt. Romarin, soon after the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency. After the *coup d'état* the marquis himself put his legitimist and aristocratic dignity in his pocket, and paid a visit to *General* de Romarin. By and by, one took informations in the family Floréal touching the descendants of their rising rela-

tive. One learned with tremulous satisfaction that his only representative was a granddaughter, who was an immense, an incredible heiress. One inquired her age, her education; and learned with a sense of Providential guidance, that she was being brought up under the eye and with the children of the beautiful and accomplished Madame Atherton, so well known by all the families of the old faubourg, to some of whom she was nearly allied. "That answers for her sufficiently," said the marquis to the abbé. In fine, after many a family council, it was resolved to propose to General de Romarin a matrimonial alliance between his granddaughter and their grandson. The whole property of the Floréals consisted of a vast, half-ruined, almost uninhabitable hotel in the faubourg St. Germain, which bore their name; of an older and totally ruined chateau near the Provengal village of the same name, which chateau had been burned to the ground in 1792, and never rebuilt; and of about 2,000 livres *rente* in the public securities of France. The problem how the Floréal lived on this magnificent rental of $400 a year, American money, would have taxed the arithmetical genius of Rosemary. It is true that M. l'abbé de Floréal cost them nothing, for his modest appointments as priest of a suburban church supported him and furnished his charities. The grandson and heir absorbed 200 francs ($40) a year, in addition to his pay: the marquis and marquise, with two servants, lived on the remainder. One conceives that it was not in splendor. Thus what wonder if they condescended to overlook the bourgeois and republican blood which mingled in so large proportions in the veins of their distant relative, Mlle. Rose Marie Dashon. By the way, they always spelled it "d'Ashon," which shows that even a white-haired *émigré* marquis of four-score may be a snob as well as others.

Romarin at first lent a deaf ear to this flattering proposal, in reply to which he alleged the necessity of consulting the American relatives of his grandchild; and there the matter would have dropped, had he not encountered his young kinsman at Sebastopol, where the condescension and the patronage were all on Romarin's side. The young vicomte was indubitably brave. The day Romarin made his acquaintance, Floréal was in a rough

bivouac, dining on the ground, and drinking his coffee and thimble-full of cognac with such a soldier-like carelessness and good humor, that Romarin's military heart was won. Floréal was liked by his equals, esteemed by his superiors, and a pet with the rank and file. He had the gay, chivalrous courage of the French noble in its perfection, and though a noble he had learned as a private the equality of a camp. Romarin reflected that after all in a French husband his granddaughter might do worse. The young man could certainly make her a vicomtesse, and one day a marquise; she could restore the grandeur of the Floréals. After all, they were the kindred of his beloved wife, and although at one time they had not treated either her or him too well, he liked a noble revenge. So on the whole he determined to write to Mr. Dashon and inform him of the proposal which had been made.

"You will comprehend," he wrote, "that with the Floréal the young lady's expected fortune is a principal consideration. They are among the poorest of our impoverished nobility: it is their only fault. Their blood is of the most ancient in the kingdom or empire of France; they are allied to the noblest houses. They want but fortune, of which our granddaughter will have enough. The young vicomte, moreover, is a brave fellow, very amiable, very handsome, and has not vices. Can one well ask more? I await a reply from you before answering definitely the Floréal."

One of the bombs with which the allies were so freely shelling Sebastopol, had it plumped down in grandpapa Dashon's urban garden, would not have caused the excitement this letter did. Grandmamma was in raptures, yet thought Rosemary could do better. Grandpapa was hostile, yet feared that opposition would only league Mrs. Dashon and Gen. Romarin together to accomplish the project. The Varicks were thunderstruck at the audacity of the French, and that light and hardy *dash* so characteristic, which boded the capture of the fortress. In the family councils no two persons were of the same opinion, and at last grandpapa made a bold move by proposing that as Rose was nearly eighteen, and at home, she should be

consulted on the subject. Grandpapa Romarin's letter was accordingly submitted to her inspection.

"This is not a subject in regard to which I can have wishes of my own," said the young lady with a suitable blush. "Whatever you and my grandpapa Romarin decide, I will abide by."

It was an answer which French parents would have taken as a matter of course; Rosemary made it, as she would have bowed at an introduction, because it was the rule. She had been told so a hundred times by grandpapa Romarin and Louise, and Mrs. Atherton had assured her it was all right. Nothing was more deeply ingrained in her way of thinking than the indelicacy of a young woman's expressing a preference on the subject of matrimony. Grandpapa and grandmamma Dashon were sorely perplexed by this simplicity.

As we have already implied, they had taken Mr. Atherton's shrewd advice by sending their granddaughter to finish her education at the Academy of the Sacred Heart. Rosemary did not learn much mathematics at that singularly beautiful spot—once the seat of the Lorillards—for at her entrance she knew more than the accomplished Religious who taught that branch of study; she needed no further instruction in French, which is the strong point of the school; even in music she could do little but practise under careful supervision and perfect herself as she would have done at home; but the ladies discovered that she had a remarkable voice, they made her cultivate it till it became the pride of the school; as she had an aptitude for languages, she willingly added Spanish, German, and Italian to her list; and the Professor of history found her a patient and diligent pupil. After nearly two years, instead of wishing to return home and enter society, she was anxious to remain till the conclusion of the current session. Yet with all her studious diligence, the child had contrived to pick up a variety of knowledge on subjects not laid down in the course, and in regard to which a society of young girls are to each other the most adroit and successful of teachers; and when summoned home by grandpapa's wish and on the representation of the sensible Superior, she displayed at once an appreciation of new bonnets

and decided opinions on the subject of silks, that convinced her grandmother of the sagacity of Mr. Atherton.

"A young lady who is so positive about the trimming of her new bonnet, and tries on a dozen of Madame Ruban's *chefs d'œuvre* before she can be suited, is not likely to take the veil very soon," said grandmamma, laughing. "And she may pin her shawl as high in the throat as she chooses, or let her mantle fall ever so reservedly, as she trips along from the carriage to the shop-door—as if anybody could overlook the testimony of that charming carriage of the shoulders or that bounding step—do you understand? Ah, 'tis a finished coquette, my elegant granddaughter, with all her maidenly shyness, *si pleine de fierté*."—The old lady sighed.—"I was a good deal like her at her age, though never half so handsome, you understand."

In fine, Mr. Dashon wrote to Gen. Romarin the following reply:

"New York, Dec. 5, 1854.

"Dear Sir,

"Your favor of the 6th October is at hand, and the contents noted. Mrs. Dashon and myself have considered the proposal therein made, and have taken the liberty of showing the letter to our granddaughter. As she refers the matter entirely to us and to yourself, we have concluded to say that if the young Vicomte de Floréal should visit the United States, he will have every facility, so far as depends on us, for making the acquaintance of Miss Dashon and winning her affections. On his success in the last-mentioned all further action must depend.

"Very sincerely,

"Your friend and ser't,

"C. Roosevelt Dashon.

"To Gen. Louis de Romarin,

"Sebastopol."

The Dashons hit upon this answer as one that did not compromise them at all and which left them a future liberty of accepting or rejecting the proposition of the Floréals. About three months, it was supposed, must elapse before a reply could be received, and probably as many more before the young man could arrive in the United States, if the war should even permit him to come at all. Consequently the operators at home would

have a large margin to forestall the market, as Mr. Dashon observed. Rosemary, it was decided, should go into society this winter; it is the auction-block of the superior classes, where the young and beautiful whites of the North are exposed to sale to the highest bidder. Mr. Dashon insisted on the girl being offered at home, before she was taken abroad to dispose of; the home market, in his opinion, being always the best. So all the buyers prepared: a lively competition was certain, when as in this case an immense property was to go for mere fascinations; every unmarried gentleman with brown eyes and pet whiskers considered himself as sure of the prize. Even grandmamma considered that to break a dozen hearts or hopes would do the young lady no harm as a prelude to the great European campaign. In the meantime this young vicomte was a bird in the hand. One might do worse than that. But reflecting thus, grandmamma began to understand Rosemary better.

"What should she have answered but what she did? The little puss (Rosemary was five foot five) knew what she was about. She wasn't going to refuse a handsome young vicomte at the first blush. Who knows? And if she wanted the pleasure of seeing him nearer, what could she say but that she referred everything to the decision of her grandparents? If she don't like the fellow, she will find a way of letting it be known, I warrant you. One must have been a girl one's self, to divine the secret of a girl's proceedings—do you understand?"

However, the grand epoch of Miss Dashon's appearance in society was reserved for a ball which Mrs. Dashon proposed to give early in January, consequently when the eighteenth birthday had fully passed. Till then she accepted none but quiet family invitations, and few of those, on the pretext that she was still taking lessons. This was so far true that the young lady practised her music two hours a day with a professor at her elbow, an ugly married man (Madam remembered Romarin), and read the English Poets three times a week with a literary man old enough to be her father, and who was also married. It was a lynx-eyed grandmamma—so vigilant, indeed, as to excite the suspicion that she had once needed watching herself.

Since Miss Dashon had left school, she had resumed her cor-

respondence with her friend Grace Atherton, who had completed her fifteenth year and wrote Rosemary very long and beautiful letters, and a specimen of the latter's style of reply will at this juncture throw some light on our narrative. The letter seems to have been written about Christmas, for the date, originally placed at the end, has been torn off.

"My dearest Grace,

"Your long interesting letter (and so full of sympathy and kindness for me!) is received and 'devoured,' as you often say. It gratifies me exceedingly that your mother (I look upon her as mine too) approves my conduct in regard to the *proposal from France*. Grandmamma seems to like it too on the whole, although at first she was dissatisfied with what she called 'my indifference.' I believe she gives me credit now for a *profound calculation*, of which my poor head is quite incapable. Certainly I shall never be anything better than a simpleton in these affairs, which the merest little chits at the convent seemed to understand better than I, and as I never opened my lips on *the subject* except to get laughed at, I learned to hold my tongue. Your familiarity with it, my dear, perfectly astonishes me, and I cannot conceive how you, who have never been at school and have seen less of society than even myself, can have acquired such precise ideas of many things which, to own the truth, I never thought of. All my comfort is that at least six months must certainly elapse before this 'handsome young vicomte' can arrive here, if he comes at all, (which I very much doubt, *moi!*) and in the meantime I intend to banish the thought of the 'cruel perplexity' (as you call it) which he is to cause me, entirely from my mind, and enjoy myself as if no such person existed.

"In regard to bonnets, dearest, the new winter style is smaller than ever, and more off the back of the head, and they are one mass of flowers, ribbons, plumes and lace. Grandmamma has a perfectly splendid one, with a bird of Paradise plume. Mine is an uncut rose velvet (the girls all wear velvet this season), trimmed with very rich ribbons; not a flower or scrap of lace about it. You have no idea how distinguished and how charming it is, especially as my front hair is so abund-

ant and so wavy. If I were you I would have one just like it, but white. My winter furs are ermine, with a tiny muff, and all my dresses in dark simple colors. Where the material is so rich as my clothes are—for grandmamma will suffer nothing else—there needs a very great simplicity, you know, to preserve the air of being *demoiselle*, which I should be sorry to miss my very first winter. I should be cruelly mortified if even a dry-goods' clerk should mistake me for a married lady, as Augusta Varick is. The other day Augusta and I shopped together in grandmamma's carriage, and I declare in every store the clerks called her 'madam,' and 'missed' me all the time, as if I had been a little girl. I was delighted, and I think Augusta too was flattered! You know she is a year younger than I. Will you credit, Grace, that I had the malice to say 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am' to her, to keep up the mistake? And to hear her call me 'Rose' so gravely—it was as good as a play. You would hardly know Augusta, she is so tall, and her face so mature, though very handsome. Her figure is extremely showy, and she wears her dresses very full, with enormous flounces, and *such* a stylish bonnet! No one takes notice of me beside her. You must know that there is a little rivalry between Augusta and me, though we are on the best of terms personally; and perhaps I should rather say that the rivalry is between her mother and grandmamma, *about us girls.* Cousin Isabel (that's Mrs. Varick, you remember) wants Augusta to make a greater sensation this winter, and have more beaux and better offers than I. I am sure this is very natural, and I don't see why she shouldn't. Grandpapa lets everybody know that he means to treat both cousin Isabel's children as grandchildren, which makes their position excellent, as grandmamma says. And I am sure Augusta has ten times the style that I have, and knows so much better how to make her points. For instance,—now don't set this down to malice, Grace, for I don't mean it—Augusta has a pretty foot and ancle, and she has a way of lifting her dress as she steps into or out of a carriage, or at a crossing (which everybody must do a little, you know), that is the most coquettish thing you can fancy, because one sees that she does it gayly, on purpose: while I blush like a fool

at doing what I cannot help. So you see I have no courage or manner; and she has. Then she has so much more conversation—with gentlemen, I mean. What to say to *them*, I cannot think. One can't talk about one's bonnet and the new fashions—that ought not to interest them particularly. I make frightful efforts, and by aid of the opera, the last novel (I read it on purpose), and the new dances (which I dislike, dear), I manage to get through decently, and am devoutly glad when it's over, and so they are too, I suspect; while Augusta keeps up a perpetual easy talk, and is so amusing that both parties seem to be laughing at every other word. What the secret is, I cannot even guess.

"Augusta's brother is quite a beau, the girls say, and though he is short,—not much taller than dear Bessie the last time I saw her,—makes them all afraid of him. Would you believe that he has the handsomest whiskers you *ever* saw, and is but a few months past eighteen! I shouldn't mind his whiskers—after all they are a good deal like side curls—but Roosevelt's mustaches are detestable for a boy of his age. For 'detestable,' dear, read 'adorable,' so far as their becomingness is concerned, if they did not make him look so fierce and ruthless. He has a handsome mouth, and that spoils it. Then he is so terribly sarcastic. Oh my goodness! what a tongue! so glib and so bitter. He tries every way he can to make up for his want of height, which is an incessant mortification to the poor boy. He has learned to box and fence, which is ridiculous, you know, though he is one mass of muscle. Dear me! how he hurt my hand the other day, in mere sport! But he is a dead shot both with the pistol and the rifle, and no one ventures to take liberties with him, I promise you. Roosevelt has been my cavalier all the autumn, while the weather permitted riding. Perhaps you'll wonder that I never spoke of it before. Grandpapa, you know, is very fond of Roosevelt, who was named after him, and Roosevelt talks of changing his surname from Varick to Dashon, he has taken such a disgust for some of his father's family. His father and he are on very bad terms, I am sorry to say. Mr. Varick's habits are no better, grandpapa says, since he so mysteriously lost his election. He drinks and *worse*, which I sup-

pose means gaming: it is really dreadful. Roosevelt knows all about it. However, he does not appear to have injured his fortune by play, for they live in the most splendid style, and grandmamma says there is not another woman in New York who dresses so expensively as cousin Isabel. Oh, my dearest Grace, what sad gossip this is; but it is the only way I have to fill my sheet; I have not your epistolary talent, to write a beautiful and long letter about nothing at all. I must now close with a thousand affectionate messages and embraces for Bessie and your mother. As for Eugene, kiss the little fellow for Rosy, and tell him she's dreadful sorry he is not twenty years older. Remember that I live in hopes of seeing you, as you promise, before New Year. Pray a great deal for your poor friend amid the ensnaring pleasures of the world. I am almost afraid that I shall lose my soul, my dearest child, so please not to forget.

"Your affectionate,

"Rose Marie.

"P.S. I am ashamed to see that I quite forgot to send my love to your papa.

"R. M.

"P.S. Don't fancy there's anything between R. and me but cousinly regard: there isn't. Don't breathe a syllable about his father. I would not have alluded to it, did not *you* all know it.

"R. M.

"P.S. Grandmamma makes me add that your room is all ready for you, and that I am waiting till you arrive to choose my dress for the grand affair, as I have set my heart on our being dressed alike. So don't disappoint your own

"Rosemary."

CHAPTER VII.

AN IMPERIAL PRESENT.

Gen. Romarin's reply to Mr. Dashon's letter arrived a great deal sooner than anybody expected. The same steamer brought a letter for Rosemary from her grandfather, dated at Paris. She received it on that sadly joyful anniversary of her birth, the New Year; day on which she "received" for the first time with her grandmother, in honor of the completion of her eighteenth year. Before she had left her room, or had received the congratulations of her grandparents, the letter was brought her by Louise, as an embrace from grandpapa Romarin, and accompanied by a box containing doubtless some pretty present.

"You will be surprised, my dear child," wrote grandpapa, "at the date of this letter. In effect, H. M. the Emperor, man of genius doubtless, of military genius even, has had the idea of taking Sebastopol and conquering the Russians from his cabinet in the Tuileries—by telegraph. It has been thought fit to send me to Paris to demonstrate to His Majesty that it is not thus one can foil the immense activity and foresee even the inspirations, ten times brilliant, and sudden as the lightning, of a Todleben. The task was not a gracions one; behold why it was committed to me: at least no one has envied me the mission. See me then for these four days closeted with the Emperor, who lacks only experience of war to be a great commander. He possesses all the general conceptions with an admirable clearness. I have convinced him; it is a great deal; for if there is in Europe a man of fixed ideas, it is Napoleon III. I have said to him:—'It is in Italy, in combat with the Austrians, that the Emperor gained his first laurels: your Majesty must do the same.'—I

have succeeded, therefore, without losing his favor; but my success will perhaps cost Europe another bloody war, when this is finished.

"The Emperor condescends to take a deep interest not only in my fortunes, but in yours. Your answer to the proposal of the Floréal family—your mother's relatives—convinces me, my child, that your American education has not spoiled your French heart. The Floréal, amiable though somewhat prejudiced, are enchanted with it. Here the affair is regarded as settled. I must observe that Col. de Floréal (he is promoted since the affair of Balaklava) accompanied me to Paris as my military secretary. As the winter suspends active operations in his arm of the service, it is extremely probable that he will not return with me, but visit the United States, on the service of the Emperor. In that case you will see him and judge for yourself if he is worthy of you. I will only add that everything at present seems to smile on the projected alliance. The union of the representative of a very illustrious but ruined house of the old and high noblesse, legitimist hitherto, with the granddaughter of a devoted imperialist like myself, chimes exactly with the *politique* of Napoleon III. One cannot easily exaggerate the importance of the *rôle* which such a Marquise de Floréal as you will make, may hereafter play. Hence, do not be surprised that the Empress herself sends you a present, which if you think fit, you can consider a bridal gift. It is enough; you divine my wishes; let them rather remain unaccomplished than compromise in any respect the happiness of my granddaughter. I know the customs of American society. Have you any previous attachment—does the young vicomte fail to inspire you with feelings of regard—consult in either case your own excellent heart."

It may be imagined how the excellent heart of the young lady beat while she perused the conclusion of this letter. With it came, as we have said, a box, which Rosemary would not examine till her return from early Mass—New Year's Day, we recollect, being a festival of obligation. It was opened in the presence of her grandparents, and was found to contain a set of pearls for a bride, fit for the wedding of a royal princess. On the white

satin lining of the case was embroidered, in a wreath of rosemary, the simple inscription:—

'E.
"*S. M. l'Impératrice*
"*à*
"Rose Marie."

The manner how these things—box and letters—had reached them was at first a mystery, till the morning papers explained it. They contained an arrival from Europe—"Latest from Sebastopol," &c., &c., &c.; and in the list of passengers was mentioned: "Le Col. vicomte de Floréal, with despatches for the French Minister." On inquiry it was found that both letters and parcel had been left at Mr. Dashon's door, at an early hour, by a foreign gentleman in a carriage; doubtless Col. de Floréal on his way to the New Jersey R. R. depot, *en route* for the Federal Capital.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHAPEL SCENE.

THE BIRTHDAY of Rosemary was not a purely joyful anniversary; it preceded that of her mother's death. Annually, on the day that Thérèse de Romarin was buried, the child had been used from earliest infancy to visit her mother's grave in the old churchyard of the Cathedral, there to hang a fresh wreath of rosemary on the tomb-stone and afterwards to pray in the church for her mother's repose. It was an ancient usage in the Romarin family, which never had so pathetic a meaning before. Some say their name was derived from the usage, others that the usage grew out of the name.

This year the day in question fell on a Sunday, the first in January. On the Saturday afternoon, then, Miss Dashon proceeded to the green-house, scissors in hand, to clip long and flowing sprigs of rosemary from large shrubs which were first cultivated by her grandpapa Romarin at the cottage. These with her own hands she plaited into a rich wreath, fragrant and green, and fitted first to her own brows; never before had so large a garland been required. While engaged in this task she could not help thinking of the ball next week, of the noble stranger who it was understood would be present, and then of Grace Atherton, wondering why Grace's mother had not allowed her to come on for New Year after all, and pleased to think she would be permitted "as a great privilege and reward of merit," to attend the ball, and that they would be dressed alike. Then she wondered if Grace would see the vicomte at Washington: probably not. Finally, she finished her wreath, and putting on her plainest dress, all black—silk robe, cloth mantle and velvet bonnet—she wended her way on foot to the base-

ment of a neighboring church. It was not quite four; the sun did not set till thirteen minutes to five; she might easily, she thought, accomplish her purpose and reach home again before the last ray of the winter twilight faded. On entering the chapel Rosemary started back with an exclamation of dismay.

It was filled to stifling. A sort of steam rose from the benches where long lines of penitents sat patiently waiting their turn to enter the confessionals, of which some seven or eight were in full operation. However, with a look of resignation the heiress of the Dashons picked her way among a kneeling crowd, and dropped upon the floor at last at the end of a file of servant girls. Looking down the line, which conducted to one side of a confessional box, the young lady counted twenty persons, all females; a similar line extended to the other side of the same box; thus there were forty consciences to be unburdened before her turn would come. Rosemary's arithmetic speedily discovered that allowing five minutes as the average of a confession, these forty persons, and two actually in the box, would detain her three hours and thirty minutes, that is, till half-past seven o'clock. She hoped that some providential intervention would shorten the period, and patiently kneeled on, heartily wishing that she had gone to confession in the morning; a wish that came too late.

After a while they began to move up rapidly; some regular penitents hardly took a minute; Rosemary got a seat.—"Now," thought she, "I will wait, no matter how long they are."

The very next penitent was terrible. You would have sworn she was making a general confession of her whole life, by the time she took. The females near Rosemary sighed, some groaned, one young girl got up impatiently and went away, losing all her time spent previously. Miss Dashon gained *one* by that move. The gas had been lit in the chapel a great while ago; she saw by her watch that it was past the dinner hour; it was long after dark; she smiled at the idea of grandmamma's terrors on her account, and yet her heart sank too; but to give up after waiting so long was not to be thought of. Undoubtedly it would occur to them that she was at church, and they would send a servant to come home with her.

At last, at half-past six, when she was only five distant from the confessional, and was beginning to take courage, the priest came out to go to his tea. Rosemary sighed; the benches were as full as ever.—"Poor man!" thought she, "he has the hardest time of it after all."

In twenty minutes the clergyman returned. A full hour elapsed; Miss Dashon was at last next the confessional, when the cry of an infant was heard in the chapel, producing general consternation, which soon became particular. A lay-brother came to that very box, the priest again left it, went to the altar, put on a surplice, and proceeded with sweet deliberation to baptize the child. This consumed fifteen precious minutes more. The next two penitents took hardly a minute each, when just as an indescribable movement within the curtain warned her that that side would be presently vacated and that her turn had really come, a man (by his voice she knew it was a gentleman) bent over her shoulder and said—"Will you allow me to go in before you?"—Rosemary bowed without looking at him. That obliged her to wait two turns more; besides which the young ladies below her were quite indignant at her complaisance.—"Never mind!" thought she: "it is a man, and it is well to get one of them to confession at any price." She thought the girls had no right to complain. What could a man do? Kneel down on the floor among their petticoats to wait his turn? That was too much to expect. In fine, after spending four hours in the chapel, breathing that irrespirable air, her own confession took about one minute, and she found herself saying her innocent penance of the "Acts," and distracted by thinking how she would get home alone.

Rosemary was not a coward; neither the lateness of the hour, nor the darkness, nor being alone in the street, terrified her, but she was troubled by the thought of her apparent indiscretion.—"In grandmamma's opinion," said she, "this will be the greatest sin I ever committed in my life." She looked round for an acquaintance; not one was to be seen. Two girls were going out together—she hastily joined them.

"Excuse me," said Rosemary, "which way are you going?"

"To the Ninth avenue," answered the girls.

"Oh, no matter—I thought you might be going the other way."

This was in the vestibule. The girls never offered to go home with her, they were belated, and did not appreciate the necessity. A man going out, who had turned back at the sound of the voices, stopped and addressed Rosemary.

"If you will accept my escort, madam," he said, in a tone of cheerful respect, "my way will be the same as yours till you reach home."

Rosemary thanked the stranger, and promptly named the street and avenue.

"All right," said the young man, leading on. She knew it was a young man by the voice, and as they passed under the lamp of the court, she caught a glimpse of his face, which was one to inspire confidence. Besides, had he not just come from confession? In a certain sense they were acquaintances. He was rather tall, and kept straight on with long manly strides.

"I ought to thank you, madam, for letting me go into confession before you," said her companion, as they walked rapidly along the avenue. "Or, perhaps I should apologize for asking that favor. My excuse is that it was my only chance."

"Those girls monopolize the benches entirely," observed Rosemary. "I have always thought that one side of every box ought to be kept free for men."

"It is really too bad," said the stranger, pleasantly. "If we only had the precedence on one side—the right to *cut in*, as I did to-night, thanks to you!"—And he laughed, with evident satisfaction at his own manœuvre. "It was a favor on your part, but it ought to be a right on ours—don't you think so?"

"The Fathers have so much to think of," replied Rosemary, amused at his boyish tone.

"Well, I wish they'd think of giving us a little fresh air in that chapel—if only for their own sakes. Some day one of them will drop down in the confessional in an apoplexy—that is, asphyxiated with bad air. It is a perfect disgrace to hear confessions in a basement in such a city as this. Yet they do it everywhere. I wish I were rich!"

"What would you do?" asked Rosemary.

"Certainly I would not live in one of these brown stone palaces, and let the Ark dwell in such a tent as that. I would build a suitable church for the Fathers, the first thing."

"Without a basement; and the confessionals all in the main church," said Rosemary.

"You hit the idea exactly. They should be ranged along the walls of each aisle."

"And one side of each box exclusively for the poor *men*!" said Rosemary, laughing. In the community of ideas, she quite forgot that it was a stranger.

Here Rosemary slackened her pace before one of the 'brown stone palaces,' and looked up with the air of one who has reached home.

"Ah! you live here?" said the stranger, touching his hat. "I will wait till they let you in."

"Won't you come in, sir?" said the high-bred heiress. "My grandfather will be happy to offer you a glass of wine, and thank you for your courtesy."

The young man hesitated a moment, then reflecting perhaps that it would be less embarrassing to the young lady if he accepted the invitation, said—"I will make my bow to your grandfather."

The servant opened the door before the bell was rung. All was in confusion on account of Miss Dashon's unaccountable absence. Grandmamma came out to meet her in the hall.

"I have only been at church, grandmamma, and was detained. This gentleman has been kind enough to see me safely home."

"Good Heavens! at church! Why I have sent off to your uncle Varick's, and I don't know where not. Your cousin Cornelius has gone down Broadway looking for you, like one distracted.—I am very much obliged to *you*, sir," added grandmamma, politely, to the young stranger.

He had removed his hat, and Rosemary, who turned to renew her invitation, saw in the full illumination of the magnificent hall, that it was a young man of some two or three and twenty, with a profusion of fair hair and a countenance like a

king. She bit her lip, but grandpapa had now hobbled out, and said:

"Please walk in, sir, and take a little old sherry this cold night."

"I beg you will excuse me," replied the young stranger, whose eye roved with a grand careless surprise down the marble hall, and up the stair-case crowned with sculpture, but hardly vouchsafed a glance even at the ladies. "I have the honor to wish you good evening. Good evening, ladies."—And so departed.

Then they all went into the dining-room, where the table was kept waiting for Miss Dashon.

"I am almost famished, grandmamma," said Rose.

There was great sympathy, innumerable questions, which the young lady answered while disposing of a partridge.

"How kind you are not to scold me!" said she, laughing. "To have given you such a fright."

"Who was your cavalier?" asked grandmamma, carelessly.

"Never saw him before in my life that I remember," said Rose, with equal carelessness.

"He knew *you*, I suspect," said grandmamma.

"I don't think so," answered Rosemary, blushing a little.

"Well," said grandmamma, "I think that if M. le vicomte de Florćal wants to make sure of his prize, he had better not stay too long in Washington, even 'on the service of the Emperor,' —do you understand?"

In fact, the Colonel showed no remarkable eagerness in the affair. He had written from Washington to Mr. Dashon, announcing his arrival, and intention of reporting himself in New York as soon as public business permitted. The Dashons sent in answer a card for the ball. There the matter rested.

CHAPTER IX.

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Nothing in America is more democratic than our modes of travel. In Europe they have first, second, third and fourth class railway cars. The first class are fitted up like luxurious private carriages, a separate seat for each person, cushioned, high-backed, elbowed, roomy, with from four to eight seats in a compartment, having a separate entrance; they are used by princes, nobles and people of fortune. Merchants, professional men, army officers, &c., usually take the second class, which are less comfortable, each compartment holding perhaps a dozen persons, sitting face to face. The common people, according to their means, ride in the third and fourth-class cars.

In America, excepting a car for negroes, and the emigrant trains, the world goes pell-mell, on a footing or sitting of perfect republican equality. A large car, in which we find a double row of cushioned seats, with backs to turn either way, gives you not only the advantage of complete community with perhaps fifty or sixty persons of mixed ranks, sexes, occupations and manners, but if you travel alone you may chance to get a very incongruous and disagreeable companion on the same seat, in the closest proximity with your person. Perhaps your neighbor chews and has other agreeable habits therewith connected; perhaps he is a very large man, and crushes you into a corner; or a fidgetty one and is perpetually nudging your elbow, or putting his boot against your new trowsers. You have no resource; you cannot even secure yourself against the annoyance by paying for two seats. This is equality with a vengeance.

Yet no doubt the rail-car, even in this point of view, offers some advantages over the old stage-coach. Two persons tra-

velling together occupy a whole seat, and when the car is not crowded they can turn a seat, and make themselves really comfortable. A party of four may always establish for themselves this little seclusion, and there is a tacit understanding that a woman, especially a young woman, travelling alone, shall not be intruded upon unless in case of absolute necessity.

The railroads, indeed, like our old stage-coaches, have their *droit féminin*, or women's rights, which render our democratic equality more tolerable. The best car in the train, and the best placed for safety and comfort, is allotted to the ladies. In this car the right of a lady travelling (as American ladies of every rank often do) unattended, to monopolize a whole seat, or even two, strewing one with her reticule, bandbox and shawl, and spreading her crinoline over the entire width of the other, is usually not questioned, unless in favor of some other lady.

Our story has conducted us to the ladies' car of the southern express train of the Camden and Amboy railroad, on the afternoon of a day early in January, 1855. The train was rushing at high speed over the flat plains of New Jersey towards South Amboy. A young lady travelling alone—for she occupies two seats in the manner just described, and takes no notice of any of her neighbors—first engages our attention. She is in the first bloom of incipient womanhood, a clear pale brunette, with features of exquisite regularity, among which a special brilliancy was derived from a coal-black eye, the liquid darkness of which was shaded into tenderness by long black recurving lashes. If one judged by her dark gray cloth pelisse, fitting closely to her shape, her figure was one of perfect symmetry, but her countenance was so very youthful that, notwithstanding her apparent stature, one could not but suspect that some of those perfect contours were the effect of art; although her hand —she was reading and it was ungloved—was plump, dimpled, taper, with rosy nails of the celebrated filbert shape; one fancied a little coquetry in its exposure; for one foot too, resting on the edge of the second seat which she had appropriated, discovered the same type, the high instep, the rounded, flexible mould—for it was half turned. Her dress was simple; a dark straw bonnet and brown gauze veil; and under the pelisse a

gray robe of some thick twilled silken fabric. Her bonnet ribbons were of the same color, and, like every thing she wore, were fresh and new. She busied herself mostly with her book, r else gazed out of the window at the winter landscape flitting _est—snowy flats and leafless groves.

The two corresponding seats in the opposite row were also turned to front each other, and were occupied by a party of four persons, two of whom were ladies. The gentlemen of this party, riding backwards, had of course their lovely young neighbor full in view. The ladies, occupying a seat next hers, and scarcely separated from it by the narrow passage, were evidently mother and daughter, the latter still a child. They were all foreigners, chatting in French, and the females sometimes in German with each other and with one of the gentlemen. The child was pretty and lady-like; the mother plain, in dress almost dowdyish, in manners quiet and motherly. The gentlemen treated her with marked respect, styling her "graefinn" and "comtesse," both which, I need not say, signify countess.

The gentlemen were both of distinguished mien. The elder of the two might be five and thirty; fair, blue-eyed, a fine brow, an air frank and noble. A long, thick yellow mustache in no degree diminished the expressiveness of a singularly agreeable mouth, and of a squarish, resolute chin, imprinted with a decisive dimple. Though in citizen's dress, he had the air of a military man, due partly to the long overshadowing mustache, and partly to the frock-coat buttoned to the throat over his massive well-proportioned figure. When we give him besides a short cloak lined with sables, the reader recognizes our friend Count Wissen. The other gentlemen was of lighter build, and altogether a contrast to his friend. He might be eight or ten years younger, had classic features, a dark clear olive tint, a narrow though finely moulded forehead, splendid black eyes, hair of the same hue curling like an Antinous, a delicately pencilled mustache, dazzling and beautiful teeth, a manner of mingled softness and hauteur. There was a slight infusion of dandyism in his dress, in spite of a certain poverty which it betrayed: for over a well-worn military tunic of blue, he wore a magnificently frogged and braided pelisse lined with the costliest Rus-

sian furs. Indeed, except in the article of peltry, the whole party were dressed in what Miss McFlimsey would consider below their apparent rank in life.

The young lady who travelled alone not unfrequently bestowed a careless glance upon this eminently handsome young man, and sometimes suffered her eyes to rest, as if unconsciously, upon the intelligent countenance of his companion. The conversation of the party, which I shall necessarily translate, at last turned upon her.

"Our excessively pretty neighbor occasionally directs a glance this way," observed Wissen, "which is of course intended for you, my dear colonel."

"Your modesty, Wissen. Mademoiselle regards you much more attentively than me."

"Ah, rogue of a colonel! The furtive glance, just bestowed then instantly withdrawn, is vastly more flattering—you know it well—than the calm and inquisitive look which a young lady in her teens is not afraid to give an old soldier like myself."

"Are you sure, gentlemen," suggested Madame, "that the young lady does not understand French?"

"Perfectly," said the handsome colonel, with a shrug.

"I share that conviction," observed Wissen, "but pray give madame and me your reasons for it."

"Her absolute unconsciousness when we are making her a subject of conversation."

"You forget, *monsieur le colonel*, that the education of young ladies confers a command of the features which diplomats might envy."

"In our rank of life, perhaps, *madame la comtesse*; though I doubt if even there *I* could be deceived. Certainly, however, this young beauty does not belong to a class (if such exists in this republican country) where well-bred dissimulation is carried to that high degree."

The young lady's clear dark cheek became faintly flushed, and a smile a l but imperceptible, played on her deep red and rather superb lips, caused doubtless, both blush and smile, by something she met in her book, for she never raised her eyes from the page.

"Upon my word, you pass a very severe criticism upon our lovely fellow-passenger, and one with which I can by no means agree," said Wissen, in a lower tone.

"A young lady of good society in the United States—will she be permitted to travel all the way from Washington to New York, and Heaven only knows how much further, unaccompanied? I hope not; for as I expect to espouse a young person of that class, I rather recoil from such antecedents, and their possible or rather inevitable consequences. I appeal to the countess."

"Ah, you are wrong to appeal to me," said the lady smiling. "The Americans are an extraordinary people, and Young America, of both sexes, is not the least extraordinary part of the nation."

"Frankly!" said the handsome colonel, half unconsciously lowering his tone, "I take mademoiselle for the daughter of some petty tradesman at best, and a very careless tradesman at that, to send such a pretty piece of goods so far without so much as a shopboy to take care of it. I assure you but for the presence of mesdames"—bowing to the two ladies—"I should long ago have deemed myself justified in using what little English I have picked up at Sebastopol, in trying to make mademoiselle's better acquaintance."

"Oh, *monsieur le colonel*—fie!" said the countess, shaking her finger at the handsome colonel.

The young lady thus spoken of, whether she understood French or not, raised her eyes from the book she was so diligently reading, and gave the colonel a look peculiar to American girls, a quiet stare of astonishment. After a moment's gaze, she turned to look out of the car window, with consummate tranquillity.

"You must excuse me for saying that in that case you would have met a signal repulse," said the elder of the two gentlemen.

"Without deserving it," replied his friend. "I appeal once more to madame. When we first discovered our lovely young neighbor, whose beauty I do not extenuate, nor her astonishing (étonnant) air of refinement, she was sitting as now, alone—just after we left Washington, when the day began to brighten sufficiently for us to see each other. At Baltimore, where I thought

some brother would appear, and her journey would probably terminate, she has taken her place in the omnibus, guided by the conductor, as I think."

"Certainly, by the conductor," said Wissen

"It is well. At the Philadelphe dépot, while waiting for the train, mademoiselle, like ourselves, takes a cup of coffee and rolls, in the *salle à manger*, with a very good appetite."

"Exactly, her breakfast, my dear colonel; and you must notice that in a certain modest manner she has attached herself to our party, as if she wished to share with Mademoiselle Angélique the protection of madame," observed Wissen.

The young lady looked more decidedly out of the window, and a minute after something dropped upon her book and wet it.

"She has attached herself to us certainly; above all, at that passage of a river, where there was such a crowding to get on the boat, and such a rush for seats in the train on this side. I believe that she allowed you to carry her travelling bag, colonel, since when behold you her sworn knight! At Philadelphe she has escaped me."

"She took a carriage, which was procured for her by the conductor," said Count Wissen.

"Very well, at all events we have found her again in this car, where she has taken the seat next to ours. Such a journey for a girl scarce eighteen and beautiful too! And you will tell me that she possibly belongs to the high society of the Union. My dear count, pardon me, but that is impossible!"—All this narrative with the greatest animation of gesture and features. The ladies and Wissen laughed.

"I have been longer in this country than you," said the latter, with the serious manner of a foreigner in discussing a grave question. "I should not be surprised if our charming neighbor were the daughter of a senator even; her father may live in the 'Fifth avenue,' her mother may be a leader of society in Washington. Nay, observe her a little—for she is taking no notice of us, and certainly does not understand French when so rapidly spoken:—is not her costume in perfect taste?"

"It is very plain," said the countess with that glance of

minute scrutiny which women do not consider impertinent in a matter of such importance; "but it is very expensive."

"You think so?" said the handsome colonel, with some surprise.

Madame sustained her proposition in an extremely matter-of-fact way by conjecturing the price of every article of the pretty stranger's travelling wardrobe, concluding with a smile that no one in Europe under the rank of a princess would travel in that manner.

"You can infer nothing from that," persisted Wissen; "expensive dress—what we honest Germans and Scandinavians call extravagance—is a national foible in America. In this instance a good deal of money has been laid out to produce an extremely quiet and inobtrusive effect. Only a woman, after all, could have told what the things cost. We gentlemen would never have suspected it. That is an affair between ladies themselves, and in this country they settle their social ranks that way. Both the colonel and you, it seems to me, with great deference, form your opinion upon mere accidents of custom; mine rests upon the *cachet*—the stamp—of natural pre-eminence, observed in all artificial societies, but especially in America, where the shades of social difference are more delicate than anywhere in the world. This child is alone, because her parents trust her implicitly; and my word for it, she merits their confidence."

The whistle announced a station—the cars were rolling into South Amboy. The usual rush was made for the steamboat, but the youthful subject of so much impertinent remark hung back till all was clear. The conductor, who should have attended her, was very busy; at the step from the car to the platform she hesitated; it was rather high for a lady; both Wissen and the handsome colonel ran back to offer their assistance, but before they could reach her she had sprung down, and passed on with her travelling-bag and furs over her arm, with a slight "Thank you, sir!" to Wissen. The colonel she did not notice. Wissen offered his hand again at the plank; she availed herself of the courtesy with another "Thank you, sir!" and look of gratitude more than the slight service merited, and sought the ladies' cabin.

Night had fully closed in upon the bay and the mast-surrounded city, when the Amboy boat touched the pier at the foot of Battery Place. The beau colonel, who had not ceased to rally his soberer friend on his gallantry to the fair unknown, now called Wissen's attention to her growing nervousness.

"Now is the time, if ever, for your knight-errantry, *mon cher comte*," said he. "Here is a distressed damsel indeed. We are approaching a great city, it is night-fall, and she is about to land without a protector. Offer your services, my brave—my life for it they will be accepted."

"In spite of your ridicule, I shall do so," said Wissen.

"Of course you will!" cried the colonel. "So would I if my position were not peculiar, and I fear to compromise it."—With a gay laugh.

Wissen frankly approached the youthful traveller.

"I hope, mademoiselle," he said, "that you will consider our day's journey together a sufficient warrant for my taking the liberty to ask if I can be of any assistance to you in calling a carry-age, or otherwise."

"You are very kind, sir. I expect friends to come for me, and they will have a carriage," replied the young woman, in a sweet voice and with a confiding smile.

"Ah! that is all right—excuse the liberty I have taken, mademoiselle."

The wharf was covered with hackmen and porters, runners of hotels, and the usual mob which in New York collects around a steamboat landing, with a sprinkling of pickpockets and loafers. The hackmen lined the wharf's edge, flourishing their whips to call the attention of passengers, and vociferating:—"Carriage, sir?"—"Want a good carriage, sir?"—They would have rushed upon the boat in a mass, in pursuit of their vocation, but she was not brought near enough for the boldest to jump, and as soon as the plank was laid two of the boat's officers stationed themselves at the gangway, and by oaths, threats, and violent pushing kept them all back and held the way clear for the exit of the passengers. The ladies regarded this noisy *chevaux de frise* of whips with some consternation, and clung more closely to their male escorts. A little incident very much diverted the

crowd. A footman in livery, with a gilt band round his stylish hat, and about fifty capes, in round numbers, to his drab overcoat, was trying to make his way to the plank, to the great disgust of the hackmen, who had a natural dislike to the representative of a private carriage. John was hustled, and elbowed, and pushed back, and finally, being an Irishman, got into a fight with a cab-driver who had touched him insolently with his whip. Several of the cab-driver's friends set upon John; they are real bullies these fellows; and the footman, though he pommelled right and left as if he had been initiated at Donnybrook Fair, would have had the worst of it, had not the police interfered by taking the innocent party into custody. Twenty voices were ready to testify to his guilt:—"Take him to the station-house;"—"He'll get thirty days:" &c., with showers of curses more forcible than refined, and which we judiciously omit. The passengers hung back, especially those with female encumbrances, to avoid being mingled in this *melée*, while others of the hackmen wisely used the opportunity to offer their carriages, with the most seducing promises of "seeing the ladies safe." Among others, the countess, leaning on the arm of the handsome colonel, and Count Wissen leading Mlle. Angélique, contemplated this scene with the natural wonder of foreigners.—"We will wait till the 'row' is over," said the count coolly, as the officers of the boat urged them imperatively to pass on.—"We are in no hurry, and the ladies don't wish to be torn to pieces by those *scélérats*."—"It is worse than the Alma," said the colonel, laughing. At this instant Wissen felt his arm touched. He turned; it was the fair unknown.

"Can I be of any service to you, Miss?" asked the count.

"If you will give me your arm to get on the wharf. That servant who is in difficulty with the police has come for me."

"With the greatest pleasure. Will you excuse me, Mlle. Angélique, if I place you under the charge of your mamma, and of M. le vicomte for a moment?"

"Oh, Angélique will do very well, M. le comte," said the countess. "Jeannette will take care of her."

"Very well!" said the beau colonel. "I think we may all move on now."

Count Wissen went forward decisively across the plank, with the young stranger, who hurried him along, saying: "Oh, sir, speak to the policeman."

"You have arrested the wrong person, my friend," said the count.

"That's our business," answered the blue-coat, under whose hands the unlucky John stood with the resignation of a martyr. "Move on, my lad."

"Stop, sir!" cried the young lady, with feminine disregard of authority in the wrong. "You have arrested my servant, sir, for nothing at all."

"I can't see it in that light, miss. If your servant gets into a fight here on the wharf, my duty is to arrest him."

"Well, let him off for my sake," said the young lady. "I can't get home without his help."

"Yes, miss, his carriage is just at the corner," said a boy. "Take your things, miss?"

"Want a carriage, miss?" said a hackman, one of the fellows who had helped pommel John. "Take you anywhere you like."

The policemen took no further notice of the young lady's appeal, but walked their prisoner off to the station.

"If you wish to know who I am," she persisted, keeping alongside the principal officer, and leaning on the count's arm, "here is my card—my father's card"—taking it eagerly from her porte-monnaie. "My father will be accountable for the man,—if he is to blame."

"Ah! that kind of argument will not answer in a republic!" said the count.

The officer took the card sullenly; he did not like to be pressed so hard by a young girl; but the gallantry of the M. P.s is their trait. He stopped and read it by the light of one of the depot lamps.

"Behold yourself the hero of an adventure!" whispered aloud, in French, the handsome colonel, who with the countess, her daughter and maid, was close behind.

"Hollo, Jim!" said the policeman to his companion, "look here, will you?"

The men looked at the card together, and glanced at the young lady with obvious interest and curiosity.

"This is all right, ma'am," said the officer, with respect. "If you are—hem!—the daughter of—the gentleman whose name is on this card—which no doubt is the case—I'll take your word for your servant's appearance, if he is wanted."

John was forthwith released, to the wonder of the crowd.

"Get out of the way there! Let these ladies pass, can't you?" said the officers, officiously clearing the way.

"Ah, the card acts like a charm!" said Wissen, laughing.

John relieved the young lady of her travelling bag and asked for her checks.

"The express-man has them, John. Where is your carriage? I am very much obliged to *you*, sir."

"Nay," said Wissen, "allow me to conduct you to your carry-age. It is night already, and a perfect jam of peoples."

At the corner of Battery Place stood a large family coach, hammer-cloth'd, crimson-lined, with great silver-mounted lamps shining brightly, and a coachman on the box, the fellow of John; in the interior a young lady of exquisite beauty,

"in mantle furred with ermine,"

as the poet says, who leaned eagerly forward, exclaiming: "Dearest Grace!"—"Rose!"—The young traveller sprang in, and the two girls embraced with tenderness, kissing each other in the French manner on both cheeks. Then Rosemary, observing the stranger, who waited till the end of this affectionate salutation to make his bow, exclaimed in French, with her inimitable accent: "But who is this, my dear child? Your travelling escort? Shall I offer monsieur a seat in the carriage?"

"Not at all!" cries Grace, in the same language, with a malicious smile:—for the countess and her party were arrested precisely at the door of the carriage by the bowing figure of Count Wissen. "It is only a very gallant gentleman,"—still speaking French, the little minx, as glibly as possible,—"who has offered me his arm to get through the crowd. I thank you very much, sir!"

"And I too, monsieur!" said Rosemary, with the prettiest French *effusion* of manner.

"Heavens!" cried the countess.

"It is crushing!" said the handsome colonel.

The horses began to prance and curvet from the moment they felt the carriage-door close, and the policeman went to their head, while John sprang up behind.—"You are all right, my man!" said the officer to the latter, as the equipage started at a grand trot, dashing the bright sparks from the pavement; and the young ladies bowed their thanks again from the carriage like two young princesses.

CHAPTER X.

A FRENCH PLAN OF ATTACK.

THE foreign party took a hackney coach and drove to one of the great white marble hotels up-town. Here the plainly-dressed countess engaged a suite of rooms, and ordered dinner in her own apartments. The two gentlemen, in order to observe the ways of the country, had a little table for themselves in the sumptuous dining-room, where with some choice claret and French cookery the handsome colonel avowed that Paris could scarcely do better for them. They dined like Europeans, that is to say, very deliberately, course after course, partaking moderately of each, and enlivening the repast with conversation, which was stimulated by a temperate participation of the juice of the grape, the intellectual black coffee, and a delicate *chasse*, or thimble-full of brandy, to conclude. The colonel was never weary of discussing the adventure of the rail-car, nor of cursing his own stupidity in regard to the fair unknown. Going to the opposite extreme at once, he extolled her perfect command of countenance, and the purity of her French, deducing from both the conclusion that she was indeed a young person "perfectly brought up." Then she showed blood so unequivocally at the affair of the police. In fine, if his fair betrothed was like that, in manners, beauty and spirit, he should esteem himself the most fortunate of men.

"You have been rather reserved on the subject of your betrothed, my dear Floréal." said the count, smiling. "You have not yet told me her name."

"Because she is not yet my betrothed, observe, my brave. Hence it would be an unpardonable use of her name to announce her as already mine."

"Your silence has an honorable motive: still you may rely on

my discretion, after all; and I might impart some informations," said the count.

"It is true," replied the young vicomte. "In fact, my inquiries hitherto have been wholly fruitless. No one in Washington could tell aught of the family, but what I already knew. Eh! well. You remember in *Algérie*, about ten years ago, a certain American officer of the foreign legion, about your age, I should think, named d'Ashon, whom our lads called *Cœur-de-lion* on account of his excessive bravery, and because his name of baptism was Richard?"

"Do I remember him?" replied Wissen, with emotion. "We were sworn brothers, my dear. He saved my life at Isly."

"Really! Well, it is his only daughter whom I should in the course of a few weeks lead to the altar, although I have not yet seen her."

"You interest me profoundly. Dashon has often entertained me on the subject of his daughter in a desert *bivouac*, by our camp fire, with the stars of Africa glittering overhead. But why should this marriage take place so suddenly?"

"Because my leave of absence expires—that is to say, I accepted this special mission on condition it should not interfere with my rejoining our battalions in the Crimea by the first of March."

"Yet you have lost already a week in Washington!"

"It is not lost, since I have finished my business and seen the capital of the Union. Besides,—to tell you the truth—I needed a little time to recover from the voyage before I present myself before a young lady who is to decide my fate. *Mon Dieu*, my dear! fabulous millions are at stake. It depends on this marriage to restore the fortunes of the Floréal. Perhaps also I do not prejudice myself by a little reserve. A woman, my brave, is like an angler: she likes the pleasure of hooking a shy and difficult fish."

"You have not graduated in the saloons of Paris for nothing, after all," said the count, laughing. "Your last, diplomatically, is the best reason of all."

"For the same reason," pursued the young vicomte, with as much gravity as if he were planning the attack of a fortress, "I

do not present myself at the Dashons' to-night. To-morrow night they give a ball, to which I am invited. It is there that I will see Mademoiselle for the first time. I shall, to-morrow, leave simply my card. In the evening, at a pretty early hour, I present myself, in full uniform—France being at war, I ought strictly never to quit it;—I flatter myself that I shine on these occasions, and certainly one who has had a success in Paris ought not to fail in New York."

"From my knowledge of the Americans, I doubt the wisdom of your tactics."

"Why?"

"The family may take offence at your assumed indifference. The girl herself may resent it as a slight to her charms. This evening, perhaps, you will secure her in one interview. To-morrow night, she may receive you with the cordiality of an iceberg. This is not a country for delays, my dear vicomte. Should the young lady, above all, suspect the motive of your fine backwardness, it would be a feminine vengeance to play off against you some of the numerous admirers who are as sure to be hovering round an heiress, as flies about a pot of honey. I doubt not your ultimate triumph; but you create for yourself difficulties."

The count also objected to a first appearance in uniform; for the ball it was well enough, inasmuch as it was rigorously the etiquette for an officer in time of war, travelling on the service of his sovereign; but it would be far better with an American girl of the highest class to avoid anything theatric.

"To own the truth," said the young vicomte, smiling and without the slightest embarrassment, "I have not a decent suit of plain clothes in my kit."

"That alters the case," said the count, gravely. "You must provide yourself, then, immediately. The Americans are a peculiar people. They think infinitely more of these externals than we Europeans do, among whom rank is something definite and positive. A uniform is nothing here; a title not much; but handsome clothes are 'the ticket' (as they say). My opinion is that your first visit should be paid to a fashionable tailor."

The young vicomte shrugged his shoulders.

"I protest," said he, "that never entered my head. I am here, just as I left the camp."

"Come, it is only half-past seven," said the count. "We can fit you out in half an hour with everything necessary. I will show you at the same time an establishment which has no compeer in Europe."

Greatly to his own astonishment, the young vicomte was soon provided with a suit of plain clothes, fitting perfectly, the more perfectly from the elegance of his figure, and of the best materials known to male dress.

"*Ma foi!*" he exclaimed. "I look as if I had just stepped out of a hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin."

"You do, only a little more so," said his friend, in English. "Now you are fit to call on an American heiress, so as to pass for a real vicomte. Yet stay, you must have a fine white cambric handkerchief."

"Let us finish!" said the vicomte, impatiently.

The young men agreed to make the proposed visit in company. Wissen assured Floréal that he would be all the more welcome for bringing with him a friend in the person of the titled Minister of a foreign court.

"This first visit is one of ceremony after all, although it is informal."

They did not call a carriage; the two nobles jumped into a Broadway omnibus, like any ordinary mortals; and in less than twenty minutes were set down precisely at Mr. Dashon's door. The family were not at home. Mr. and Mrs. Dashon, Miss Dashon and Miss Atherton, had all gone to the opera. So cards were duly left:—"Le Lieut. Colonel Comte de Wissen, Ministre de S. M. le Roi de ———;" and "Le Lieut. Colonel Vicomte de Floréal." The cards were all turned down in due form; the vicomte left *two;* and the name of their hotel was at the bottom in pencil.

"Now that you have saved your credit, what shall we do to amuse ourselves?"

"*Diable!* Suppose we go to the opera too?"

"Quite the thing to do. We may see them. They may even condescend to see us."

CHAPTER XI.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It was a great night at the opera. In the train of one of the stars of the lyric firmament there had come out to America a young woman of Scandinavian origin and great personal beanty, who had been engaged by the famous *prima donna* in order to sing certain contralto parts which occurred in the pieces of her répertoire. This young woman happened to be a genius not yet appreciated in Europe, where they are overwhelmed with reputations. The audience of the New York opera-house divined her at once for what she was, and in an instant the Signora Félicita was hailed as the queen of the lyric stage. Her grand success had been in the *Trovatore* of Verdi, a weak opera, miserably melodramatic, which owes its fortune to one or two striking situations and some charming melodies: above all, to the fine part of Azucena. On this evening was to be represented a much greater work, *Lucrezia Borgia.* The house was crowded from parquet to dome.

Wissen and the young vicomte arrived late, and with some difficulty, by making interest with the box-keeper, were admitted into one of the stage-boxes, for in the parquet there was not even standing-room. They found themselves in a very good position to hear and see, being obliged to stand however, in order to see the stage, as the front of the box was occupied by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who stared slightly when they entered, but took no other notice.

It was already the scene of the banquet, where the dramatic interest grows intense, and Orsini sings his fine drinking-song. Félicita, who sung this part, was magnificent. When that gloriously beautiful young gentleman rose from the table and advanced to the foot-lights, golden goblet in hand, tall as the other

cavaliers grouped picturesquely round him, you could scarcely believe it was a woman. The song was frantically encored; a shower of bouquets and wreaths fell upon the stage. The house trembled with the applause. Then the music changed to the notes of funeral despair; Lucrezia enters to inform the revellers that the wine-cup has been poisoned and that they must all die; horror sits upon every countenance; and they pass out of the apartment one by one, by a door through which we behold their coffins standing upright against the wall in readiness to receive them. The situation has scarcely ever been rivalled.

There was a lady in the stage-box where the young noblemen saw this scene, who seemed profoundly and singularly affected by it. Wissen could not help noticing her emotion. It was not the sympathetic agitation which a tragic event usually excites in women, that painted itself on her countenance; but rather, during the wild inspiration of Orsini's song, a glance of bitter contempt, such as Lucrezia herself might have bestowed upon her victims, and, at the moment of the catastrophe, one of irrepressible triumph. She turned round to the gentleman next her with a smile, so peculiar, so unequivocal, and so malignant in its meaning, that Wissen shuddered. He felt for the moment that Lucrezia Borgia stood before him, as the poet has imagined her;—lustful, cruel and unrelenting, and yet with a maternal instinct left too; for the lady's eye, before it turned again to the stage, fell upon a younger companion who, from the resemblance, might well be her daughter, and the smile became affectionate. The daughter was a very handsome girl, apparently about nineteen, who wore a remarkably distinguished opera-cloak of cherry-color and white stripes, her hair banded with pearls, and her fine arms covered with bracelets. The count whisperingly pointed out this matron-like finery to his friend, and said:—"In Europe you would be sure it was a married woman, but I am confident that this is a young lady."—"I hope it is not Miss Dashon at all events!" replied the vicomte: "not even her beauty would reconcile me to a style like that."—"*Eh! voilà*, my friend!" exclaimed Wissen. "Look at the stage-box opposite! There is our heroine of the rail-car! And my faith! she sees us too!"

In fact the opposite box was occupied by the Dashons. Grandmamma was there, in her white hair, set off by a small velvet coiffure enriched with point, and looking very much like a duchess; her arms, of which she was still so vain, were bare and glittered with jewels. Grandpapa sat a little back, also white-haired, but with a high-colored face and eye still sparkling under the thick iron-grey eyebrows: he rests one brown hand on his gold-headed cane. His white waistcoat is buttoned, old gentleman-like, to the throat: he looks beautifully clean and healthful, in spite of gout. Roosevelt is there, just behind Miss Atherton, talking to her, and looking at his cousin, in the corner of the box nearest the stage. The two young ladies sit together, and look sufficiently alike, at first sight, to be sisters; nor would the vicomte take either of them for a married woman. Yet Rosemary was imposing; the fire of lorgnettes directed from all parts of the house at the box where she sat, was partly attracted by the millions of her grandpapa; but many an opera-glass still occupied itself with her noble and lovely head, where the owner had no idea who she was. Fair and momentary triumph in the eye of the world, before the humiliation of the tomb, and the swift sentence of the world's forgetfulness! The form which now gleams like a star, the radiant countenance, the shape of budding elegance, will in a few weeks be borne along the streets in a black-plumed hearse. Already she is marked for the grave by a jealous and vengeful eye. The lady whose singular expression Wissen had noted, turns again to her neighbor, a gentleman dressed in a semi-quaker garb, and whispers:—

"Do you see the Romarin turning her glass this way? Which do you think—is she looking at her cousins, Augusta and me? or at you, Ezekiel? or at our handsome intruders here, whoever they are—foreigners evidently?"

"Messieurs have the air of being greatly taken with her too or with Miss Atherton, or both," replied Dr. Mannikin.

"It is positively uncivil, considering that they are in my box on the invitation of the manager—after asking my permission, I grant. Distinguished strangers! well, they look that. Ah! a thought strikes me, Ezekiel. Can it be possible that infernal

vicomte has arrived this very evening, and happened into my box —into the den of the lioness!"

Mrs. Varick turned full round at that and gave the strangers an American lady's stare. They bowed. The exciting last scenes of the opera, despite the absence of Félicita, now absorbed general attention. It is seldom that in America an opera is put upon the stage with any genuine dramatic effect. Nothing is commonly regarded but the music and the vocal gems. This night it was different—a great actress had infused her own conceptions into the action, and although Lucrezia was feeble compared to Orsini, the interest endured to the last, and the audience never rose till the curtain fell.

The retreat of so large an assembly was a slow and serious affair. Moreover, the magnates took it easily, which left time for greetings between friends, and display of pretty opera-cloaks. The parties who had occupied the two stage-boxes met in the vestibule. Miss Atherton and Rosemary were talking eagerly, the former sustaining her part in the colloquy without ceasing to have an eye upon everything around her. When the two cavaliers came in sight, she obviously said something which made Miss Dashon also quickly look, and Grace herself bowed.

"We meet again very soon, mademoiselle," said the Minister, "in a very different scene."

Grandmamma turned round with looks of inquiry.

"It is the gentleman who helped Grace through the crowd in her difficulty with the police, grandmamma!" said Miss Dashon, laughing and blushing.

Mr. and Mrs. Dashon both thanked the count for his politeness to their guest.

"I should have gone to the boat myself," said grandpapa, "but I suffer from gout"—smiling—"and I dare say my place was well supplied, sir."

"Cornelius," said grandmamma, "I wish you would see if Johnson has got his carriage close to the steps:—your uncle doesn't want to walk half a square to it."

Roosevelt went off in a rage to fulfil the commission; the crowd was still dense; for it had come on to rain; and the carriages were slow in getting up, while the pedestrians, and ladies

who relied on omnibuses, of whom there are always great numbers, blocked up the passages, pinning up their dresses, or waiting for umbrellas. Meanwhile the Dashons and Varicks chatted; the girls looked lovely in their mantles and nubes; and the two foreigners rather liked it. It was all about Félicita, and the drinking song, and the great prima donna, and the orchestral deficiencies. Then a great surge of well-dressed people came backing in from the porch, driven in by a sudden gust of wind and heavy shower, and bore the whole party precipitately back, grandmamma "consterned," as the Count said, and the girls laughing. The ice of ceremony was completely broken through. In the changes of position consequent on this hasty retrograde movement, Count Wissen found himself next to Miss Dashon, and Floréal, having protected Miss Atherton from being trampled on, addressed her some words of encouragement—for she who had been so courageous in the midst of a fighting rabble a few hours before, seemed frightened by the rush of ladies and gentlemen. In fine, when Roosevelt returned, having with difficulty made his way through, and reported the carriage at the very nearest point, and waiting for them, grandmamma accepted cheerfully Count Wissen's proffered arm, and the Vicomte de Floréal gave his to Miss Atherton, with whom he had contrived to make his peace in a very few moments; while Rosemary, gathering up her dress bravely with one hand, and with the other arm supporting her grandfather, brought up the rear.

"Good-night, cousin Isabel," she said to Mrs. Varick, as they moved on. "Good-night, Augusta."

"Good-night, cousin Rose."—"Good-night, Rose."—"Good-night, Rosemary."—Good-night, Miss Rosemary." A litte volley of these salutations was fired after her, which made the vicomte look back; but no one said, "Good-night, Miss Dashon": —for they were all either relatives or intimate friends of the family. That name would have made him start, had any one uttered it. And Rosemary walked close behind him, and Grace now and then turned back to her friend with a brilliant smile, and the movement caused her to lean a little more decidedly on the young vicomte's arm, and Rose smiled at that coquetry: for she was not quite such a fool as not to see it at all, Rose-

mary was not. So they sprang into the coach, the door was closed, the footman mounted behind, Johnson gave the horses a little touch, and off they went over the wet and gas-lighted pavement.

"Upon my soul!" cried Floréal. "This is an adventure! How Mademoiselle Grace is charming! I have failed to lose to her my heart."

"Remember, my dear fellow, that you are as good as married."

"Oh! my faith! who was making love to her friend all the time?—a very pretty girl too, but not to be compared to 'Meess Grace.'"

"There is no disputing about tastes, my dear."—The reader is to remember that the original of all this conversation is French. "I admire Meess Grace to excess; but Meess Rose—it is simplicity itself united with a certain grandeur!"

"Ah, bah, Wissen! now you are in your heights. I comprehend nothing of all that. In a year's acquaintance I should scarcely draw such a conclusion, at which you arrive after a quarter-of-an-hour's conversation in the lobby of an opera-house! What has she said then?"

"What does not concern *you*, my dear. What has Meess Grace said to you?"

"Absolutely nothing. It is what charms me. The inconsolable reflection is that I did not and could not ask her name, and that nobody pronounced it."

"Let us pray that it may turn out to be Dashon," said the count, laughing.

"Ah! what a ravishing supposition!" cried the vicomte, seriously.

"You are then really in love with this beautiful young person?" asked his friend in a graver tone.

"Perhaps: but sure I am that I have made a conquest of her; and if it should turn out to be Mademoiselle Dashon,—why, then, you know, my affair is settled."

"And should it turn out otherwise, Floréal? You then will have trifled with the feelings of a very inexperienced, but I am

convinced very innocent and estimable young girl, who takes your gallantry for a serious passion."

"It is true," said the vicomte; "yet comes a little too late."

"You are off the straight path, my friend; and depend upon it that sooner than perhaps you think, will you be led to a precipice."

Meanwhile the carriage of the Dashons rolled swiftly home. It contained five persons, for Roosevelt Dashon was admitted to a share of the front seat. The young ladies—it was before hoops came in—sat close together and left a corner for the young man, next his cousin. He was very gloomy and said not a word the whole way home. The young ladies did not rattle much either; Rosemary never did, and Grace stood in awe of grandmamma Dashon. But the latter lady talked the whole way; she was greatly captivated with Count Wissen, would have liked to invite him to the ball, if it had not been that diplomatic etiquette—"do you understand?"—would prevent him from accepting until Mr. Dashon had been regularly presented to him. And who was his friend? Some young attaché of the French legation perhaps. It was wonderful how near the guesses came without their hitting on the true supposition. Rosemary alone did not offer an opinion who the handsome colonel was, or evince the slightest curiosity on the subject. When they reached home, the first object that caught grandmamma's eagle eye, were the cards of the two gentlemen on her table.

"Ah, Rose, my child, read these cards," cried grandmamma.

And Rose, whose eyes were those of eighteen, not fifty-eight, read distinctly, amid profound silence—

"'*Le Lieut.-Colonel Comte de Wissen,*
Ministre de Sa Majesté le Roi de——.'

"And the other is"—a still deeper hush, and Grace half sprang from the sofa where she had flung herself on entering—Rosemary's voice a little trembled:—"The other is

"'*Le Lieut.-Colonel Vicomte de Floréal.*'"

A deep blush suffused the cheek of Rose Dashon, but Grace Atherton turned pale as death.

"Mademoiselle takes it coolly," observed grandmamma.

"I knew it was he," said Rosemary.

"That is, you suspected it, my dear child."

"No, grandmamma—I had not a suspicion till I asked M. de Wissen the name of his companion, meaning to tell——"

Rosemary stopped short, and looked down at the card of the handsome vicomte, who was almost her betrothed. A more lovely picture could not be imagined,—the eyes downcast, the virgin cheek slightly flushed, the ineffable expression of modesty and submission that played over her serenely beautiful countenance.

Her cousin Roosevelt stifled an execration, and rushed out of the room, and out of the house.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MYSTERIES A LITTLE OPENED.

THE distinguished-looking foreigners conversing with the Dashons on a footing of acquaintance in the lobby of the Academy of Music, and handing the ladies to the carriage, attracted general attention, but especially that of the Varicks, whose party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Varick, their daughter Augusta, and Dr. Mannikin. The latter seldom appeared in public with his old friends: but somehow the character of Borgia interested him, and he had availed himself of a standing invitation, implied if not expressed, to occupy a seat in Mrs. Varick's well-placed and very expensive box.

"Beyond a doubt it is M. de Floréal," said Mrs. Varick, when they were in the carriage.

"Which is, mother?" said Augusta. "The fair one, or the dark-eyed handsome young man?"

"The dark-eyed, handsome young man, you little fool! The other is near forty," said her mother.

"But why, then, did he never open his lips to Rosemary Dashon?" cries Augusta. "He did nothing but flirt with Grace Atherton the whole time."

"That rather confirms the supposition that it is the expected suitor from France, Miss Augusta," observed Dr. Mannikin. "Why else should he devote himself to such a child as Miss Atherton, unless to divert attention from his real aim?"

"Ah! you are a deep one, Mannikin! One must read you by contraries!" said Mr. Varick, chuckling. "The doctor knows how to mask a flirtation, doesn't he, Isabel?"

"Well, I heard Rose call the fair gentleman (who is also very fine-looking) *M. le comte*," persisted Augusta.

"That accounts for his handing aunt to the carriage," said her mother, "while M. le vicomte, who is perhaps already betrothed to your cousin, led Miss Atherton, who is their guest: it is quite the etiquette."

"Ah, you understand etiquette!" exclaimed Mr. Varick. "Confound etiquette, I say. If I were Rose Dashon, I would see etiquette in Guinea before I would let my intended get too thick with such a confounded pretty girl as Miss Atherton. Doose take it! you call her child, Isabel! She knows more than the other girl. I'll be hanged if she don't."

Mr. Varick had taken between the acts what he called a "smile," and was in a very cheerful condition. When Dr. Mannikin was set down, Mr. Varick also got out, leaving his wife and daughter to drive home together. The carriage then rolled on in silence, until Augusta exclaimed:—

"Oh, mother! if Rose Dashon marries a real vicomte this winter—the heir of a real marquis of the old faubourg, as Aunt Dashon says—I shall die of spite! And I see just how it will be: she will marry the vicomte, and Grace Atherton the count; or else, Rosemary will marry the count, and Grace the vicomte. It will be Madame la vicomtesse de Floréal, *née d'Ashon*—do you understand?"—mimicking her great-aunt. "I shall go mad."

"*Née d'Ashon!*" ejaculated her mother, bitterly. "Born a Dashon! *I* was born a Dashon!"

"Why didn't you marry Rosemary's father, and then I should be in her place now?" demanded the daughter, with asperity.

"Don't talk like a fool, Augusta."

"Well," cried Augusta, "I don't care. I'll marry one of them —I don't care which—or else I'll run away with somebody the same day Rosa Dashon is married; mind that, now!"

"Just keep a little sense in your head, and you shall marry whom you please!" said her mother. "If you suppose that I am going to be out-manœuvred this time by Aunt Dashon and that old Romarin, you are much mistaken. That happened once, Augusta, before you were born, when I had no more sense or experience than you have; but I have got quite another head on my shoulders now."

They found Roosevelt already at the door when they arrived. He had that moment crossed over from his uncle Dashon's.

"Well, Roosey," said his mother, in a kind yet fierce tone. "What is the news from France?"

The young man went in without answering. Mrs. Varick followed her son into the furthest room of the suite, where he threw himself upon a sofa and buried his face in the cushion.

"What has happened, my son?" insisted Mrs. Varick, putting her arm round him with tenderness. "Tell mother!"

In her ermined mantle, richly dressed hair, and ripe form kneeling beside him, she resembled a stage-princess in some pathetic scene: for incessantly in real life these contrasts meet, of splendor without and miserable passions within. The youth turned upon his side, without rising, and looked steadily in her face. His was fiercely working.

"The Frenchman has arrived," said he; "she knows it, and means to have him. I can read Rosemary's countenance as easily as she can read music. You told me, mother, if the moment came when I despaired, to tell you. It has come. I care not what happens. She shall never—NEVER belong to another!"

"*How* will you prevent it?"

"Insult him the first opportunity. He is a soldier and must fight. I choose pistols!"—And the young man's arm straightened itself in a duelling position. His mother smiled and kissed him.

"The way lies not there, Roosey: for this vicomte, you see, I mean shall marry your sister."

"He never will do that, mother."

"Listen to me, Roosey. Will you better yourself with Rosemary by killing her *fiancé* in a duel? Will you go on to insult, and provoke a challenge, from every successful suitor she has—one after another? Will they all fight, if you do? Won't you be arrested and imprisoned to await your trial for murder, or else be obliged to fly the country? No, my son, believe me, your plan is equally dangerous and impracticable."

"I will kill her, and then commit suicide!" said the youth, vehemently, yet in a low, hissing tone.

"Now trust all that to your MOTHER!" whispered Mrs. Varick, bending over him, and speaking into his ear.

"What is your plan, mother? Speak out."

"When *she* is out of the way, my son, you and your sister enter at once into your rights."

"Are you really my mother?" said the young man, slowly, and regarding her with his great blue eyes, in which there gleamed an expression of yet deeper horror and despair.

"So truly your mother, Roosevelt, that I would forfeit my salvation to secure your happiness."

"Shall I be happy when 'she is out of the way,' do you think, mother?"

"You will be happier, no doubt, when she is Madame de Floréal," replied his mother, with a smile shocking to see on maternal lips.

The boy broke from her arms with a cry of pain, and rushed out of the room. The temptress rose to her feet; looked after him; moved serpent-like to the table.—"He will come to it at last!" she hissed rather than whispered to herself: "but it must be left to work."—She took up a miniature, it was with a trembling hand.

Some one advanced towards her down the middle room; it was Dr. Mannikin. Long as their intimacy had lasted, the woman glanced in the mirror, smoothed her hair, straightened her waist, and gave her flowing skirt a slight shake, ere she went a step to meet him. They sate down upon the sofa where the scene between Mrs. Varick and Roosevelt had passed, and conversed long and earnestly. The physician was giving her some information; at times the lady's emotion was evident; but we shall best explain it in our own words.

Great events in this world are intimately connected with little ones. In the November election of that year there were four tickets run in the State, and the contest was excessively close. In the city, a democratic mayor was chosen, but a combination of Whigs and Republicans carried all the chief offices, by a mere plurality, except in the case of the Surrogate, who had a majority. Mr. George Varick, who previously held an office rich in plunder, having imprudently got himself nominated for one of still higher control, shared the defeat of his party and was left out of the city government.

It was a great blow to him. From causes which we shall presently indicate, Mr. Varick's affairs were again in a disordered state, and he relied on the boundless contracts centering

in the new office, and the millions it would enable him to handle, in order to extricate himself. He had betted largely on himself, and subscribed a fabulous amount to expenses of election, to secure the nomination. The payment of all these items forced him to draw his balances very dry at a bank where his accommodations were liberal, on the implied condition that his deposits were to be always large. To replace his deposits and keep his credit good in bank, he was obliged to borrow on the street at high rates, and his paper began to be too frequently offered. It had never been A No. 1, and now it was difficult to classify it exactly. Endorsers grew shy. Since his return from California, where he had learned something, Varick had kept clear of the gaming-table in a large way; but he was always intimate with a number of men of large means and untainted credit, who privately indulged in the excitement of play; he went one night to a noted establishment in a quiet street with some of these gentlemen; won largely, went again, lost largely; grew desperate, went nightly, lost immensely; returned home, one night, ruined. It was supposed by those who knew statistics, that in the course of eight or ten years Varick had extracted about half a million from the public purse, and it was gone! With an aching heart he reckoned up his assets on a card, and found that should he sell his real estate (all deeply mortgaged, of course), dispose of his houses, furniture, horses, everything, and pay his debts, he would be a beggar.

By "houses" we do not mean those of his tenants, but those which he personally occupied, which must be reckoned in the plural number: for besides his magnificent mansion on the lordly Avenue—generally known as "Mrs. Varick's"—Mr. V. had an establishment on one of the side-streets, but a very elegant and fashionable situation all the same, where in luxury not less exquisite, Mr. Varick sometimes entertained a few of his confidential male friends, at little late suppers graced by some very expensive crinoline that spent almost as freely as Mrs. Varick herself, and paid for everything in cash, which Mrs. Varick did not. Driving such a tandem, it is easy to understand the rate at which Mr. V. was going to—no matter where. Put it all to-

gether:—election expenses, bribes, law expenses, bets, *interest*, speculative losses, fast ladies, GAMBLING!! The wonder is not that Mr. George Varick, after robbing the public of half a million, found himself at the end of eight years worth a hundred thousand dollars on the wrong side of nothing; but, this being the case, how he still had houses, horses, carriages, mistresses, cash and credit—could still pay something, and still borrow a great deal.

But he could *not* borrow enough for his necessities. That is patent to any one who knows a little of business. Mr. Varick owed a hundred thousand dollars more than he was worth, and was spending about a thousand dollars a week, with no income to meet that inevitable expense, and pay the interest on the floating $100,000, but—fresh loans. Let any good accountant figure up where he will be this time twelvemonth, allowing that he gets money at two per cent. a month. I shrink from the result. What resource has he left? Whisper it. No, best not even whisper a fact of that nature. In a very tight place, when his broker had returned him a little note for $10,000, which he had not been able to get shaved even at three per cent., Mr. Varick redeemed his credit on the street by meeting his obligations as usual. He had got accommodated somewhere. Nay, it was at bank. He had borrowed the money at *legal* interest, of one of the greatest and most cautious institutions in Wall street. Mr. Dashon kept about half a million there on deposit, and singularly enough, though that gentleman never endorsed for anybody (he had stepped in, it seems, to save his nephew) the note had the name of "C. Roosevelt Dashon," in a hand never to be mistaken, on the back.

"You couldn't be deceived in Mr. Dashon's signature?" said a new director, timidly, to the cashier, in the bank parlor.

"As easily in my own," said the cashier, while the other directors shrugged their shoulders, or raised their eye-brows, or grimly smiled.

The note was passed of course.

After that, Mr. Varick's affairs got an upward tendency again; his paper became quite popular, though a few old operators were shy of it. He had plenty of money, however, in

spite of *them*. His two families were more extravagant than ever. The mistress took a sudden fancy to diamonds; the wife had expensive pleasures of her own; she patronized the arts, and artists; there was quite a circle of them at her house; they flattered her taste, admired her beauty, made love to her after the fashion which a witty foreign diplomate regretted not to find in vogue in American society, and she delicately rewarded them by purchasing their works. It is hard to say exactly what she purchased. Any how, Varick seemed content; he was often present when she visited their studios, and sometimes gave orders on his own account, nor did he ever seem better satisfied than when he found his wife's drawing-room filled with long-haired and moustached individuals, with gibus hats under their arms, gibbering anent operas, high art and "sich," and diffusing through his *or molu* saloons an odor of the grand and polished *Bohème*.

Speaking generally, the scandals of Mr. Varick's life were no secret to his family. His son, as we have seen, knew enough to dilate upon darkly and mysteriously, to his cousin Rosemary. Rose had found a terrible interest in these confidences, which she could not summon strength of mind to repel; and in consequence her intercourse with her cousin had lately assumed a character which made the lighter play of society seem insipid. She pitied Cornelius so much; she understood him so much better than of old.

For although Rose Dashon as yet accepted no invitations she saw a good deal of society in a quiet way. Young gentlemen got up in the newest style of dress and conversation, happened in, and would sit for an hour or two in the evening, hat in hand, discussing the subject of fancy balls and private theatricals, the singing of Grisi and Mario, the prospective visit of Rachel, and the Academy of Music in general. Dr. Mannikin also happened in, stayed a very short time and was still more agreeable. Miss Dashon received the well-informed, well-bred and distinguished physician very well, though to her astonishment her cousin was more violently jealous of him than of all the dashing young cavaliers who composed her little court. Cornelius appeared to hate Mannikin with a perfect hatred; yet when Rosemary de-

manded why, her cousin was moodily silent, or said in a low tone:—"There are reasons which I can never speak of—to any one—even to you—nay, to you least of all."

This in Rosemary's eyes was merely the avowal of a frantic and she thought particularly absurd jealousy; and as she would not permit Cornelius to tyrannize over her, she was polite as ever to Dr. Mannikin, whom she found, as her sex were apt, singularly agreeable. He was a suitor like the rest, no doubt, and it is seldom that a girl of eighteen regards suitors with the severity of Penelope. Rose had an airy graciousness, not unmixed with humor, for all hers; but if she had a preference, it was for the admiration of a man mature in life, and enriched with knowledge beyond other men. It flattered her, and if she sometimes regarded Dr. Mannikin with a secret fear, there was a mysterious fascination also in that. Even the quaker costume was no disadvantage to Ezekiel; it was really better suited to a fine manly figure than the costume of the day; it was more picturesque; and he turned it to the best account, as he did most things.

There was an obstacle in the way of Dr. Mannikin which most men in such a case would have regarded as insurmountable. He had a wife already, though few were aware of it. How he expected to remove this serious impediment, we cannot indicate; certainly, he had no idea of committing bigamy, least of all with a person so conspicuous as the heiress of Roosevelt Dashon. And possibly, like most persons who advance at last to the commission of a crime, he did not exactly resolve to commit it, but rather played with the temptation. Just suppose that so immense a prize as the hand of Miss Dashon were within his grasp—could he resist seizing it? And in that case, what to do with the *obstacle?* i. e., the existence of a Mrs. Mannikin? Ezekiel pondered that question often with a little vial of blue liquid in his hand, the properties of which no mortal but himself knew, except in the farthest East.

It had been the study of Ezekiel's youth to discover a poison which could be administered with absolute impunity. After years of investigation—after travelling far—this man, still in the flower of his age, satisfied himself that no agent existed capable

of destroying life without leaving its trace; but at the same time he discovered one which touched no vital organ, produced no lesion of tissue, yet suspended all the phenomena of vitality for the time. In this condition, the cause of which no chemistry could detect, life might be destroyed by mistake—suppose! The victim might be buried alive. A post-mortem intended to unfold the cause of death, would infallibly produce it; and the unfortunate sufferer, reviving from trance under the fatal investigation, would prove by the last sigh that death was caused only by the temerity of the physician. It was perhaps fortunate for Mrs. Mannikin that for a dozen years after her husband returned home in possession of this terrible secret, he was enslaved by a passion which rendered him profoundly indifferent to her existence, so long as she did not cross his path.

Latterly this state of things had altered. Twelve years had made changes in persons, in charms, in feelings. The last six years had made such changes with rapidity. The women who were young fourteen years before, were now past their bloom. There was a new and a lovelier generation springing up around him. Yet Ezekiel himself was unchanged, so far as social and personal attraction went, unless for the better. Being supposed unmarried, he was in a way to know that. Hence, athirst for beauty and wealth, within reach of a river of both, he felt the galling chain which held him back, and longed day and night to burst it.

Dr. Mannikin did not think much of rivals. He despised the young gentlemen who fluttered round the heiress, and he thought that the heiress laughed at them. He was not at all jealous of Roosevelt, whom he took every occasion to praise and patronize. Moreover, he held one of the strongest cards a man can hold, in the very general admiration of the other sex.

No doubt dozens of young ladies, to speak within bounds, were dying for Doctor Ezekiel, and Miss Dashon knew this very well. Did not some of these young ladies find themselves frequently at Mrs. Dashon's in the evening? Did not Rosemary meet them at the Academy of Music, or at Burton's (she was allowed to go to Burton's), or at Niblo's, or at Stewart's, or at the Riding School, or the Chrystal Palace even, or in fine, some-

where? And had she not an opportunity of learning their sentiments on many subjects? Was not Dr. Mannikin's a popular and a frequently mentioned name? Did not Emily Clerestory tell her that Fanny (her elder sister) was desperately in love with him? Did not Kitty Plaidoyer frankly own that she thought he was the most distinguished and most agreeable man in New York, among the eligibles? Did not Clara Roosevelt (a distant cousin) ask her very significantly (scanning her the while from head to foot) whether Dr. M. did not visit at her grandmother's pretty often in the evening? and was not Clara an heiress too? When grandmamma took home the Varick girls one day from Stewart's (these were uncle Edward's youngest daughters), as the carriage passed Dr. Mannikin's handsome mansion, and his gig was at the door, didn't both those girls turn eagerly and point it out? If the verdict of her own sex is the first thing a woman considers, even before that of her own eyes, in forming an opinion of a man, Rosemary was certainly bound to have a very high opinion of Dr. Ezekiel Mannikin.

Dr. Mannikin, we perceive, is a personage whom it will do to bet on. Like Napoleon III. and the "gray-eyed man," or a cat crouched beside a mouse-hole, or Satan lying in wait for a sinner, he waited for events. No failures dispirited, no obstacles daunted him. He was careful not to mark his attentions towards Rosemary herself; but he was quite frank, though he affected despondency with the grandparents.

"Beautiful creature, your grandchild, madam," he would observe with a sigh to Madam Dashon, as he paid his court to her sitting like a princess on her sofa. "Would I were ten years younger (the knave should have said fifteen) that I might enter the lists with these young gentlemen. Heigho! it is the first time I ever regretted my youth."

Or he would converse with Mr. Dashon on the corruption of our government, the infamous venality of our legislatures, the increasing load of taxation, and weave in details about taxes in Europe, and what the people got from their governments in return, the superior protection, the cheap amusements, the enjoyment of the fine arts, the admirable police, so that the thoughtful Rosemary was sure to become a listener. Mannikin

never competed with his youthful rivals in direct flirtation, never attempted to monopolize Miss Dashon, always yielded any younger man the precedence with her, and yet he contrived to amuse and interest and flatter her more agreeably than any of them. Roosevelt only possessed a stronger charm, but this only when they were alone, for Cornelius was savage and moody in society, and spoke but to vent bitter witticisms upon everybody: and even in their *tête-à-têtes* his dark forebodings, his fierce jealousy and his gloomy passions were half incomprehensible and wholly uncomfortable phenomena to the serene and guileless maiden.

The "suitor from France" was a rival of an entirely different calibre, formidable even to a Mannikin. By bearing this in mind, and at the same time the audacity of the man, his success hitherto through indirect, if not criminal means, and that peculiar hard-heartedness and deliberate cruelty which we have seen him heretofore manifest and which is a natural effect of voluptuous sins, we shall understand how completely he was roused under the mask of his indifference, by the news of Floréal's actual coming. Dr. Mannikin had taken the measure of the young vicomte the very first moment he saw him enter into Mrs. Varick's box; and although he said nothing, a secret presentiment informed him who it was. Mannikin wanted an immediate interview with Mrs. Varick, but he allowed himself to be set down at his own door, knowing that Varick would be sure to get out at the same time. Having tracked that gentleman, unsuspected, till he saw him enter a noted gaming house, Ezekiel jumped into an omnibus and went straight to Madame Isabel's.

His errand was to reveal something respecting the conduct of her husband, which even to her was a profound secret:—not that he drank, or gamed, or kept house number two; there was nothing in this either new, or if new, capable of blanching Mrs. Varick's unabashed cheek, and causing her insolent lip to tremble.

"There is but one thing he can do, if this becomes known," said she, with a strange, cold light in her eye: "what he should have done long ago!"

"Commit suicide?" said the doctor, with his peculiar skeleton

smile. "It is true, but let us think of yourself and your children, Isabel. This combination shows the necessity of your identifying yourself, previous to that discovery which sooner or later is inevitable, with your uncle Dashon, so that the blow which strikes you may equally strike him. Do you understand me?"

"You mean that Roosey must either be married to Rose Dashon, or stand in her place?"

"There is not the slightest probability of her marrying Roosey now," said the physician. "Look the thing coolly in the face, my sweet friend. The time is past for illusions. What chance has Roosey, a mere boy, a cousin at that, and not without obvious personal disadvantages, against this uniformed, decorated, Antinous-like hero, fresh from the Crimea, with his soldier-like bearing, his military and hereditary rank, and his five or six and twenty years! None whatever. Dismiss that idea, Isabel."

"If it depended on her, I should."

Dr. Mannikin's brow knit slightly.

"On whom should it depend? You do not imagine, certainly, that any earthly motive will prevent a needy French noble from marrying an immense heiress, when he has the opportunity? Will a cat in a milk-pantry abstain?"

"These old families of the faubourg are nice on the subject of pedigree, and Rose Dashon's shield has the suspicion of a bar sinister. It is her own mother, too. If she were the only heiress in the world, I grant you, Ezekiel. There is Grace Atherton, with whom Floréal (for it seems it is he) was openly flirting to-night, and whose race is as proud and pure, and her pedigree as unsullied as his; she has vast expectations; and my Augusta, too—"

"When she shall be your uncle's co-heir, will be in the same case. At present neither Augusta nor Miss Atherton can be mentioned in the same breath with Rose Marie Dashon, in point of fortune: and what does this stain on her birth amount to? A suspicion only; and one which"—Ezekiel smiled—"may vanish on inquiry. They will gild it over, anyhow."

"It is worth trying, however," said the lady. "One never

knows what will succeed. And an unnecessary crime is a blunder. I did but hint to Roosey to-night, in the fury of his jealousy, that his cousin might be got out of the way,—you should have seen his look of horror."

"How imprudent!" said Dr. Mannikin, biting his lip.

"I differ with you," replied the lady, coldly. "Roosevelt's is one of those grand passions that would make him infinitely rather see his mistress dead than belonging to another."

"Well, the situation does not admit of delay or trifling," pursued Dr. Mannikin, in a low grave tone. "A mine is dug beneath your feet: and frankly I see but one escape."

"We always have that resource," said Mrs. Varick, suspiciously. "Have not you often said so?"

"Well, do as you like, I shall be indeed rejoiced if you succeed."

"Uncle favors it; and when the plan of one grandfather fails, that of the other becomes the second-best, as it seems to me. Several ways present themselves for breaking off this French affair. The young man's arrival is in our favor. We have something to work on now."

Either to quiet his friend's suspicions, aroused by his sudden advocacy of an extreme measure, which half in banter, half in earnest, she had been the first to suggest; or in order to draw out her plans, Dr. Mannikin now entered with apparent zeal into Mrs. Varick's views. Apparently hers was the ruling spirit. She proposed to work in two ways toward the same end; indifferent how it should be attained. If possible, Floréal should be influenced to withdraw his pretensions, or to urge them coldly: at the same time, could anything be discovered that would ruin him in the eyes of so proud and strict a girl as Rosemary? He must have some vice—gaming, wine or something. Mannikin himself admired his friend's genius and resources, and engaged to do all in his power to second her efforts. While they still conversed, it being near midnight, the street-door bell was rung violently.

"It is Varick! so drunk that he can't find the night-latch, I suppose. I will let him in, Ezekiel, and do you vanish."

The supposition that it was her husband was correct. Mr.

Varick was brought in by two gentlemen, strangers to Mrs. Varick. He was not drunk, but senseless, with a cut on the right temple, which had been bleeding profusely; for his waistcoat and linen were dreadfully stained.

"Don't be alarmed, madam—there is no danger whatever," said one of the gentlemen, who wore spectacles, and had the appearance of a medical man.

"He had better be carried upstairs at once," said his wife, who was alarmed for her sofas, which were yellow satin damask.

The gentlemen looked at each other, and with a smile took up their burden. They were vigorous men, especially one of them, the taller and younger of the two. Dr. Mannikin assisted, and they carried Mr. Varick to his own room and laid him on the bed. Then the spectacled gentleman bowed slightly to Dr. Mannikin, who returned it.

"Dr. Mannikin, I believe," said the stranger. "My name is Galenson—Dr. Galenson, at your service."

"Ah! Dr. Galenson! I know you by reputation, doctor. What is the history of this affair, doctor?"

"Briefly, we found this gentleman lying in the area of a house in ——— street, senseless, with this cut, which seems to have proceeded from a fall. From the name written in his hat we discovered who he was, called the first hack and brought him home. The cut is not a dangerous one, madam, I assure you."

Mr. Varick's face, despite his loss of blood, was deeply flushed, and his breathing was stertorous. Dr. Mannikin felt the pulse. Galenson also regarded him with more anxiety than his words expressed. Mrs. Varick, observing that the sight of blood made her faint, and turning really very pale, got a smelling-bottle, and threw herself on a sofa.

"He had taken laudanum," whispered Galenson. "We took him to a druggist's first, and did everything necessary."

Mrs. Varick fainted entirely away. This caused great confusion. Dr. Mannikin, who knew the ropes, called Miss Augusta, who came rushing in in her night-clothes, and retreated with a shriek on seeing so many gentlemen. Roosevelt entered, and was self-possessed as possible. Here was another recognition; the tall and powerful young man who had accompanied Galen-

son, and who was the first to discover that Mrs. Varick had swooned, nodded to young Varick, who faintly colored and said —"Ah, O'Morra!"

However, Augusta reappeared in a pretty wrapper, and showed more sense and firmness than any one would have supposed possible. She proposed that her mother should be carried into her room; which was done, and Fleurette was summoned to take charge of her. Miss Varick then returned to her father. You would not have thought that a girl so frivolous could show so much filial affection as she did. She evinced also great energy. Some strong coffee was wanted. Roosevelt objected to calling up the servants, and proposed to make it himself. O'Morra volunteered his aid, professing a perfect knowledge of the art. Augusta found them the materials and apparatus. At the end of an hour, the two physicians declared that Mr. Varick was out of danger, and withdrew; but O'Morra, at the beseeching look in Roosevelt Varick's eye, accepted the latter's offer of a bed, and remained.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANDMAMMA'S BALL.

"HERE is one of the advantages of the artificial system of government established in this mighty Republic," said the count, laughing. "I came to this the real capital, to investigate some questions of great importance to my country, and behold I must return to-morrow to Washington to conduct a negotiation of little moment with the American cabinet. I regret it very much on your account, my dear Floréal, as I shall be detained there several weeks; and before I return your destiny will be decided; you will have been married perhaps; will even have set sail for France with your bride."

"Perhaps not," said the young vicomte. "I have a presentiment that this affair will not succeed well, and that I shall return without any bride."

"You have presentiments! A sure sign that you are in love. But suppose Meess Grace and Mlle. Dashon turn out one and the same person?"

"You who understand English so well, should have acquired some definite ideas respecting her."

"My faith! The old gentleman made his acknowledgments to me in what he supposed to be French, and may the good *diable* fly away with me, if I understood two consecutive words of what he said! But he certainly used the words 'my granddaughter' several times, and ended by saying in plain English that his granddaughter would thank me better than he could. So it only wants the proof that the old gentleman is Mr. Dashon —eh!" with a smile; for the count himself did not really believe it.

"Meess Grace did certainly call him 'grandpapa,'" observed the vicomte. "Ah, well! we shall know in an hour or two. My friend, my heart beats as it did in my first battle. Should these people prove to be the Dashons, what a felicity is in store for me! for to own the very truth, Wissen, even on the railway car, I was taken in a desperate way with that beautiful and piquante Meess Grace."

"How curious," observed Wissen, "that you do not remember the baptismal name of Mlle. Dashon!"

"I have heard it no doubt—it even seems to me that it was not unlike Grace—but in fact I have forgotten it entirely. In truth, my brave, when a marriage of interest is arranged for you by your family with the daughter of a wealthy *bourgeois*, your imagination occupies itself far more with the *dollars* of the lady than with her Christian name or reported beauty, which I have believed to be an agreeable falsehood."

"Well, my friend, it is time for us to think of dressing for this ball, which is destined at least to solve for us so speedily the question of Miss Dashon's identity. I will bet heavily on Miss Grace."

"Two to one against!" said Floréal, quickly; "the bets to be paid on the day of my marriage."

"I will not bet two to one on Meess Grace, but I will that it is either Meess Grace or Meess Rose," said the diplomat, shrewdly.

"And I! I will risk any sum on its being the young lady of the box into which we intruded ourselves, or one of the same stamp, of whom I saw hundreds—in that case I would sail in the next steamer!"

Wissen laughed, and they adjusted with great coolness the amount of the bet.

Mr. Dashon had called on both the foreign noblemen in the morning, leaving his card for both, and an invitation for the Minister. The hour named on the cards of invitation was nine, and punctually at the moment the count was in Floréal's room, ready dressed. It was not an occasion on which etiquette permitted him to appear in uniform, but he wore a decoration on the breast of his black coat.

"I think it is the highest compliment that our rules allow, which were I to infringe, M. de Sartiges would take occasion to write at least a hundred notes. To wear my grand cordon, and arrive early—see what is possible!" said the count.

"Am I well enough?" demanded Floréal, who was in full uniform.

"Superb, my friend! Even the *kepi* becomes you!"

"You observe that it is our campaigning order—kepi, red trowsers—for as the sentinels at the Tuileries, since war was declared, mount their knapsacks with overcoats strapped on, as on a march, so I, by a military fiction, am supposed to be with my regiment before Sebastopol, and liable any minute to be called to the trenches," observed Floréal, who seemed anxious to prove that he was bound to wear his uniform.

"Ah, *scélérat!* you will be called to the trenches the next minute—you know it well—of how fair a fortress and defended by what batteries! First, the eyes, a kind of sally-port for the besieged. Then the ——, but we are losing time, my friend. Here, no doubt, is the announcement of our carriage."

But the servant who knocked, bore a letter, which he offered on a salver to Col. de Floréal.

"The hand-writing of a lady! A thousand excuses, my dear Wissen."

The vicomte changed color as he read.

"Anonymous! cowardly! infamous!" escaped him. He crushed the epistle and was about to fling it into the fire: Wissen arrested the movement.

"Is it an anonymous letter? Then preserve it. It may hereafter serve to detect some other baseness. I give you there a diplomatic counsel."

"Read it!" said Floréal contemptuously.

Wissen took the letter and read it aloud. It was written in bad French, which may be translated as follows:

"M. LE VICOMTE,

"The following facts which concern a young lady whom, it is said, you wish to espouse, may interest you, or not. I submit them. Their truth is notorious.

"Her parents made a runaway match; six months later she saw the light. Even the marriage has been doubted.

"For ten years the family of her reputed father never acknowledged her; she bore the maiden name of her mother; she was never called *Dashon* till her father's death; then the old grandparents having no hope of other issue, discovered that she was legitimate, which before they had ever denied. The evidence on which they proceeded has never been published. Does it exist?

"Till the age of twelve the *soi-disant* Miss Dashon received the education of an artiste. She saw only the society of singers, musicians, painters and actors. In effect, she was brought up by the same hands, and in the same manner, as her mother, who eloped at nineteen with one of her father's pupils! Fine antecedents for a marquise de Floréal! Perhaps a few millions will gild over all that. Be very sure, however, that old Dashon makes his will, for should he die intestate, the succession might be contested on the ground of mademoiselle's illegitimacy.

"As the least inquiry will reveal to you the exact truth of the above, it is needless to add the name of a

"SINCERE FRIEND."

"What baseness!" said Wissen.

"It is base enough," said Floréal. "At the same time—would any one venture to assert all that without foundation? If I believed it, I would cut off my right hand rather than wed Mlle. d'Ashon, had she the wealth of the Rothschilds."

"That is true, my brave; but the letter is anonymous. Your first honorable impulse was to destroy,—let a deliberate sense of justice resolve to disregard it."

"All that—was it true—should not Gen. de Romarin have informed me?" pursued the vicomte, with a solemn glance of his great brown eyes.

"Since he did not inform you, the inference is that it at least is substantially false," replied Wissen.

"It is not enough; *that* should not even be said," said the young noble, hotly. "A marquise de Floréal should have not only an unsullied, but an unsuspected honesty of descent."—The vicomte spoke with irritation.

"If you attach importance to this, show the letter to Mr. Dashon, and attend his explanations," said the count, a little coldly.

"I will," said the young vicomte, folding up the anonymous letter, and putting it into his breast-pocket.

The young men descended to their carriage in silence. On the way, Floréal merely broke out once, saying:

"By my faith! I suspect that little hunchback who regarded me with such a furious air last night, while I gave the arm to Mademoiselle Grace!"

"You will have rivals, do not doubt it," replied Wissen, pithily.

A quarter of an hour brought them to the end of the line of carriages formed to reach Mr. Dashon's door. The first aspect of the house was strikingly palatial. The lower windows on the Avenue were close-shuttered, but those down the garden front were bright with the illumination within, and the double range of the great front saloon showed each an eye of light between its heavy draperies, but not enough to overcome the intense brightness of two enormous private street-lamps which threw a flood of light upon the rusticated rez-de-chaussée and the columned windows of the façade, copied in brown stone from one of the superb gables of the Louvre. Two carriages unloaded at once; from each a velvet carpet extended to one flight of the double steps, and so to the vestibule. Policemen kept the way clear.

"These d'Ashon are great people after all," said Col. de Floréal.

"The first door to the right, gentlemen," said a personage in white kids, as they entered.

The gentlemen's cloak-room, in fact, was the library, where, by an ingenious idea of grandmamma Dashon's, the unoccupied shelves (usually concealed by rich panelling) were fitted up with compartments for over-garments, for which each guest received a ticket. A large double rack, with two hundred pegs, accommodated the hats. Quiet and respectful colored gentlemen presided over this important department.

A knot of irresistible youngsters, each of whom believed he was sure to marry Miss Dashon, were adjusting their curls and

neck-ties before a swing-glass; at the mantel-mirror, some elderly gentlemen drew on carefully their spotless gloves, stealing a glance at their gray whiskers and what remained of their thin locks, while young America superciliously smiled at their cares. On all sides, piles of overcoats, like a counter at Brooks's, and in one corner a marble slab with decanters and glasses. The entrance of an officer in uniform, and a gentleman with a diamond cross on the breast of his coat, made a considerable sensation.

"This is worth seeing after all, for it is national," said Wissen. "Observe that tall youth, who is priming himself for the ball with a glass of brandy. Here is also a dressing-room, a perfect luxury, you perceive. Ah! there is the famous M———, the inventor of the electric telegraph—that white-haired, pale-complexioned monsieur, with keen features. My king gave him a decoration and subscribed to his pension. I will introduce you to him."

The ancient President of the Academy presented several of his friends to the distinguished Minister and his military friend. There was a poet, white-bearded and austere, with cold, piercing eye and dreamy brow; an artist, accomplished man of the world, harmonious as his own coloring; an historian, gray and sharp as a fox; a Unitarian clergyman, subtle, eloquent, refined, sympathetic and superficial; and a millionaire who was a virtuoso, and having amassed a fortune by selling calicoes, outbid kings in the competition for gems and manuscripts. Wissen had been long enough in America to know these men by reputation, which he explained to Floréal as they slowly ascended the grand staircase: for the mob of white gloves and the soft passage and pressure of crinoline did not admit of rapid progress. The toilettes were exquisite—not so many diamonds as in Europe; the beauty of the women truly dazzling—Europe could boast nothing like it, viewed in the mass. The general effect was still imposing—marble halls, above and below; columns, giant vases of flowers, sculpture, brilliant light, delicious music. A powdered lackey in red and gold announced their names at the entrance of the great saloon, where Madam Dashon, in rose satin, point lace and diamonds, received her guests like a queen.

The count and Floréal were not greatly surprised to see their opera grandmamma of the preceding night. The handsome Minister advanced to bow and take her cordially offered hand, and then presented his friend as if it had been a court. Grandmamma adressed a few words of stately welcome to the young vicomte, in excellent French, with a decided accent, and then said:—"I must present you to my granddaughter, M. le vicomte; and you, M. le ministre, to Miss Atherton."

With that grandmamma turned towards two young ladies dressed exactly alike—two angels in tulle and roses (but whether it was a rose skirt, bouillonée, with a white tunic, or *vice-versâ*, and whether the skirt was over the tunic or the tunic over the skirt, and in fine, which was which, and which wasn't which, and why the roses were red that looped the white tunics, and white—a creamy velvety yellow—that crowned the dark hair, I cannot tell, except that the effect was as if they two had just bloomed in a garden)—and grandmamma said:—"I need hardly introduce M. le comte de Wissen, and the colonel vicomte de Floréal, young ladies. *Messieurs*—my granddaughter and her friend, Miss Atherton."

And both young ladies simultaneously bowed.

There was so much general resemblance between them, both having dark eyes and hair, clear-dark complexions and classic features, an equal height, and elegance of figure, that with the identity of dress, one might have been, and frequently was, mistaken for the other. All through the evening, those who had never seen Grace, and but slightly knew Rosemary, kept speaking to the former as "Miss Dashon." As for the foreigners they were as much perplexed with the identity of the two young ladies as I am about their skirts and tunics—which was which; or rather they were totally and unconsciously deceived. Had they conversed in English, the error would have instantly rectified, from the necessity of addressing each by name; but as they talked entirely in French out of politeness to Col. de Floréal, that eminently convenient word *mademoiselle* left the mistake unsuspected. Moreover Floréal was far from cool, and even Wissen permitted himself to become excited by this realization of their ideas, and the prospective felicity of his friend.

Miss Dashon (the real Miss Dashon) did not speak to Floréal, though her eyes, searching for some friend in the crowd, frequently turned that way; Miss Grace, on the contrary, inquired about his visit to Washington with a self-possession and intelligence for which Wissen had prepared him. Both foreigners as a matter of course asked the young ladies to dance, and it seemed that both were disengaged for the first quadrille; but the partners did not fall out precisely as they anticipated, for the count asked Miss Dashon, who instantly accepted, and the vicomte her friend. The quadrille was already forming, and they took their places immediately, Rose exceedingly calm, and Miss Atherton flushed and annoyed.

The crowd poured in rapidly: the rooms became a moving and fluctuating mass of elegantly dressed people, with currents setting this way and that, a tide-like roaring of conversation and music, liveried menials circulating with trays of ice-cream in balls about the size of grape-shot, or of coffee, punch and lemonade, to support the strength and spirits of the company till the grand affair of the supper should come off. Everybody agreed that never was anything so well managed. And the great saloon, with its parqueted floor, its vast expanse, its lofty ceiling and music gallery, what a hall for dancing! In spite of the crowd, it was always kept clear; and polka succeeded to quadrille, and quadrille to polka, while the halls, the conservatory, the staircase, overflowed; even in the third story there were rooms thrown open, where gentlemen who did not dance, could play cards, smoke and refresh themselves with punch *ad libitum*.

It was about eleven (although they lived just across the Avenue) when the Varicks made their appearance. Mrs. George was magnificent: it was whispered that her diamonds cost $30,000; her brow and bosom fairly dazzled the sight; besides which she had one of those luxuriant and perfect busts so rare in America, with a skin of snow, which her dress turned to the best account. Her color was brilliant, and her manner sparkling as her stomacher. Mr. Varick also had a remarkably fine color; he was also most carefully dressed; yet his eye was dull, and he seemed weak and unsteady on his pins (as young

America remarked): his hand trembled, though it held fast to the buttons of his waistcoat; and as soon as he had paid his respects to his aunt and "Cousin Rose," he went slowly upstairs to join a card party. His wife and daughter were soon twirling and dashing along in the *schottische*, as if nothing in the world had happened or was likely to happen; and his son Roosevelt, who had arrived among the earliest, went prowling about the rooms, speaking to no one, dancing with nobody, and keeping his cousin Rose always in sight. Once he approached her.

"I am glad to see you do not dance with the Frenchman," said he, savagely.

"Indeed, Roosey, I kept the first quadrille open for him, but he did not ask me," said Rosemary, smiling; "and as I am engaged every set till supper, and do not polk with gentlemen, I cannot dance with Col. de Floréal till after that grand event comes off."

"*Then* you will?"

"Of course.'"

"Beware, Rose!" said Roosevelt, with a bitter smile, and left her.

Although Rosemary did not "polk with gentlemen," she did with girls. Grace and she were on the floor half the time together—the most provokingly charming sight in the world.

"I believe," whispered she, "that if you and I were not exempt from anxiety on that score, this would be the true way to get husbands—wouldn't it, Grace?"

A bright permanent flush sat on Miss Grace Atherton's clear olive cheek; she hardly raised her eyes to those of her friend. If Floréal passed—for he was a great waltzer—the flush deepened to a bright red spot, and the respiration quickened; above all, when his partner was Mrs. George Varick, whose style of dress Grace sharply criticized. Rose said—"It is none of our business, Grace dear!"

"Well," said Grace, "if I were you I would rather polk with Col. de Floréal myself, than let him polk with *her*."

"Fie!" said Rose. "If I would with anybody, he is the last man in the world!"

"There, she's tired at last, thank goodness! now let us take

another turn, Rosy!"—And away they floated in each other's arms.

At midnight precisely the procession led off to supper. Mrs Dashon had noticed that at great parties in New York the supper was invariably a mob and a failure. In the midst of plenty people were faint and starving; ladies' dresses ruined with oyster soup, and hungry cavaliers obliged to satisfy themselves with nick-nacks and champagne. There are partridges and game; but who, standing and holding a plate, can eat a bird? A backwoodsman perhaps, whose plate is a hemlock chip, and teeth and fingers his knife and fork. To sup, one must sit; the ancients reclined. The difficulty was want of space, or not knowing how to use it.

In Mr. Dashon's house, a wide marble staircase, brilliantly lighted with gas, led from the ground floor to a gallery that ran the whole length of the basement, more than eighty feet. It was sunk deep, like the lecture room of the Cooper Institute, ceiled in blue and gold, and the walls panelled in red and gold paper: there were scagliola columns, mirrors that doubled the scene, rich carpets; a divan ran round three sides. In the centre played a fountain, and about it were disposed, in beautiful order, ten tables, which seated more than two hundred guests. When they were filled, the procession was stopped. The art of the confectioner had made each table a masterpiece, cornucopias and fountains of candied fruits, pyramids of natural flowers, with viands, wines, and plate. The negroes were all dressed in red jackets and white trowsers, and they were organized by a very important, delicate-looking mulatto, in a black suit, with white waistcoat and frilled shirt-bosom, on which glittered a brooch of false brilliants, nearly as big as Mrs. Varick's stomacher.

"That fellow is the Napoleon of waiters, count, and yet a mere plantation negro—do you understand?" said grandmamma. "His mates call him Black Jim, but I always style him *Le roi Jacques*—do you understand?"

"Le roi Jacques! Black Jim!" said the count, with profound gravity.

"What do you think, count?" says Rosemary, laughing

"I was hardly dressed this evening when some one tapped at my door. I opened it myself, and lo! there was Black Jim with a cup of coffee and a tiny glass of cognac—for ME!—do you understand?"—playfully mimicking grandmamma's grand air.

"You took it?" asks the Minister.

"I did, monsieur, and *le roi Jacques* has promised always to bring me such a little cup when occasion serves."

"Black Jim is very attentive to you, cousin Rose—with a king at your feet, you ought to be quite indifferent, as I see you are, to counts and marquises!" said a lady sitting at the same table.

Wissen turned at the voice, and saw Lucretia Borgia, whom a gentleman in semi-quaker costume was helping to oysters. Wissen did not understand the allusion, although a glance of Mrs. Varick's eye, directed towards Floréal, who was seated by Miss Grace and assiduously helping her, partly explained it.

"How completely devoted is my friend Floréal to Mees Grace!" observed the Minister to his beautiful neighbor.

"She is a mere child," said Rosemary, with perfect serenity. "I am delighted that Col. de Floréal entertains her so agreeably."

The count slightly stared.

"Certainly," said he, "it must be the wish of all his friends that he may succeed in gaining her good graces."

It was now Rosemary's turn to stare. She had not an idea of the error of the two foreigners; but now a glow more sudden and more lovely than the first blush of the aurora overspread her brow, face, neck, and bosom.

She rose as suddenly, stepped like a nymph behind four or five people seated next her on the divan, and quickly round the table to Grace's side, and whispered in her ear. Miss Atherton started up with a look of confusion, and appeared about to yield her seat to her friend, but Rosemary half forcibly, half caressingly pushed her back, whispered again earnestly, and returned to her own place with the same graceful courage.

"I am very hungry," said she, as she resumed, laughing and slightly panting, her seat. "Except Jim's coffee and thimbleful of cognac, I have not tasted anything this evening."

So then, her emotion, whatever its cause, had not taken away her appetite. Wissen wondered at her, and still more, when, after despatching a slice of grouse, she turned to him and said, with a blush—in English—

"Do not you think that my friend Miss Grace Atherton has a beautiful face, Count Wissen?"

Wissen never changed a muscle; he was so practised a diplomat that according to Talleyrand's illustration, if any one had kicked him from behind, his face would not have betrayed it; but he comprehended the drift of the question at once, and blushed internally at his own stupidity.

"Miss Grace Atherton!" repeated he, in his serious foreign manner. "I have then the honor of speaking to Miss Dashon?"

"Are we so much alike that you cannot tell one from the other? or is that a delicate compliment to me?"

"I have been laboring under a mistake from the first," said the Minister. "My friend, also, I regret to say, has the same misconception."

"It is a little comedy!" said Rosemary, with a musical laugh. "It is no matter, however, as Miss Atherton is also an heiress. I engage you, M. le comte, not to interrupt it on any account."

"Ah, you have a spice of mockery in your composition, Miss Dashon. But you have already enlightened your friend in regard to our absurd mistake."

"It is quite different, count. A young lady! A misapprehension of that kind on the part of a gentleman might be too serious for her, if she were not aware of it."

"How true and clear she rings!" thought the sagacious foreigner. "It was not an impulse of jealousy, then, but feminine *esprit du corps* that sent her like an arrow from a bow straight to her friend's side, the moment she made this discovery, to put Meess Grace on her guard. Ah, 'tis as keen as a razor, too—fine and sharp in her judgments! She reads that poor Floréal already. What shall we do now? I fear that he has compromised himself already irretrievably with Meess Grace."

Wissen was in a fever of impatience to get released from the table, but as he could not take the liberty Miss Dashon had, of stepping behind ladies and gentlemen, he was forced to wait

till grandmamma moved. Then a little confusion arose in the hall; it was only a young man who had got a little too much champagne; the corks were flying in all directions; people were leaving the supper-room, others coming in rapidly to take their places; some gentlemen, old and young, rather excited at the novelty of a sit-down supper at a party, were inclined to prolong the session too much; a very happy individual gave a toast, and wanted to get upon the table to make a Union-saving speech; he was with some difficulty prevented, with gentle violence was got away and put into a carriage. It was amusing to see the astonishment of Floréal at this occurrence. The barbarism which American, like Russian, magnificence too often thinly veils, peeped out a little. The ladies retired from that part of the hall in dismay, but those who had not yet supped were not prevented by it from sitting down at other tables. In the meantime, before Wissen could escape from his fair prison, Floréal and Miss Atherton, rising, quitted the room together; and as soon as he got out, grandmamma, whom he had had the honor of leading to supper, resumed his arm.

"Resign yourself, count," said Rosemary, as she swept by him on the arm of her last partner. She was on her way to join the first quadrille after supper, in which she was engaged to dance with Col. de Floréal, with whom except when he did her the honor of asking that favor, she had not exchanged a single word all the evening. In fact, Miss Dashon had adopted the general rule of not talking to young gentlemen, except in monosyllables.

Her cavalier was a shy and silent young man; at supper to which he was entitled to conduct her, he had not favored her with a single remark, but he was more lively now and made a number of silly observations as they went upstairs, at all which Miss Dashon was good-natured enough to laugh, so that he flattered himself he was entertaining her vastly. She hurried him along,—it was surprising how quick and free she could step off when she chose—and in crowded saloon and door-way everybody yielded to the beautiful daughter of the house, distinguished by her exquisite carriage and peculiar toilette (for her dress was then a novelty). Rawkin was delighted with her con-

descension, for she took him through all the rooms of the ground floor—leaving him at the door of the ladies' apartments while she peeped in;—through all those of the grand suite. Nowhere were Floréal and Miss Atherton to be found! Finally, she resolved to return to the great saloon (where they were waltzing) and order the next quadrille to be played. Then Col. de Floréal must appear to keep his engagement.

In the hall she encountered Roosevelt Varick, who approached her with agitation.

"Rosemary! I have been looking for you everywhere. Come with me. Uncle wants you."

"Grandpa wants me? Excuse me, Mr. Rawkin. Where is he, Roosey?"

"Down stairs."

Mr. Dashon was in the lower hall, at the entrance of the little anteroom. With him were Mr. George Varick, and a couple of gentlemen in great coats, with hats in hand, who did not look like guests.

"My dear child," said grandpapa, "I want the key of your room, and permission to see these gentlemen there. There is not another spot in the house where we can be free from intrusion."

"Certainly, grandpapa."

She led on through the ante-chamber (hall room) into the small conservatory—

To Rosemary's infinite astonishment, there were the vicomte and Grace in confidential converse—the young vicomte held Grace's hand. Grace seemed excessively confused.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," said Rosemary, coldly. "Grandpapa wanted to go to my room with these gentlemen."

Miss Atherton and the vicomte withdrew, while Miss Dashon took her key from behind a flower-pot, and opened her door.

"Let me go in first, grandpapa, and see if all is in order, and turn up the gas."

"Oh, never mind, my child—never mind—we will make every excuse on such a night," said grandpapa, entering.

Mr. George Varick, the two strangers, and Roosevelt followed. When Rosemary had turned up the gas, they were all there

The beautiful apartment was discovered. She might have spared herself all anxiety about its decorum; not a trace remained of the recent toilette; everything had been put away. A bright wood fire blazed on the hearth, the panels of the Maltese window were closed and its curtains drawn; the antique toilet-table sparkled; the bed lay pure and white, the covering turned down in readiness to receive its occupant; across a chair lay a bright dressing-robe, on the table stood an empty coffee-cup—the same which Black Jim so attentively brought before the party began.

Rosemary's heart was all in a flutter from a thousand emotions, and lo! Mr. George Varick dropping on his knees at her table, on which he buried his head, cried out in a horrible voice—

"I confess all! Mr. Dashon! I have forged your name—that's the whole truth—but it is a trifle—a trifle to you—save me for my children's sake!!"

Aghast, Rosemary leaned back against the door of her antique wardrobe.

"Leave us, my child!" said her grandfather, sternly.

"Don't go, Rose! for Heaven's sake!" whispered Roosevelt, grasping her hand convulsively. "Intercede for my father—for us all!"

Rosemary locked her door on the inside, and went round to her grandfather, who had sat down, seated herself in his lap, and threw her arms round his neck.

"This can be hushed up, Mr. Dashon," said one of the strange gentlemen, also seating himself, "if you are willing to pay the very heavy amount in which Mr. Varick has defrauded our bank."

Rosemary whispered in her grandfather's ear.

"You are a fool, child! He will do it again!"

"Never!" groaned Varick. "Save the honor of my name, my children—your own blood, Mr. Dashon—and to-morrow I will be past committing such an offence again!"

"Miserable man! would you commit suicide?"

"He attempted it last night, and was only saved by accident and the skill of Dr. Mannikin, sir!" said Roosevelt, with wonderful calmness.

"He will be very careful how he does it, if I get him out of this scrape now," said Mr. Dashon, with a look of scorn, every fibre of his frame trembling with anger.

Rosemary's arms tightened round her grandfather's neck, as she spoke in passionate whispers. 'Twas a strange contrast—her young face, her liquid, melting, entreating eye, her mouth of inexpressible tenderness—the old man's dark, stern, unrelaxing countenance, hard as wood, only the eye showing emotion, and that terrible.

"Not for their sakes—but for mine, then, grandpapa!—This shame will fall on me, too. Have I not enough already to bear for the faults and crimes of the Varicks!" exclaimed she, loftily, and rising to her feet.

Roosevelt covered his face with both his hands. His uncle looked at him, with a stony eye.

"Do you love this boy, Rose?"

"This is not a place for such a question, sir!" said the girl, crimsoning.

"I must have an answer—on your veracity," said the old man, obdurately.

"I love Roosevelt as a cousin—in no other way, sir, do I or can I ever regard him."

The young man uttered a faint cry—quickly suppressed.

"My curse on you, Rose, if you deceive me, or if you ever marry him. Marry any one else you like—the Frenchman, if you fancy him—no one named Varick!"

"I am entirely disposed to obey you in that, sir," said Rosemary, again drawing close to him, and sinking down at his knee.

"Give me the notes!" said grandpapa, hoarsely, to the gentleman who had before spoken.

With great eagerness, the bank officer took them from a pocket-book in the breast of his coat, and laid them on the table before Mr. Dashon. The latter examined them one by one, and set down the amounts, which he cast up. He then glanced at the endorsements—a red angry spot burned in his cheek as if it had been suddenly smitten. Varick never raised his head. Mr. Dashon gathered up the notes, and said bitterly—

"These would never have been passed without the connivance

of some one in the bank, Mr. ———. They are all re-indorsed by the drawer!"

He gave them to Rosemary, who instantly put them into the fire and held them down with the tongs till they were totally consumed. The officers did not interfere. Mr. Dashon then sent the girl to the library-desk for his cheque-book, and as soon as she returned, filled up a cheque for the sum total of his nephew's forgeries.

CHAPTER XIII.

"*Friar*. Come is the bride ready to go to church?
"*Capulet*. Ready to go, but never to return."
Romeo and Juliet.

FROM THE VICOMTE DE FLOREAL TO COUNT WISSEN.

"NEARLY a month has elapsed, my friend, since you left me; yet I have not written except the few lines which all simply announced to you that my marriage was settled. How this grand result became in so short a time an accomplished fact, I shall apprise you in few words. You have not forgotten that Madame Dashon had the exquisite attention for you to cause your national waltz to be played after supper, nor what a prodigious sensation you made in waltzing with that extremely undressed and bediamonded Madame Varick, the cousin of my beautiful betrothed. You will also recollect how the daughter of Mme. Varick—the same into whose box we intruded at the opera—waltzed with a certain Deuxtemps, fine waltzer all the same, and how upon that Mlle. Dashon supervened with a message in the ear of your brilliant partner, which caused her to retire precipitately from the ball. My faith! you will agree with me that mademoiselle shone out on that occasion with a quite particular lustre. How, to prevent any interruption to the flow of the festivity, she offered in smiling her hand to you in lieu of the partner of whom her quite mysterious whisper had deprived you! What an exquisite effect was that which was praised and almost applauded by all the world, of the pretty rose and white robes of the sister-like beauties chasing each other in endless revolution round the parqueted floor of that beau salon, conducted by us foreign heroes! But you know not the real heroism of Mlle. Dashon

that night—a behavior which has obtained for her my profound admiration and esteem. Certes, I shall possess, besides a fabulous fortune, the most estimable wife in the world, of a beauty no less to dazzle the senses of any man.

"It was after our waltz that I availed myself of the custom which I found universal, to invite mademoiselle to a promenade through the handsome rooms. I immediately seized the opportunity to exonerate the adorable Grace.—'Enough!' she exclaims at the first word. 'My friend has told me that she is not to blame—you cannot add to that assurance!'—Then I lay myself at her feet to fulfil the engagements made between her grandfather Romarin and my family. You can never divine her response.

"'These errors of comedy,' says the beautiful one, turning to me, and pulling to pieces a flower—'affect not the serious duties of life: there are tragic scenes which influence our destiny quite otherwise and which impose a *devoir*. A near relation of mine, M. le vicomte, has just been detected in a crime. True, it is not known beyond four or five persons, all interested in preserving the secret. Heaven knows when he will commit another, or what accident will reveal this. You ought to know it.'

"Imagine my answer. Unfortunately few families are stainless in that regard. The poor duc de Praslin was my relative. In short, I put aside that objection as irrelevant. My vanity does not conceal from me that she was not overjoyed at my persistance. We were in a room, the last of the suite, where hung two portraits of sufficient merit as works of art.—'They are my father and mother,' said she, with a virgin blush. 'Know you the circumstances of their marriage and of my birth?'

"I showed her the anonymous letter, which proved that I was sufficiently well-informed. That knowledge was now a merit in her eyes. I confess I was humiliated to find her so much superior to my idea. In reading the letter she blushed indignantly, and returned it, saying—'Well, monsieur, it is all literally true!'—'True!' exclaimed I.—'And insinuates an infamous falsehood!' added she.—'I will ask an explanation of

your grand-parents,' responded I, wishing to spare a young girl the necessity of approaching such a subject.—'I am not such a child, M. le colonel,' she replied, with spirit, 'that I cannot answer a plain question about the honor of my mother. To me that is as simple and as holy as the sunlight shining into a church and falling on a tombstone, even with the pavement, where rich and poor tread, and know not that a saint lies there beneath. I know what I am at this moment; and such as I am, my mother was, M. le vicomte, when she received the nuptial benediction.'—This was pronounced with an inconceivable air of virtuous pride, to which filial piety added a certain tenderness.—'I believe it, mademoiselle,' replied I, falling at her feet, 'as I believe the *credo*.'—She disengaged herself from me, with a cheek redder than the roses on her bosom; said—'Write, to-morrow;' and fled. To-morrow I wrote, and punctually received the following reply, on which I have meditated ever since:

"'M. LE COLONEL VICOMTE,' (very formal, is it not?)

"'Grandpapa tells me that I should answer your very flattering proposal in my own name. It was my duty to apprise you of circumstances which might affect your resolution; that done, the choice of my parents is for me the will of Providence. That you have been similarly inspired does not fail to diminish the apprehensions which I cannot deny I have felt, lest I should be unable to make you happy, M. le vicomte. I have one favor to ask. As the time is so short, and my preparations must be hurried, will you allow me to pass the intervening period in retirement.

"'ROSE MARIE.'

"Behold a very singular acceptance, which is neither French nor yet American, as you have explained to me the American mode of arranging these affairs. In effect, the letter to which the above is the response, was full of ardor and respect; the sole point to which she alludes is one where I represented myself as guided by Heaven to the distant land where I was to find so great a treasure as herself. You will agree that if I had

flattered myself with the hope of making a conquest of my future bride, I have signally failed.

"In fine, during the three weeks which have already elapsed, I have scarcely seen Mademoiselle Dashon, and then only in the presence of her family. Of this, as a Frenchman, I have no right to complain, although I learn that the custom of the country is very different. I ought in fact to rejoice that the manners of my bride are those of a young French girl of rank perfectly well brought up. She is more frank and independent, it is true; but not less reserved. Once when I called (which I do daily) I found her alone. Now I am told that an American girl, in those circumstances, would sit an hour or so with her accepted lover, and even permit him many innocent liberties at the bare thought of which I tremble; but Mlle. Rose Marie starts up in confusion, drops a curtsey of the most profound, says she will call grandmamma, vanishes. As Madame Dashon was out shopping, I received presently a message to that effect by a pretty maid-servant, but no more mademoiselle that day.

"At present it wants but a week to our nuptials. Mademoiselle is in retreat. I shall not see her again till we meet at the altar. The ceremony has been deferred till the latest moment: at nine o'clock the nuptial benediction; at half-past nine a grand reception which will last two hours; at noon we embark on the Havre steamer. As I am a miserable sailor, I devote the first fortnight of the 'honeymoon' (as the Americans call it) to sea-sickness. Scarcely shall I have time to place my bride in the Hotel Florćal, before I must set out for the Crimea.

"The Dashons—grandpapa and grandmamma—accompany us to Europe. Without that, Mme. de Floréal would find her first year of marriage too horribly dreary—her husband at Sebastopol under the Russian batteries—her maternal grandfather exposed to the same dangers—not a friend near her but my family, who are yet total strangers.

"I must not forget to mention that by a special permission the marriage will take place at Mr. Dashon's house, and that it will be blessed by Monseigneur de New York himself. This is done to please the Dashons, and accommodate the gout of

grandpapa, which, between ourselves, is an excuse always ready for everything. The arrangement does not please mademoiselle, who pleaded hard to be married in church, but yielded the point when she found how much the old people were set against it. To satisfy her, a beautiful altar is prepared, and there will be every ceremony except the nuptial Mass, which Monseigneur will not permit unless we present ourselves in church for it. Hence mademoiselle goes to communion at the convent the same morning; and I, reprobate as you think me, remembering that I am a Floréal, a Frenchman and a Catholic, shall religiously fulfil all the duties of the occasion at the church of the Jesuits.

"I trust to see you. My friend, you cannot tell how my heart misgives me. I adore my bride; she is only a trifle too dazzling and too perfect for such a sinner as I. Then Miss Grace is 'bride-maid'—sole bride-maid—to the great disgust of numerous Mesdemoiselles Varick who pretend a nearer claim. With infinite reluctance I have acceded to a request of Miss Dashon, and have invited that little Monsieur Varick, her cousin, to act as 'groom-man,' in the absence of any relative or personal friend of my own. I wished for you, my friend, but the uncertainty of your coming on, and the doubt whether diplomatic etiquette would permit you to accept, prevented my speaking of it. I always suspected the little monsieur of writing the anonymous letter; that he loves his cousin to the point of desperation I am certain; and I think it is a cruelly mistaken kindness on her part to assign him thus the office, as it were, of his own executioner. Then I tremble at the thought of Miss Grace! That beautiful child—is she not just fifteen?—has many defects by the side of the perfect Rose: for that reason even, she captivates my somewhat human sympathies more. Heaven knows if ever I had a pure feeling in my heart for one of her sex, it was for her: I would not care to marry her (were I free) for these four or five years; my bachelor life does not begin to weary me yet: but how I let my pen run on! One would say I was a girl of eighteen and not a bearded soldier, who has seen battles and shed blood!

"Your devoted

"FLOREAL."

What grandmamma Dashon never could understand, or find anybody else to understand, was why her husband, hitherto simply resigned to the French marriage, became all at once the most zealous for it of all the family. Grandmamma thought it was very well, very well, indeed, considering the military rather than the hereditary rank of the *jeune vicomte*—do you understand? and his fine personal qualifications, such as beauty, manners, talent even, which she admitted might in some degree contribute to the happiness even of a marquise. But grandpapa, who appreciated all these qualities very highly, too highly, and cared not a straw for a coronet, had always considered the poverty of the Floréals a great objection. Wealth likes to match with wealth, and the millionaire could not but regard the grand marquis on four hundred a-year, as greatly inferior to himself whose rental was easily figured at as many hundred thousands. Mrs. Dashon was not so much surprised at grandpapa's proposing rather than adopting the plan of accompanying the young couple to France, and of amusing their granddaughter during her husband's absence with a little tour. Their hearts were both too utterly bound up in her, to make that at all strange—it was inevitable. How could they leave her alone among strangers? What desolation that would be to a bride of eighteen, who had never been from home, except to reside in a convent!

Grandpapa had reasons of his own, however, which he did not communicate to grandmamma. He had no faith in the reformation of George Varick, Esq.; and so far as the future use of his own name was concerned, from which he was certain nothing but the impossibility of using it would deter him in any place of difficulty, that impossibility could scarcely exist unless Mr. Dashon were abroad.

Before she went into retreat Rosemary had many private interviews with her grandfather, at one of which, the last and the most solemn and prolonged, "Cousin George" was present, and made a clean breast of it. It came out, then, that it was no temporary embarrassment, but utter ruin with which he struggled. To be sure his forgeries, cancelled by his uncle, had extinguished a mass of floating debt, but he was left with-

out real resources of any kind, and an overwhelming expenditure. Mr. Dashon had insisted on the whole personal property being assigned to him; he took Mrs. Varick's diamonds from her person on the very night of the ball, in Rosemary's room, whither he imperiously summoned his niece; the establishment in ——— street, conveyed to him, broken up, its belle crinoline summarily sent adrift, and the costly jim-crackery with which it was filled disposed of at auction, ceased to be a burden on his nephew's empty exchequer; in fine the sagacious old financier, hard as flint in his view of an offence against commercial confidence, nearly indemnified himself by stripping the criminal of every farthing of property. Then only, at his grandchild's prayer, he made a provision for the Varicks, in reality most ample, and intended to guard Varick himself against temptation.

"This is your last chance," said Mr. Dashon, sternly. "I give you the income of the generous amount which in my will is destined for your two children. You can live on it in luxury, without altering your apparent expenditure, and save enough to pay off by degrees all your obligations. You know how to arrange that as well as I do. Do it, keep clear of the gaming table, of politicians and fast women, keep a tight rein on your wife's tendency to extravagance, and you may live honored and prosperous. Your children are provided for; you have no need of more than your support; rich you can never be: if any one gave you a fortune you would not keep it a twelve-month."

Varick swore a thousand oaths that he would follow his uncle's advice to the letter. He invoked the curses of Heaven on his own ingratitude, if he ever deviated again from the straight path.

"You owe everything to your cousin there," said the old man, bluntly. "I love her, and I know she prefers the honor of the family to gold, or I would have let the law take its course before I would have paid a cent to save you from the state-prison."

"I did it for Roosey's sake and Augusta's and cousin Isabel's, as well as for my own, cousin George," said Rosemary. "I am sure that you will think of your wife and children as well as of me, and never let yourself get into difficulty again."

She followed him afterwards to the door, and with a bright blush, in a whisper, advised him to go to confession. She knew by experience that it was the only sure way to get rid of our faults. The ex-alderman cocked his eye at her with an expression familiar on the stock-exchange and in the neighborhood of the City Hall. He promised to think seriously of her advice, and even took down the name of her confessor on his tablets.

Such was the grinning skeleton concealed in this splendid house, while the splendid marriage came on apace. However, it seemed that they had got the hideous anatomy securely under lock and key. The house over the way where the Varicks lived, now belonged to Mr. Dashon; the furniture was his from garret to cellar; the carriages, the horses, were his property; and they had the usufruct during good behavior of their parent; they had an assured income, sufficient to keep the machine going; vice itself could hardly throw away so nice a position, which, with a clean conscience and a good digestion, would be a paradise on earth.

FROM MISS ROSE MARIE DASHON TO MISS GRACE ATHERTON.

"My dear Grace,

"I write you once more before I go to the convent to make my retreat. Everything is in a state of forwardness, thanks to grandmamma's energy; the *trousseau* is almost complete; as we are going direct to Paris, the articles of dresses, laces, shawls, gloves and such trumpery are reduced to the strictly necessary for the voyage and our first arrival; so when you come on and wish to amuse yourself with inspecting everything, you will find my bridal outfit distinguished rather for elegance than profusion, excepting the *linge*, which it belongs to my dignity to be amply provided with, and which is quite the envy of my dear cousins, who alone are permitted to see it. Augusta, poor girl! is nearly demented about my good fortune, and so angry that I did not at least ask her to be bridesmaid, that she will hardly speak to me. She is not aware that it is not my fault. Grandpapa interdicted it absolutely, and you have no idea how much vexed he was that Col. de

Floréal (at my request, of course,) asked Roosey to act as groomsman—a word which M. le colonel finds very hard to pronounce, and an office which he seems to find nearly equal difficulty in comprehending. My *corbeille* will be superb. All the Varicks have been princely; Cousin Isabel even; I have seen nothing yet except the pearls from the Empress, and a set of ornaments made to match them precisely in fashion, but with brilliants substituted for pearls, and which is grandpapa's gift, far outshining in splendor and costliness the imperial present! To tell you the truth, dearest Grace, this last gift makes me tremble, as I know too much of the history of those very diamonds; and so fatally did it happen that Cousin Isabel selecting some costly trinket for me at Ball's, was shown the set partly completed, and on which they were working day and night. Imagine her feelings! Oh, my dear Grace, I am so sorry I told you that night what had happened, although it was hardly possible to avoid it when we found the diamonds tossed on the floor of my room, here one jewel, there another, and it became necessary somehow to explain it. Then you had got such a foolish idea in your head (forgive me, dear!) of sacrificing yourself to console poor Roosey, that I thought it best to tell you. Who could suppose from grandpapa's quiet manner and extreme gentleness to us girls, that he could ever be so violent, and even forget (I must say) what is due to a lady, no matter how guilty her husband may have been?

"In answer to your question, the intended marriage is not a secret, dear, yet we say as little about it as possible. The ceremony will be quite private, only our relations being invited. In regard to the reception, grandmamma has issued cards for a grand dress *matinée*, such as she gives every winter, and my card is placed in the envelope, but not Col. de Floréal's, so that although it is doubtless pretty well understood, it is not formally expressed that it is a leave-taking affair; for it is known we all sail for Europe the same day. The general impression ont of the family is that the marriage is to come off in Paris and I am afraid that grandmamma is responsible for that, as she told everybody so at first. That grandpapa should shrink from the publicity that naturally attends a marriage of this

kind, is very natural, but I have been a little surprised that grandmamma has the same feeling, she who is always so fond of making a great sensation, and knows so well how to do it. However, when the guests of the *matinée* (nobody will fail, I warrant you) are introduced to 'Madame la vicomtesse de Florćal,' and are shown the glittering *corbeille* (which is to be laid out in the state-bedroom), and see the gift of the Empress on the person of the bride in all its beamy lustre, no doubt it will be a very pretty *coup de théatre*. At a quarter past eleven precisely, I am to change my dress for the voyage; at twenty minutes to twelve, we enter the carriage; and the steamer's paddles are to begin to move at ten minutes past twelve precisely. As the line belongs chiefly to grandpapa, there is no danger of our being left behind in case of accident! So you see everything is arranged beforehand, as when some poor wretch is to be executed (the nearest comparison that occurs to me), and every tittle of the programme is to be punctually carried out! Ah me! dearest Grace!

"It is at least a great relief that there will be no paragraphs in the newspapers beforehand, telling how I passed the previous night, with what appetite I eat my breakfast, and whether I am resigned or no to my fate! I jest, my dear child, for if I didn't, I should blot the letter with my tears. I am not unhappy—Heaven forbid! The thought that I have not chosen this, that my parents, above all my dear, dear grandpapa Romarin have chosen for me, is infinitely reassuring. Were it not for that, I never should be able to face the tremors, the wild misgivings, the panic fears, the repugnances even and mortal shames, which sometimes come upon me with an irresistible rush. I should take refuge in the convent certainly, if I listened to these presentiments; but I keep my eye steadily fixed upon the bright star of filial duty. Col. de Floréal is certainly everything that a young woman in my position could reasonably wish for, young, noble, handsome, brave, and accomplished. Strange as it may seem, those considerations do not tranquilize me in the least.

"I look forward to the voyage with almost unmixed pleasure. You know I am never sea-sick, and it is a noble steamer.

Our accommodations, too, will be so ample. We have taken three large state-rooms—one a sort of family affair for grandpapa and grandmamma—one for me and Louise—and one for Col. de Floréal, who honestly says that he shall keep his berth till we reach Havre. He suffers dreadfully on all his voyages, and rather admits that his reason for proceeding immediately to Washington and remaining there so long, was to get rid of the effect of crossing the Atlantic on his personal appearance. Should the voyage be of the ordinary length at this season, we shall hardly reach Paris till the 17th, and in that case he will not be able to rest more than a few hours before he must set out for Sebastopol! I pity him very much; yet I feel a strange comfort in what to most young brides, I suppose, and to me also under circumstances that I can imagine, would be a dreadful prospect, that of our being probably separated for at least a year, while his life will be daily in danger in the trenches or in battle. In that time, I say to myself, becoming accustomed to consider myself as the wife of Floréal, writing to him, getting his letters, hearing of his brave actions, sympathizing with his dangers and his glory, praying for his safety, I shall end by loving him as a husband ought to be loved.

"Adieu, my darling Grace! I am sure that you will join me, as you promise, at the convent, on the eventful morn. I know very well that I shall be in a very different state of mind then, from my present. The vanities which oppress my spirit now, the fears which I despise in my innermost soul, though the inferior nature sinks under them, will have given place to the sacred tranquillity which one gains from reflecting on the shortness of life, and the single importance of fulfilling our vocation, whatever it be. Pray for your own

"Rose Marie."

The morning came. Grace Atherton had arrived at the convent the night previous, but did not see Miss Dashon, who, as the Superior smilingly informed them, was on "Mt. Thabor."

At six o'clock, on the third of February, being Saturday, at the Mass, she saw her friend, who entered with one of the Religious, and took her place in one of the stalls. Her rapt air, her profound recollection, awed Grace, who wept very

much. Rosemary was attired in white, with a veil on her head, as on the day when she was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; she had a lighted candle in her hand, and a book before her. There was not a man in the chapel except the priest and a boy who served Mass. The nuns sung hymns and antiphons while the Mass proceeded. Rosemary communicated, as did all the community, it being one of the days when they received. Grace also approached the altar, to offer her communion for her friend. About twenty minutes after, they met in the cell which Rose had occupied during her retreat. The two girls tenderly embraced.

"We shall not have time to breakfast, Rose," said her friend; "I have told Madam so; it is nearly seven, you must change your dress immediately, and get into the carriage. It will take us an hour to reach your grandpapa's, and then you have to dress for the ceremony. You can breakfast, you know, in your own room."

"It would be utterly impossible for me to eat a single mouthful, had I ever so much time," said Rosemary.

So the white robe was slipped off, and her ordinary dress resumed; in a few minutes, she was completely ready. Having received the blessing and the embrace of the Superior and some of her special friends, she sprang into the carriage, which whirled away. The worthy Johnson was on the box; the footman John was behind.

"Where is your mother, Grace?" asked Rosemary.

"At home—that is, at the house in New York. She brought me here last night, and will be at the ceremony. So will papa."

"How kind of them both. And Bessie too?"

"And Bessie too."

Embraces and tears the only answer. Yet Mademoiselle was quite calm, with a deeply softened look. Once only she smiled in her wonted gay manner. It was when she said—"Oh, Grace, I came very near finding out I had no vocation for matrimony. It was the toss-up of a penny, I assure you, between the two vows. I never decided till last night at confession!"

"And now your mind is made up?"

"Perfectly."

"How did the good father convince you?"

"Well, it was very fortunate for me, you know, that it was the day of the ladies' confession, or I should have been obliged to go into town to see him. Not so fortunate for them, as I was at the grille a full half hour!"—with a gay smile.

"Come to the point, dear!"

"Oh! there are several *points*. Thus: First Point! My dear grand-parents, on both sides:—I am their only surviving descendant; the whole blood of two worthy families is in my veins; their hopes are centred in me; and they have been so kind to me; one nursed my infancy and childhood, the others trained my youth and surrounded me with splendor; I ought not to disappoint all their expectations and let their race fail, unless my vocation is *clear*, and almost *extraordinary*. What my duty is, ordinarily, is clear as day."

"I could have told you all that, child," said Grace, impatiently.

"Second Point!" pursued Rosemary, counting on her fingers. "In calling me to the inheritance of vast wealth, Providence itself indicates my vocation. If I marry, grandpapa's fortune will one day be mine, and how much good can I do with it? People may say that the Church is always looking out for such windfalls, and will never suffer a pious heiress to enter the cloister, when her doing so will divert millions from Catholic custody; but that is a senseless objection. God, who can either dispense with means or employ them, as He thinks fit, may perhaps call such an heiress to leave everything and serve Him more by that renunciation than she could by devoting all her wealth to pious objects; but ordinarily He gives the wealth to be used, and because in the actual order of His providence it will be needed. If you take the veil, my dear child, will your grandfather employ his enormous fortune in building churches, endowing charities, and so on? No: he will divide it among his other relatives, or give it to found some pernicious institution like that college in Philadelphia, or a mere secular one like the noble library established by a rich man in this city. And what will *you* not do with it, I hope, for the glory of God and salvation of your fellow-creatures? He went on to enu-

merate the things I could do, and *would* do (very artful, wasn't it?) till my heart burned within me!"

All these wise reasonings, repeated by Rosemary almost word for word, were uttered with a beautiful, clear, sweet feminine intonation that would have amusingly contrasted with the subject-matter, had not the hearer been of her own sex.

"And this settled your mind?" inquired Grace.

"Oh, that wasn't near all. What was particularly to the point was the answer to what I said about my feelings towards M. de Floréal."

Grace was at once vividly interested.

"Well, he said it was not necessary I should have that romantic attachment I might read of in foolish novels;"—Grace winced—"nor even that I should prefer him to all others, which in truth, Grace, was my grand difficulty; it was sufficient, strictly speaking, if my will—my rational will—was firmly resolved to love him exclusively when he became my husband, and there was a reasonable probability that I should be able to keep the resolution. Now that simple view of my duty quite set my mind at rest, for I have not a particle of doubt I shall love Col. de Floréal, when I am his wife; I already love him so by anticipation: I should feel it to my very heart's core if he were to be guilty of any baseness, forfeit his word, blanch in the hour or shrink from the post of danger, Grace! Simply as his betrothed, I would die for him without a murmur—if his life or honor were at stake; and so much of his honor as is committed to my keeping"—with a lofty look—"in his absence or presence, I shall always know how to guard."

Grace looked away to hide a tear.

"After all," faltered she, "I had pictured another destiny for you, Rose—you so fitted to inspire the romantic attachment which Father N. pleases to decry—he's very right, no doubt" —with a little sob;—"and so fitted, too (let him say what he likes), to feel such an attachment yourself—a noble, whole-souled, generous being, if ever there was one, Rosemary! Don't I know you under all that regulated exterior? Well, well! you *may*, but I *can't*—that's all!"—And Grace fairly burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, of course every woman has that little secret spark of romance slumbering away down somewhere in her heart," said Rosemary, with a little tremor of the voice, though she smiled. "But, as Father N. said at last, it is only a few years—a *very* few years, my dear child! and all will be over. Your husband will have followed you to the grave which closes at last over rich and poor, plain and beautiful, man and woman; or you will be his widow, clothed in weeds instead of the bridal garments now ready for you—oh, it was beautiful, my dear Grace!—and the only thing of the slightest consequence to you then will be how you have fulfilled the *duties* of your state. See how it is, Grace! I feel quite happy now! I see, as it were, to the end of my life. I regret my country a little—but there! *là haut!*"—pointing upwards—"is the true *patrie!*"

Long afterwards Grace remembered these words.

Miss Dashon consulted her watch pretty often; with Johnson's horses and driving, it was not more than half an hour from the convent to Mr. Dashon's door; she made him go some squares out of his way in order to stop at Dr. Mannikin's. It was only half-past seven; the doctor was not up; he kept them waiting a quarter of an hour; Grace was very impatient; she was afraid Rosemary would not be dressed in time; but the latter insisted. Dr. Mannikin at last appeared and apologized for detaining the young ladies.

"Doctor," said Rose, with a blush, "I remember that you once told me you had a sovereign remedy against sea-sickness. I want some of it."

"I thought you were never sea-sick, Miss Dashon."

"I want some now all the same, if you please."

In about ten minutes, every one of which to Grace seemed an age, Dr. Mannikin had put up a little packet of powders, and written the directions for their use.

"We shall see you by and by, doctor?" asked Miss Atherton, as she raised her robe to jump into the carriage.

"Of course I shall be in at the death!" replied Dr. Ezekiel, with his most sinister grin.

"What an expression for such an occasion!" exclaimed Grace,

indignantly, as they drove off. "Rose, I can't endure that man."

"He is very skilful. Grandpapa's great regret in leaving home is the loss of his services."

"So you are going to try if you can relieve Col. de Floréal's *mal de mer*—are you? How generous of you!" said Grace, ironically.

"I am sure you would be equally so in my place."

"Indeed I would not!" said Grace, with a toss of her pretty head.

"Which of us loves him most then, I wonder," thought Rosemary, looking out of the carriage window, and turning suddenly pale, as they stopped at her grandfather's door.

Everybody was up and expecting them for the last half hour. Grandmamma, completely dressed for the reception, was in a terrible fidget at their being so late. A magnificent collation was preparing, and the whole house was topsy-turvy. It did not seem possible that order would ever come out of it. But Black Jim moved about like Napoleon giving orders for a battle.

All Miss Dashon's trunks had been packed, locked and strapped down. It was necessary to open them. One portmanteau had been made for dresses, another for linen and underclothing, a third for her jewels, writing-desk and presents. Not one of them yet contained everything that was destined for it; the wedding-dress and Grace's bridesmaid attire hung side by side in the antique wardrobe. There were two French artists waiting to dress their hair. This took half an hour. The rest was a trifle. Grandmamma did not think so. She scolded roundly.

"Two hours at least are necessary to dress a young lady properly for her marriage—do you understand? You have spent a whole week in saying your prayers, my child, and crowd your toilette into an hour! That is absurd, do you understand? And in ten minutes after you will be Madame la vicomtesse!"

"Provided I look ever so pretty, grandmamma!" said Rose, embracing her hurriedly, "you will forgive me, won't you?"

Grace said afterwards that Rosemary did not appear to be agitated; her whole anxiety seemed about being dressed in good season and looking her prettiest, to please grandmamma. She took her bath as usual; that could not hurt her, for she came from it glowing like the morn; by that time Grace herself was dressed and assisted her friend in the remainder of her toilette; Louise had laid everything out, so that not a moment was lost. In fine, at five minutes to nine, Miss Dashon's bracelet was fastened, her gloves were on, her veil attached. She went into her grandmother's room to show herself, and grandmamma criticized some points of her attire. The dress was made in a peculiar fashion to suit her ornaments, being fastened down the front by a chain of pearl-brooches, looped together by strings of seed pearl. The skirt was almost hidden by point lace and bouquets of snowy flowers, but the corsage was entirely simple, with no ornament but the pearls and the perfect shape to which it fitted, so perfect that a large bouquet placed in the bosom seemed necessary to shade down and half hide its elegance.

"What a lovely neck you have, child," said grandmamma, adjusting the necklace: "and the head is like an empress. Don't look so pale, though—a little pallor is becoming in a bride, I allow, but everything *comme il faut*, do you understand?"

Just then Black Jim came to Miss Dashon's own door, with a cup of coffee and a tiny glass about the size of Rosemary's gold thimble, brim-full of cognac, on a tray; and she went into her room to thank him in her gracious way for the attention, and for remembering her request, and told him to set it down on the table.

As she had been up since half-past four, and had not tasted a mouthful, she was very glad of it. Louise advised her to eat a biscuit with it, for fear the brandy should fly to her head, but Miss Dashon refused, for the reason that she would be obliged to brush her teeth afterwards, which she could not conveniently do. But just as she had cleverly emptied the little thimble-glass into the coffee, smiling at her own dexterity, grandpapa came in, knowing she was dressed, and kissed her,

and said that Col. de Floréal had arrived, that Monseigneur was there, and everything ready. The order was to be as in Europe; that is, the grand-parents entered the library (fitted as a chapel, with a chaste and magnificent altar in white satin and gold, and altar furniture of silver gilt—all to be presented to the Church after the ceremony), followed by the bride and her bridesmaid, to meet the groom and groomsman there. Although there were only relatives present, and a few intimate friends like the Athertons, Dr. Mannikin as family physician, &c., the room was full.

Rosemary drank her coffee.

"Leave me for one moment by myself!" said she, "I will join you in grandmamma's room, when I am ready."

They all went out; she locked the door of her room.

"More prayers—do you understand?" said grandmamma, with her short, contemptuous laugh.

They could hear her dress rustle as she knelt at the little prie-dieu close to the door. One, two, three, five minutes elapsed.

"Come!" said grandmamma, impatiently, "this won't do. Shall we never have done praying? Call her, Miss Atherton."

Grace called. No answer. She knocked. No answer.

"Heavens! she has fainted, perhaps!" cried grandmamma.

Louise pushed Miss Atherton aside, and looked through the key-hole.

"The child has fallen!" shrieked the nurse. "I see her dress!"

A full quarter of an hour elapsed before the door could be forced open. Close by it, in the corner, with her head resting on the kneeling cushion of the *prie-dieu*, where she had gradually slipped down, lay the body of Rose Marie—already cold, and apparently quite dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WICKED.

We pass hastily over the scene of confusion and distress which followed this discovery: how Drs. Varick and Mannikin were summoned from the library, and the former, after a brief examination of the pulse, and a few minutes' application of the stethoscope, pronounced the case beyond the reach of medical skill; how Dr. Mannikin after similar ceremonies confirmed this opinion by an ominous silence; how Monseigneur and one of the clergy (Miss Dashon's confessor), called in from the blue room where they waited till the bride should be at the altar, before appearing in the temporary chapel, saw at once with eyes no less experienced than those of the physicians, that nothing remained for them to do in such a case but to console the survivors; how at the first word of touching consolation which fell from the prelate's urbane lips, Mr. Dashon sank in the arms of those around him, and was borne with eyes wandering and face distorted to a sofa, stricken with palsy—a dreadful sight, at which even Dr. Mannikin trembled and grew pale. Mr. Dashon then absorbed the attention of both the physicians. They removed him to his own room, and got him into bed. Grandmamma—all white satin and diamonds—flew despairingly from the bedside of her husband to that of her grandchild. She refused to believe that Rose was dead; she ridiculed the doctors; called her brother, Dr. Varick, an old fool, and Dr. Mannikin a traitor, ordered other physicians to be called in, applied her salts to Rosemary's nostrils, and made the servants get ready sinapisms for her feet.

Then the poor young vicomte! He was overwhelmed, incredulous, demanded to see his bride, was led in by Mr.

Atherton and Father N., who whispered to him words of comfort. There lay Rosemary on the outside of her maiden couch, in her bridal array; white as a snow-drift, preternaturally cold, and already rigid as marble. The lips were closed, the expression was unalterably placid, the whole face like a beautiful classic mask carved in antique marble. All skepticism vanished at the sight of its calm majesty. Floréal was stunned rather than agitated. The two gentlemen would have led him away, but he refused. They left him, thinking that perhaps when unobserved he would give way to his sorrow. Louise, kneeling at the foot of the bed and praying as fast as her lips could move, and Miss Atherton, standing at the head, with hands clasped, weeping incessantly, were all who remained.

Floréal turned to Grace and took her hand.

"I sail for France in two hours," said he. "I shall not see you again; I must say one word before we part, even here. We made a sacrifice, Grace. Providence has not willed to accept it. If I shall escape the Russian bullets at Sebastopol, when peace shall have been declared, I will return to New York. I say no more."

He raised her hand to his lips; then, turning, he would have saluted the hand of his bride, but it was gloved; he seemed to hesitate about imprinting a kiss on her forehead, and half bent over her for that purpose, when Louise sprang up indignantly and repelled him.

"No, monsieur," she cried. "No man, living or dead, but her two grandpapas, and her father, has ever touched that virgin brow!"

"She is right!" said Grace, freezingly.

The young vicomte departed in silence. He took a formal leave of grandmamma. She expressed very coldly her regrets at his disappointment, and she brought him a letter sealed, which had been written to him by Mr. Dashon that morning.—"He would have given it to you on ship-board, M. le vicomte, and I exact of you the promise not to open it till then."

Then arrived the other physicians for whom grandmamma had sent. Three of the most eminent members of the profession in the metropolis met Drs. Varick and Mannikin in the

chamber where Rosemary lay. Grandmamma insisted on being present. Their verdict was instantaneous and unanimous as to the fact; and the utter uselessness of attempting to restore animation. Mrs. Dashon's sinapisms were ordered away, almost with a smile. The doctors differed extremely in their view of the cause of Miss Dashon's sudden death. *Tot homines, tot sententiæ.* Every one had his theory. One considered that it must have been a case of heart-disease, and possibly congenital, and related a very curious instance in his own practice; the second conjectured that a profound shock of the nervous system produced by moral emotion, might have been the immediate cause of death, and quoted cases of persons dying of joy even: which made Mrs. Dashon laugh scornfully, at the idea of her grandchild dying of joy at being married! A third hypothesis was the bursting of an internal aneurism; and the fourth was poisoning. All the physicians recommended a careful autopsy, except Dr. Mannikin, who opposed it as a thing which without absolute necessity would be repugnant to the feelings of the family.

"A coroner would order it," observed Dr. Varick.

"There is no need of a coroner here," said Dr. Mannikin.

"Poison has been mentioned," said Dr. Varick.

"A supposition that science excludes," replied Mannikin.

"Your opinion has great weight, doctor!" said one of the consulting physicians.

"What are the facts?" said Mannikin. "Miss Dashon up to the moment of shutting herself in her room, was in apparently perfect health. It appears that she knelt down at her prie-dieu, and (according to her habit) turned her key, because the door opens (as we can see) directly upon it. Not a sound is heard; not a groan; at the end of ten or fifteen minutes—well, say twenty, Dr. Varick—the door is forced, and she is discovered lying on the floor in such a position, that if she died kneeling she would have sunk down into it by her own weight. Now there is but one agent in the whole list of poisons capable of producing death so suddenly, without previous symptoms of any kind. That is concentrated hydrocyanic acid. If Miss Dashon has been poisoned, I do not hesitate to say that she

must have taken some form of prussic acid; but in that case, she must have taken it herself the instant the door was closed upon her, and we should have found the bottle lying near, and the room would have been full of the peculiar odor of the acid: whereas there is nothing of the kind."

Here Louise unlocked her mistress's wardrobe, and took out the coffee-cup and tiny glass, with the tray.

"These," pursued Dr. Mannikin, quietly, "were found upon the table; and by my direction Louise here put them under lock and key. The last thing Miss Dashon was observed to do was to drink this coffee, of which about a spoonful remains. I suggest that it be put into a vial, and submitted to Drs. C. and D. for chemical analysis."

"That will be eminently proper, but it will be a mere formality," said Dr. D., who was present; "no agent which my analysis can discover, would produce death in so short a time."

"Precisely," continued the toxicologist. "What, in fact, are the known poisons? Strychnine, which causes violent anguish and convulsions, and leaves the strychnine grin on the countenance, and the body arched with *opisthotonos;* arsenic, opium, aconite, all of which produce symptoms more or less painful and prolonged. There is not one in the list which our actual knowledge of their effects does not enable us to exclude. This death has been equally sudden and painless. Except the hydrocyanic acid *group* of agents, I repeat, there is none capable of such an effect; and any agent of that group would be recognizable by the peculiar and penetrating fragrance which is sometimes exhaled by the body for hours."

The hypothesis of poison was unanimously overruled in view of these reasonings; but Dr. Varick persisted in desiring an autopsy, to ascertain the real cause of his niece's death. Then Madam Dashon flared up angrily.

"My grandchild shall not be touched," said she. "Is Miss Dashon a poor girl whose sudden death may be ascribed to her own hand, as if she had some disgrace to hide—do you under-s'and? Such a proposition would have been more horrible to her than a thousand deaths. She was the chastest creature that ever put on a bridal veil, do you understand? Except Louise there,

her nurse, who took care of her when she was a baby, no mortal eye ever saw her otherwise than covered. I mean that her incomparable modesty shall be respected now—she shall be buried as she is, in her bridal dress. It is the least I can do for my poor little Rose—she was so innocent!"

With these words, the stern and worldly grandmamma broke out into a loud passion of weeping. It was almost as terrible a thing to see as Mr. Dashon's paralysis.

The next day the chemists reported that the analysis of the coffee revealed no poison whatever; there were some aromatic matters extremely volatile, which had been used apparently to flavor either the coffee or the cognac; but certainly nothing deleterious. Under these circumstances the physicians did not hesitate to draw up a report of the death, as resulting from some unknown cause, whether moral or physical, producing a sudden suspension of the vital functions; and the coroner, after reading the certificate, and privately inspecting a cheque (handed him by one of the servants in an envelope), perceived that there was nothing in the case to warrant him in holding an inquest.

Then arose the question of the funeral. Mrs. Dashon was too much overpowered with grief, and too much occupied with the care of her husband, whose state required incessant attention, to give a single order. Dr. Mannikin, the family physician, and Mrs. Varick, niece of both grandpapa and grandmamma Dashon, and now their next heir, as well as nearest neighbor, attended to everything. The sexton of St. Hubert's —Dr. Clerestory's church; and attended by all the Varicks and Dashons—was called in and entrusted with the details. He was requested not to insert any notice in the papers,—it was a vulgar proceeding—but to send round invitations to all the friends of the family. An unexpected difficulty arose in regard to the funeral services.

As Miss Dashon was a Catholic, it was deemed proper to notify her pastor that any services which he thought fit, should be performed at the house, or the body taken to church, if desired. Grandmamma Dashon herself spoke of this as eminently proper—do you understand?

But when the worthy pastor called to make the necessary inquiries, he learned that after the services, the body would be of course taken to Greenwood, where Mr. Dashon owned a whole hillock crowned with wood—the finest position in the entire cemetery. Then the priest, with infinite courtesy, regretted that recourse must be had to the Archbishop, for without special permission he could not perform the rites of the church over a body that was to be laid in unconsecrated ground. Imagine the astonishment and indignation of the family—of grandmamma, even—at the proposition to bury Miss Dashon in Calvary cemetery. They did not know there was such a place—and what kind of a place? In vain Mrs. Atherton entreated, offering a grave in her own lot. Grandmamma was obdurate on that point. Rose should be buried where her grandfather and grandmother could afterwards be laid by her side; by the side of her own father, who was also buried at Greenwood, and whose coffin was now the only one in Mr. Dashon's solid and spacious vault. She intended to erect the most beautiful monument over her granddaughter that ever was seen on the continent, and the Archbishop might bless their lot, or the vault, or the place where Rose was to lie (if he pleased), but there, blessing or no blessing, the child should be interred. This was said to Father L., with great calmness, and an eye that flashed, a lip that quivered, with pride and anger. So the end was that there were no Catholic services over the body of the pious Rose Marie. Dr. Clerestory came to the house and read the beautiful service of his church, to a crowd robed in mourning. Thus the occasion was not lost of a great lesson to the worldly-minded. Never was the rector of St. Hubert's more bitterly felicitous in denouncing the vanities of the world. What a text did not that sumptous array, those imperial ornaments, furnish, when they served to shroud and adorn a corpse for its funeral! The gilded saloons of the Dashons echoed, amid a thrilling silence of all present, his biting antitheses, his pungent and almost personal denunciations. If it was in some respects a false deal of the last enemy, it is a comfort to think that the most was made of it for the good cause. A file of carriages half a mile long convoyed

the hearse down Broadway, over the Atlantic Ferry, down the long and mournful road to Greenwood, traversed by so many funeral processions. Arrived at Mr. Dashon's vault, the coffin was taken out; the relatives took a last look; the silver plate was screwed down upon the glass oval over the face; Dr. Clerestory finished the impressive ceremony—"ashes to ashes—dust to dust"—while the sexton-undertaker dropped a little earth upon the rich black velvet that covered the burial-case—and the living Rose Marie was left alone in the tomb.

BOOK III.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

HERE we may truly say: "Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden."

CHAPTER I.

MEETING AT THE FERRY.

THIS was the first week in May, and already the weather was delightful. The gentlemen crossing the Wall street ferry towards the hour of six, to seek their homes and dinners on the Brooklyn side, came out of the ladies' cabin, where gentlemen do chiefly congregate, and gathered on the guards of the boat to enjoy the breeze from the Narrows and the view of the bay. Few cities can boast of a finer transit between their suburbs. New York Bay has indeed no smoking Vesuvius, no Sorrentine promontory of crested purple, no blue Ischia and Capri, faint as clouds, but seen with grand steep outline in the dim horizon; the Battery is not a St. Elmo, bold, picturesque and menacing. Yet the islands, the forts, the innumerous shipping, the white steam-fleet passing and repassing in all directions, the sea-gulls flying, the point of the city jutting out between a great river and a great estuary, the East River receding in a fine vista of masts and flags and ship-yards, like the Golden Horn of Stamboul, the blue headland of Staten Island in the south,—here a huge black sea-steamer running up from Sandy Hook, there a snow-white and elegantly modelled Sound steamboat gliding

out of her berth with a perfect mass of human beings crowding all her decks: this, in the rays of the declining sun, has a poetry of young civilization that makes amends for some deficiencies of natural sublimity and historical tradition.

A striking feature is Brooklyn Heights. At this season their high embankments were already green; the shrubbery on their terraces had already leafed out; the fruit-trees on the height were in blossom, and the fragrance mingled with the refreshing breath of the sea. Just where the bloom was thickest rose a mansion of brick, stone-coped, that seemed an old family residence, as age is counted in the New World: close by was a new gothic church, with gray buttresses and traceried windows and floriated cross.

Brooklyn, in one point of view a beautiful suburb, in another is a large city. Why not? It has gas, water (somewhat precarious), a Mayor and Common Council (as corrupt as our own), taxes! What does it lack? True, for libraries, picture-galleries, newspapers (that *are* newspapers), and almost all sorts of amusements, such as theatres, operas, negro-minstrels, model-artists, &c., the Brooklynites must repair to New York: still, they have a Philharmonic, an Academy of Music and Henry Ward Beecher's church: so that it is not exact to say that they are dependent on New York for the means of elegant recreation. They are great patrons of lectures, concerts and sermons—are the well-dressed people who dine, lodge and breakfast in Brooklyn, but who live the energetic and productive part of their lives on our side of the East River: it is "the city of churches," as every one knows. It is also the See of a Bishop, which anciently in Europe constituted any place a city. And the more fashionable New Yorkers, who do not visit it on any other occasion, are sure to do so at last on one occasion: for there; that is, on the soft green hills beyond it, overlooking the ocean; lies the great metropolitan cemetery, with its charming groves, its lovely flowers and sumptuous monuments.

But to return to the Wall street ferry-boat. There is nothing astonishes a foreigner so much as the American ferry-boats. In England they have nothing like them. At Gosport, we

remember, there is a sort of floating-bridge, as they absurdly call it, that is steamed across a tide-water, with a chain attached, which it takes in and pays out as it slowly moves across. But a boat crossing a foaming estuary or rapid river at full speed, with hundreds of foot-passengers and perhaps twenty vehicles at once, and landing all securely, comfortably, without a moment's loss of time, is an American institution. The boat we are watching was crowded with drays and wagons, and among the rest was a large family carriage, got up in a style that could not fail to attract general observation. It was one of those dark-brown coaches, silk-lined and superbly hammercloth'd, which the wealthiest citizens of the metropolis have recently affected. It was drawn by a splendid pair of powerful blacks, perfectly matched, and driven by a coachman in a black livery, with a crape on his hat. A footman, also in deep mourning, stood behind. The lining and hammercloth also were black, with the initials C. R. D. in silver on the latter. On the back seat sat a venerable gray-haired old man, looking very broken in health, and perhaps in mind also—for his glance was restless, and his lips perpetually moved without uttering anything; and by his side a grand-looking old lady, with a silvery face and severe expression. On the seat opposite her was a basket of fresh flowers, which was supported by a handsome, stylish girl, with long auburn curls, and wandering light blue eyes. All three of the persons inside the coach were in the deepest mourning.

Many of the gentlemen on the guards, while they conversed with each other, or enjoyed the view in solitude, amused themselves also with inspecting the aristocratic equipage, with its superb horses, footman, liveries, and distinguished-looking occupants. The handsome girl came in for her full share of these glances, which she returned with that imperturbable air of unconsciousness which a New York girl in good society commonly acquires after the first winter or two, and which some young ladies indeed possess in all its perfection long before they leave school. At the same time she manifested her real consciousness of the attention she attracted by talking a great deal to the elder lady, accompanying her remarks by

frequent smiles, and movements of what might be thought rather a studied grace. She played with the flowers in the basket beside her, talked about them evidently, and held up, to admire it, one delicate and beautiful wreath of snow-white jessamine. The old lady replied to the young one with a lofty courtesy, a little icy perhaps, and an occasional ironical smile. The old gentleman took no notice of either, nor of their conversation, except when the young girl lifted the wreath, when he grew excited, and interfered to make her lay it down.

A party of gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation seemed to observe neither the fine coach nor the attention it attracted. They were friends who had met accidentally in crossing the ferry, and all known to us. The senior O'Morra, with his pale aud bitter physiognomy, his tall, spare form, and wiry elegance, was returning to his dinner and evening's work at home, after an exhausting day in court, where he had argued a case four hours. His son, whose hours and method of labor were quite different from his father's, was coming back from a canter on the Bloomingdale road, as his high riding boots, pulled over dark-grey pants, his dark-grey jacket, whip, and riding-cap, sufficiently declared. Young America does not always look well in this dashing costume, but Rory did, which naturally implies that he had an admirable figure, as the young lady in the carriage evidently thought, for she regarded him very attentively; with the more security, as his attention was divided between his friends and his horse, whose bridle was thrown over his arm as he leaned against the rail that separated the foot passengers from the carriages. The other gentlemen were Count Wissen, in travelling costume, valise in hand, just returned from Washington after an absence of several months; and Dr. Galenson, who was crossing the ferry in his buggy to make a somewhat needless professional visit in Brooklyn, and who had got out to shake hands with the Count.

"What news from Washington? Weather insufferably hot, I suppose?"

"And the dust worse than the deserts of Numidia where I used to fight the Arabs. What induced your legislators to

select such a place as Washington for the capital of the Confederation, instead of New York, I cannot conceive."

"Oh, it would never do," said Mr. O'Morra, "if the political and commercial capital coincided—that would be a centralization which in our system we must avoid."

"Yes: that is a feature of your intensely artificial system of government. I object to the system. There is a natural place in every country for the sovereign power to reside; and to plant it elsewhere is no less absurd than it would be (doctor) to stick a man's head, as the ruling power, in his stomach, on the pretext that it would then be equidistant from all parts of the body it has to govern."

O'Morra smiled grimly at the felicitous illustration, but he observed:—"If it were a monarchy, you would be right. As an old Jeffersonian States Rights democrat, count"—a still grimmer smile—"I cannot agree with you."

"Ah, you are a democrat!" said the minister, laughing: "that is to say, an aristocrat; for I observe that in America the terms are synonymous. Ah, well! there is a bit of scandal in Washington about one of your democrats. You know Mr. Varick, I suppose,—one of the principal sachems (I think they call it) of New York?"

"I do not," said Mr. O'Morra, with some haughtiness.

"Why, he is a democrat also," said the count.

"Ah, count, you are not skilled in conchology, I see!" interposed Galenson, laughing. "Mr. Varick is a soft-shell, and Mr. O'Morra a hard-shell democrat. It is the bitterest difference known in politics."

"Ah! a hard-shell! Mr. O'Morra is a hard-shell?" replied the count, puzzled, but laughing as if he understood it.

"Well, what rascality has Varick been perpetrating now?" asked O'Morra. "Has he picked a pocket, or committed murder? for otherwise I cannot conceive how *he* should attract public attention."

"Well, you've hit surprisingly near; but as the charge is bruited by his enemies, and there may be no truth in it, you will excuse my not entering into particulars here. So, doctor, how is your fair patient at Miss Tankerville's, may I ask?"

"Miss Marié's health seems now, I am happy to say, perfectly re-established. I believe she appears at dinner with the family for the first time to-day."

Both the count and Rory O'Morra reddened—in the former a most unusual occurrence: but there is one natural emotion the expression of which on the countenance not diplomacy itself was ever able to suppress.

"Her incognito is then still preserved?" demanded the count, glancing at Mr. O'Morra.

"My father knows all about it," said Rory.

"It would have been cruel to seek out her parents, while her life was an extreme uncertainty," observed Galenson; "and since she has been able to express a wish, it has been for secrecy, which we have scrupulously respected."

"You were perfectly right," said the count, with emphasis. "In restoring her prematurely to her family, ignorant as we are of the circumstances, we might be pushing her back into the lion's den."

Meanwhile the boat had come to a full stop, in consequence of a large fishing smack coming down under full canvas between her and her berth, when according to the laws of the port and the waters the steam-vessel had to give way. Turning round to see what caused the detention, our friends simultaneously observed the mourning carriage.

"They are going to Greenwood, doubtless," observed Mr. O'Morra, in the dry tone in which men of the world speak of these things.

"It is rather late unless they mean to arrive precisely at sunset," remarked Galenson, consulting his watch. "Talk of the devil"—added he, glancing at young O'Morra. "You and I have seen that young lady before, Rory."

"I don't remember where," said Rory, who did not recognize Augusta in her deep mourning

But the count recognized immediately both her and grandmamma, the latter of whom bowed, though distantly.

"Ah, I must speak to them," said the Minister, advancing to the carriage window.

"I am very happy to see your excellency again," said grand-

mamma, in a tone which said the very reverse. "It is a long time since we met. Mr. Dashon, this is Count Wissen, whom you remember. Ah, excuse him, count—he remembers no one, do you understand?—no one but—ah! you remember her, count! It was a terrific thing—was it not? She was full of life and happiness but the moment before. We but turned our backs and she was dead! You have heard all the circumstances from your friend?"

"Floréal sailed, you recollect, two hours after," replied the Minister, "and it was not till he reached Paris that he wrote me. I got the letter in Washington a fortnight since, on my return from a trip South."

"Ah! then you know very little. Her grandfather has never recovered it. A perfect wreck, as you see. He has only sense to know his darling is dead. We go every afternoon to Greenwood to lay a fresh wreath on the coffin. Do you know that we buried her in her bridal attire, count, the pearls of the Empress and all, do you understand? I resolved that nobody else should ever wear or possess them, do you understand?"—With a very stern look, and glancing bitterly at the unconscious Augusta.—"One day I mean to go to Paris, and thank her Imperial Majesty for the gift to my child, and tell her that Rose, having once put them on, never laid them aside, and that she will wear them forever—do you understand?"—With her short, bitter laugh.

"I should fear such things might not be secure even in a vault," observed the count, glancing up at Johnson, who leaned slightly over the side, red in the face as a turkey-cock.

"Oh! perfectly safe! our vault has a bank-safe lock. *Le grand diable* himself could not pick it, do you understand? You could not open it in a hundred years with the key, unless you had the secret. I can't open it myself—nobody in the house can but Johnson, my coachman—as faithful a fellow as ever breathed, do you understand? But the boat is up at last. Adieu, *M. le ministre.* I shall be pleased to see you, if you think proper to call upon an old woman who has lost everything worth living for."

The boat had touched the swing platform; the chains

creaked; the rushing crowd bore our pedestrians on; Rory had mounted his horse, which was restive at the concussion and the noise, and backed close to the carriage-window. Augusta affected to be frightened and screamed. At that Johnson leaned back insolently and touched the horse on the back with his long whip. The animal sprang forward and with one bound cleared both the chains, nearly throwing his rider against the beams of the bridge. Then the chains were thrown down and the carriage rolled on. Rory said nothing, but looked at Johnson, and bowed to the ladies, as it passed. His temper was fortunately as good as his seat. The carriage turned immediately down towards the Atlantic ferry, the road to Greenwood. In a moment it was flashing along directly under Miss Tankerville's house, where at the same time Rory could perceive in the balcony of what was formerly his own room, the figure of a lady in white, who by her action seemed to watch it with much interest as it passed beneath her.

CHAPTER II.

DINING WITH THE BOARDERS.

Miss Tankerville's boarders experienced a sensation when the mysterious invalid made her appearance for the first time. The ladies had all called upon her previously, except a certain Miss Graves, a music-teacher, who perhaps feared to intrude; and a certain Madame d'Ehrenstein, Graefinn von Ehrenstein, a friend of Count Wissen's, who probably feared to compromise her own dignity, not knowing who "Miss Marié" might be. The question who Miss Marié was, had not indeed received any satisfactory answer.—"A friend of Mr. Rory O'Morra's," was the most intelligible, as well as the most plausible. Mr. Rory and his great friend Count Wissen had brought her to the house from a party (so it was believed), in a state of insensibility, and she had occupied ever since Mr. Rory's room. The ladies' generally received theory was that Mr. Rory had run away with her, and some said they were on the point of marriage when the illness supervened which had turned out so much more serious than any one anticipated. Three entire months had elapsed since she had been brought to the house; old boarders had moved away, new ones had come, and felt little curiosity about Miss Marié, till they imbibed it by sympathy. All were delighted to learn that at last they were to have an opportunity of seeing the young lady herself, criticising her dress, her manners and her beauty, and observing how she would behave towards the gentlemen who were understood to be responsible for her.

It was a new scene for Rosemary: so many people of different names, families and professions, with such obvious and marked distinctions in appearance and manners, yet not assembled as guests, all equally at home, and as it seemed to her

almost impertinently at their ease; she had never felt under so much restraint in her life. The gentlemen were all introduced to her by young Mrs. Varick, Miss Tankerville's married sister, Miss Tankerville herself being too busy for the office. What added to the mystification was that Mrs. Varick introduced Miss Marié as "a cousin of Capt. Varick's," which, if any doubt had previously existed of Marié being a real name, completely removed it. Mr. Rusé, who was a foreign consul, knew several Mariés, wealthy merchants, both in New York and at Antwerp, but failed to elicit from Rosemary a statement of the particular branch to which she belonged. She simply replied that her father was never in business and had been dead many years. A Mr. Seymour, whose wife had called on Miss Marié, —their room was next hers—made her a most verbose and flourishing compliment on her restoration to health, in language rather high-flown and not always grammatical; in reply to which he received a very gracious smile and "thank you," and retired, convinced, as was Mrs. S., that he had made a beautiful speech. The dissipated Bill Forrester, a man six foot three, with a brown beard a foot long, a large beautiful white hand, and faultlessly got up for dinner in ample crimson velvet waistcoat and gold buttons, and a profusion of exquisite linen adorned with diamond studs, bowed low to Miss Marié, offered her his great white hand with paternal affectionateness, and expressed the general delight of all the old bachelors on his story at her recovery, with so much archness and mellow humor, that Rosemary laughed frankly, while she affected not to see the proffer of his hand. Forrester pronounced her a finished coquette.

In the midst of this entered Count Wissen and Mr. Rory O'Morra with Dr. Galenson, who had accepted an invitation to dinner.

"Ah!" said Wissen, "there she is in the west window! White muslin to the throat, and a rose sash—simple and exquisite as a flower!"

"I should not have known her!" said Rory.

"It has to me all the effect of an apparition," said the count. "Doctor! I honor your skill and envy your triumph at

such a moment. To think that we should ever have seen that enchanting form laid out in a coffin! Can you fancy, O'Morra, that your too fortunate hand—?"

"Hush!" said Rory, impatiently.

"Well, let us go up and speak to her."

"You forget that she does not know either you or me. Dr. Galenson must introduce us."

"Oh, yes, doctor! by all means introduce me to Miss Marié," said Count Wissen, with a peculiar smile; "and I will present O'Morra."

The young lady received Count Wissen's profound bow with a bend as gracefully reserved as if she had never set eyes upon him before; yet as she raised her head some might have marked a glance of intelligence pass between them; but the count slightly turning in his courtly way, said:

"Permit me, *Miss Marié*"—with a slight emphasis on the name—"to introduce my very intimate friend, Mr. Rory O'Morra."

The young lady hesitated a moment—appeared half disconcerted at something in the bearing or figure or face of the tall and handsome youth who bowed before her—then with a frank movement extended her hand.

"I cannot affect ignorance," said she, in a sweet low tone, "of the many obligations I am under to Mr. Rory O'Morra."

"You overpower me, madam!" says Mr. Rory, without the slightest hesitation raising the hand to his lips.

"You seem to have forgotten me," pursued the young lady with a deep flush, while the others drew aside and left them together in the window.

"Forgotten you, Miss Marié! I saw you under circumstances—so very—different," stammered Mr. Rory.

Rosemary smiled: "I do not refer to that—I can well believe I am changed since that dreadful night. But long before—weeks before at least—do you not remember, Mr. O'Morra, going home with ——"

"Not another word!" exclaimed Rory, impetuously, all the blood in his body rushing to his cheek. "Is it possible you are that young lady? I accuse myself," added he, penitently,

"of not even looking at her face—so I could not without a miracle remember it."

"I remembered you the first moment you entered the room," said Rosemary, frankly.

But just then the count advanced with a lady on his arm, and apologizing to O'Morra, said to Rosemary:—

"The Countess d'Ehrenstein wishes to know you, Miss Marié."

"Any friend of M. de Wissen I shall always know very pleasingly," said the countess.

"And this is Mlle. Angélique d'Ehrenstein, or if you please, the Countess Angelica," pursued Wissen, drawing forward a very simple child of ten years.

Again Miss Marié's dark eyes flashed a recognition, and one which sent her blood back from her tell-tale cheek to the heart: for this was the plain, motherly lady who was leaning on Col. de Floréal's arm the first time she ever saw him, when she went to the Amboy boat for Grace. She had not recovered from this little shock, when Mr. Cahal O'Morra came in just as the dining-room doors were thrown open, approached Miss Marié immediately, shook hands with her without any introduction, and led her in to dinner.

It was about the liveliest dinner-table to which Rose Dashon had ever sate down. At first the conversation ran upon herself, or rather her recovery, on which Dr. Galenson was highly complimented. Galenson modestly disclaimed the merit of the cure, and Mr. Rusé, a pallid, quiet person, who said very bold things with extreme suavity, deplored that Miss Tankerville had not invited Dr. Mannikin to share Dr. Galenson's ovation.

"I asked him once before you all, and he declined," said Miss Tankerville.

"I was so sorry you didn't insist," said Mrs. Seymour. "I think him so interesting."

"You are not the only married lady of that opinion," said Rusé.

"Fie! Mr. Rusé, how can you be so malicious!" cried young Mrs. Varick. "Do you forget that Dr. Mannikin is

Miss Tankerville's cousin?"—Mrs. Varick always called her sister "Miss Tankerville."

"I had heard so," said Rusé. "It must have been very gratifying to him to find his cousin so comfortably arranged—nice silver—pretty curtains and all that!"

"Ah! that is the most diabolical satire, Rusé! You are too bad, eh?" said Forrester, enjoying it evidently.

"Well, for my part," said young Mrs. Varick, "had I been in Miss Tankerville's place, I would not have asked Dr. Mannikin to stay on that occasion. It was just a little *cut*—I understand that—but I think it would have been more dignified in Miss Tankerville to take no notice of him."

"I observed that you turned your back on him with a great deal of dignity," said Rusé.

Everybody smiled. Mrs. Varick had the air of being about seventeen years old, she was *petite*, a piquant figure, the face of a doll, soft blue eyes, an innocent pouting girlish mouth: her turning her back with a great deal of dignity on anybody was a funny idea. Starting from that, Mrs. Varick was rallied a good deal, and the jests were sometimes alarmingly free. Boarding-house life is like that even in its most refined aspects. People become immensely familiar, and there is almost always some one who either by uncommon innocence, or by knowing too much, acts as a provocative to a species of wit which will not bear recording. Mrs. Varick was a rare instance of this kind: she never understood anything except in the most literal sense, repeated with bewilderment the sauciest equivoques and could not imagine why the gentlemen laughed. Miss Tankerville contributed to the piquancy of the married lady's ignorance by knowing everything, on the contrary: the contrast was an endless charm to students of character like Rusé and Forrester. This was all very well so long as it was confined to these adroit foreigners and men of the world, but when Mr. Seymour, who fancied he had wit too, tried his hand, the hounds were harked off at once, for it was known by experience that something quite terrible was coming.

By way of diversion, every one indulged in the most startling criticism on the dishes, so that Rosemary felt extremely

pained for Miss Tankerville till she perceived that that lady only laughed, and said, answering her look of astonishment:—"Everybody here speaks out before everybody without regard to my feelings"—with the most unconcerned smile—"it is the way of the house."

"We have to take it out in talking," said Rusé: "the dinner does not improve, say what we will."

"Yes," said Forrester, "Miss Tankerville insists on boiling the mint sauce. I move we put it to vote whether that shall be endured any longer, merely because she thinks it correct."

"Hot mint sauce! Never heard of such a thing in my life before," said one.

"Was that an idea of your cousin Dr. Mannikin's, Miss Helen?" asked another.

"It is absurd, I know," said Miss Tankerville, "but if you had not that to complain of, it would be something else."

"She treats us like so many children," said Mr. O'Morra, wickedly.

"*Ça ira*," said Rusé.

"Make a graceful concession, Miss Helen," said Count Wissen. "Monarchs have lost their thrones by not yielding in time to the popular voice. Hot mint sauce——"

"Is against the sentiments of this enlightened community," said Mr. Seymour.

At last Miss Marié was appealed to, who was obliged to confess that to her it was a novelty, but then her experience was limited. This decision, and the disappearance of the lamb, sauce and all, finished the debate.

In the midst of this clatter of tongues and dishes, Wissen continued to address a good many observations to the astonished Rosemary, under cover of the French language and in a low voice.

"This is a gay society, Miss Rose—if you will pardon me for calling you so."

"Oh, very gay!" said Rosemary, laughing: "a little too much so for my quiet tastes. Does Madame d'Ehrenstein like it?"

"She wishes to learn English," said Wissen. "Besides, you

will find here by and by a great deal of refinement and beautiful culture, which are just now in the background."

"I hope so," said Rosemary.

"The dinner is excellent, after all," said the count.

"I suppose it is a very favorable specimen of boarding-house life."

"Probably there is not another such family either in Brooklyn or the metropolis."

"Nothing would induce *me* to live so, but sheer necessity," said Rosemary. "Why, M. le comte, think how *I* have been brought up! How long would the fine bloom last, think you, under such rude brushing? I tremble to think of it."

"What will you do?"

"Fly. I would rather live in a garret and dine on a crust than expose myself to such a danger. Fortunately there are convents."

"I don't see the necessity of either alternative for *you*," said the count, lowering his tone. "A few days, I trust, will restore you to your home and rightful position. I saw your grandparents to-day."

Rosemary turned pale, and listened.

"They are dreadfully broken—especially your grandfather. Some discretion must be used in imparting to them the fact of your existence."

"I must talk to you about this by and by," said Rosemary. "How did grandmamma seem?"

"The same as ever, but older, sterner, more implacable—if I may say so."

"Ah! there it is! Her vengeance for this will be dreadful. Grandpapa would spare—she will not. And on whom will her vengeance fall? On those who after all are my own blood. Dreadfully near—some of them! Oh, Count Wissen, my father's friend! you know not what discoveries I made in that terrible trance. I heard everything that passed, for I know not how long! People spoke in the ear of the dead what for the world they would not have had known by the living!"

"What steps have you taken since?"

"Written to my grandpapa Romarin—that is all. I shall do

nothing further till I hear from him—I have dismissed every other question from my mind."

"Allow me one more inquiry, though unjustifiable. My poor friend Floréal?"

"That is a perfectly permissible question, dear Count Wissen," said Rosemary, almost tenderly, and looking him straight in the face. "What has happened was a real Providence for Col. de Floréal and myself. The tie so nearly knit, is now and for ever impossible. Were my cousin Floréal the only man left in the world I would not marry him now."

"We must change the theme—even in French it is not safe, with so many foreign ears about us. By-the-by we are all Republicans here, and you, I think, are a royalist."

"An imperialist," said Rosemary.

"Oh! then you believe in Louis Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"He is the greatest sovereign in Europe."

"Lovely enthusiast!"

"Not at all, your Excellency:—I only say what I have always heard from others wiser than myself. The Emperor is a true son of the church."

"Perhaps. He has hitherto found it convenient to conciliate the church's support to his dynasty."

"He restored the Pope, your Excellency."

"And wrote the letter to Edgar Ney, Mademoiselle."

"What letter was that?" asked Rosemary.

"One in which Louis Napoleon, then President, prescribed to the Pope whom he had restored, a programme which annihilated the Papal sovereignty and justified the Revolution."

"What did the Pope say to that?"

"He did not comply—he temporized, as Rome always does when she has to deal with wrongheaded emperors who wish to serve her against her will. But Napoleon has never retracted his letter."

"What does your Excellency think of the government of Rome?"

"That depends entirely on one's point of view: you know that I am not a Catholic and that my government is a Protestant Power."

"That is why I take an interest in knowing your Excellency's opinion."

"Without Rome, Mademoiselle, religious unity would disappear from Europe, and society would dissolve."

"That is not answering my question, M. le comte."

"You refer to the temporal government of the States of the Church?"

"Yes: everybody abuses it: even Catholics apologize for it with timidity: you tell me that my favorite Emperor, Napoleon himself, who saved the Pope, wants it to be reformed."

The count regarded her attentively, and with some surprise: he was not prepared for so much precision of thought in a young lady. Although the tone of the conversation was very quiet, by degrees everybody was listening; even the pretty Mrs. Seymour, listening to Ernest Claviger's graphic account of a musical entertainment by the Philharmonic, was so distracted that she replied in the most absurd manner.

"A government is good relatively, Mademoiselle. That of Rome taxes the people more lightly than any other in Europe; the people are happier, more moral, better fed, better clothed, suffer less from pauperism and misery, than the people of England; there is less crime than in the United States, the cities are better policed than here, the schools are at least as good, the universities are infinitely superior, the circulating medium is sounder, the system of business is safer, fortunes are more equal, and the pleasure of living is tenfold greater for every class of society, except for those who are discontented with the government."

"Why are they discontented?"

"For the same reason that the gambler prefers the feverish excitement of play to the quiet pursuits of industry, or even to the easy disbursement of an hereditary fortune. The peoples have tasted the sweets of such a perilous game as modern commerce, on the credit system, offers to them, and they long to participate in it: they are thirsting for material enjoyments, noisy pleasures, wealth, luxury and power. The highest posts in the Roman States are given only to ecclesiastics, that is, to men who in great part have renounced the world, and who

cannot marry: the ambitious laity want a system under which they can become ministers of State and foreign embassadors: *voilà tout.*"

"It seems to me, Count, that the ambition you describe is not altogether culpable. I should not enjoy living in a country where my father or brother or (if you please) my husband, was excluded from the highest posts which are open to laymen in other States. It is a humiliating position."

"Ah!" said the Count, "you are in favor of secularization."

"What does your Excellency think of it?"

"Secularization would destroy the ecclesiastical principality, which is the keystone of society in Europe for more than a thousand years."

"Then it would be a great evil."

"Yes; if that society be worth preserving."

"Louis Napoleon has 'saved society,'" said Rosemary, smiling.

"As a gendarme who runs a burglar through the body, saves your house from being broken into. I don't admit that the gendarme thereby acquires the right of pulling the house down about your ears."

"I see that your Excellency does not like the Emperor of the French."

"I distrust him."

"I imbibed imperialism—not with my mother's milk," said Rosemary, smiling half mournfully—"for, alas! I never tasted that sacred nourishment; but in my earliest infancy."

"As my young friend O'Morra has Republicanism," replied the sagacious Minister. "I must get you to convert him."

"Oh, I have no talent that way, to say nothing of the impertinence," said Rosemary, suffering her dark eyes to be hidden under lids so beautiful, and fringed with such long brown lashes, that you would swear 'twas her loveliest expression.

"I observe that you take a flattering interest in my young friend, after all," pursued the relentless Minister, with a mixture of admiration and jealousy.

"He is so handsome and I am only eighteen, your Excellency is aware," replied the young lady, lifting again her dark-

bright eyes, with an expression so penetrating, so malicious almost, that the diplomat felt himself foiled; and whether it was innocence defending with native arms a guileless secret, or coquetry opening a masked battery in attack, he knew not. The address, not to say the dissimulation, of a girl of eighteen was on these points more than a match for the most *rusé* diplomatist: it was nature versus art.

Almost every gentleman at the table had his own wine, and some of two sorts, an expensive item, especially as an old-fashioned custom seemed to exist of challenging the ladies. Rosemary soon had four or five little glasses of wine ranged about her plate, till Miss Tankerville suggested to her that it was not necessary to accept further than by filling her glass from any decanter she preferred, and Wissen, also with a smile at her inexperience, placed his sherry at her disposal. When the cloth was removed, Mr. O'Morra, senior, quietly gave her health, with a welcome on her first appearance in the family. As the party was now become very social, this toast was drank with all the honors, and Rosemary, recovering herself easily after the first confusion, requested Mr. Rory to return thanks for her, adding:

"It is not the first time, Mr. Rory, that you are my knight."

"I am delighted to hear that, my boy!" cried Mr. O'Morra, whose bitter blood flowed in a more genial current after a little good sherry.

Rory was on his legs in a moment: a little cheer greeted him. It so happened that he had never made an after-dinner speech in his life.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he.—All were silent as the grave.—"It is needless to say how unequal I feel myself to the occasion (*hear, hear!* from papa). A young lady whose first introduction into—our happy and friendly circle (*hear, hear!*) has been greeted by us all with—unparalleled but just enthusiasm (cheers and little taps of fruit-knives on the mahogany), has selected me in spite of my—my youth and inexperience—(*never mind your youth, Mr. Rory!*) to return thanks in her name (*good!*). Her choice fills me with confusion (*don't be afraid, Mr. Rory!*), when I think how many others there are

more capable of doing credit to it, being the youngest man at the table, I believe——"

"Say the youngest *gentleman*," corrected Mr. Seymour, nodding over his glass to the orator.

"But when I think of the charming person I represent (a little quiver of the voice, scarcely perceptible), I must maintain that she could not have chosen more wisely; for it is not the merit of the representative that you are to regard, but the merit of the person represented." (*Hear, hear!* with great vivacity.)

Miss Marié interposed—women always interrupt in these cases—by saying: "When you speak in my name, Mr. Rory, you ought not to speak in my praise."—Her cheek was scarlet.

"I am desired not to praise my fair principal," resumed Rory, with a profound bow to the interrupter; "although I believe that an ambassador (his Excellency Count Wissen will correct me if I am wrong) is always at liberty to extol the virtues of his sovereign"—("Really, the boy is making an excellent speech!" said papa, glancing round the table). "But as obedience is the first duty of a subject, I shall not enlarge upon what is so obvious to us all. Miss Marié, ladies and gentlemen, thanks you for the very obliging manner in which you have received the toast which the 'governor' has so obligingly given; she is especially grateful for the welcome of which it assures her, on the part of a circle, composed chiefly of old friends, or old friends of old friends (*good!* from the count), who, under the graceful presidency of our excellent Miss Tankerville (cordial applause), form almost one family (*Quite! Mr. Rory!*)—form quite one family (cheers). She accepts that welcome in the same spirit in which you offer it; she will consider herself henceforth at home here, as we are (*Exactly!*); and I will venture still further to interpret her wishes by giving in return the health of Miss Tankerville." (Uproarious applause, in which Rosemary joins, playfully clapping her white hands).

Miss Tankerville waited for the toast to be drank, and then rose. As soon as the folding-doors were closed upon the ladies, Mr. O'Morra said:—"Well, Count, what is your opinion of your fair neighbor?"

"I would prefer to hear that of some one else, as I own I am quite dazzled," said M. de Wissen, lighting a cigar.

"It was remarked by Mrs. Seymour," said that lady's husband, rather solemnly,—"and I think that my wife's opinion in regard to her own sex is almost invariably correct—that Miss Marié seemed used to gentlemen's society, and—as Mrs. Seymour also remarked—to the society of highly cultivated gentlemen. For example, she had no difficulty in conversing with Count Wissen on topics that few ladies are capable of handling, and especially young girls of Miss Marié's age."

Forrester mumbled over his wine that Miss Marié did not strike him as used to gentlemen's society, but as used to the society of Count Wissen; but the keenness of this observation was lost in the extreme mellowness of its delivery. Ernest Claviger—a young English merchant, fair, ingenuous and pleasing—opening his blue eyes very wide, and speaking, like a young Englishman, with vast hesitation, but wholly unembarrassed, and with many an "Aw" and "a-a-a," thought that Miss Marié was—"a-a-a—not exactly used—aw—to society"—Ernest was very current in the local tip-top circle of the Brooklyn suburb—"he thought not—a—but—aw—in short, a very, *very* beautiful girl, no doubt!"—with an air of profound conviction. Mr. Rusé criticised her extreme self-possession: he liked to see young girls more bashful and timid—"teemeed," as he pronounced it.—"American girls were all so"—Mr. Rusé did not finish the sentence, but left you to infer that in his opinion the young females of this country were quite deficient in a certain retiring modesty.

"Her manners are perfectly charming, upon my word! Pass the port to the count, Rory. What a carriage! graceful as a floating swan!" said the elder O'Morra, sipping his port. "Timidity is a very good thing in its way, Rusé; but the most timid, retiring manners I ever saw in a woman were those of a lady whom I prosecuted for poisoning her husband. Dr. Galenson says nothing?"

"I have paid my last visit," said Galenson, smiling, "and feel too sentimental and melancholy to hazard any observation."

Galenson, in fact, had been quite transformed in the course

of his attendance on Miss Marié: he was no longer the same jolly fellow.

"I hope Miss Marié has paid you well, doctor?" said Mr. Seymour.

"Generously—like a princess!" said Galenson, with some emotion.

"Got lots of tin," mumbled Forrester, in the same inexpressibly juicy tone as before. "Jewels and lace and moi-e antique, and plenty of bank-notes, and knows these foweign counts like her pa and ma!"

"And how goes sculpture, Mr. Rory?" inquired Wissen, willing to change a topic not too agreeable to himself, and very disagreeable, he perceived, to his young friend.

"Oh, you have not heard of Mr. Rory's grand success at the Exhibition?" asked Rusé, who still dabbled in newspapers.

"Mr. Rory has had a grand success? That's excellent—a glass of port upon that, Mr. O'Morra."

Papa fidgeted.

"The finest bust exhibited this year—a most lovely thing—the drapery so elegant yet so simple!"

"Mrs. Seymour says the features are very much like Miss Marié," observed Mr. S.

"That eternal Miss Marié!" said Rusé, in an undertone.

"Infwe-nal Miss Mawié!" mumbled Forrester, more and more indistinctly.

"It is quite the topic among the artists," said Ernest Claviger, who knew all Bohemia, and prided himself greatly thereon. "The drapery, as Rusé says, is exquisite."

"The dwapewy," said Forrester, who knew more about art than all the company, except young O'Morra, and kindling up to hear such a false criticism—"the dwapewy is—no account. Wat makes the dwapewy so pwetty is the fwawm—the fwawm, I say—modelled unde-w-it. Dwapewy!"

Ernest Claviger undertook to describe the bust, which was called "The Bride," and had attracted universal admiration, as well as created some perplexity. The head, it seemed, perfectly classic and noble, was attired in a veil of point lace exquisitely imitated, with a wreath of flowers finely treated.

The veil flowed back, the light texture wandering over hair and pendant flowers and the sloping shoulder. In front the bust and so much as was included of the large arms, were covered with a vesture of absolute simplicity, of a texture that was perfectly pliant to the shape, among the soft folds of which hung a large polished medal confined by a ribbon. The ornate treatment of the head and the breadth and simplicity of the bust, made an admired contrast.

"I must see it," said the count.

Meanwhile the ladies had mostly dispersed to their several rooms. Miss Marić remained to chat with Madame d'Ehrenstein. The countess had sat at the other end of Miss Tankerville's long table, so that she could not in the general hubbub of foreign tongues around her distinguish what passed between M. de Wissen and the beautiful stranger, but she was too practised not to detect that this was not their first acquaintance, in spite of the Minister's formal bow and the young lady's ceremonious inclination when they met. This quickening her memory, enabled her to recall what Mlle. Angélique was the first, with a child's promptitude, to point out.

"*Chère maman!* it is the young lady of the fine carriage, who met the pretty young lady of the rail-car, that M. de Wissen and M. de Floréal so much admired."

"Thou art right," said her mother. "But say thou nothing, child. We shall see."

In her own country, at hotels, watering-places and so forth, Madame d'Ehrenstein was used to fight shy of all agreeable and anonymous female strangers. Neither fine dress, nor jewels, nor finer manners, made the least impression on her; she had seen all that in the most desperate adventuresses. Even youth and beauty were no criterion in her experienced eyes. But apart from the guarantee of M. de Wissen, there was a mysterious *cachet*—a stamp of genuine and candid maidenhood —the spotless lily seal on the brow and in the smile of Rose Marie, that no woman could be deceived in. So Madame d'Ehrenstein, cautious and vigilant, and unsparing in her notions of birth and breeding, who would not allow Mlle. Angélique to form any intimacies with Miss Tankerville's

boarders, took her old-fashioned German knitting, while Miss Marié busied herself with some crochet,—a real woman's fingers, no matter what her rank, are never idle—and let Angélique nestle by the young lady's side, and accept an invitation to visit her room, and gossiped into a violent intimacy in comparing America with Europe. Rosemary liked the plain, shrewd, motherly but withal high-bred and haughty countess very much; the presence of such a person in the family made her feel at home; there was a protection in it which no one else certainly—not the vivacious Miss Tankerville, not the baby Mrs. Varick, not the penetrating Mrs. Seymour—could supply; a woman of the world, whose experience could judge her conduct; a woman of rank and repute, whose word would vouch for it: she thought she might safely remain where she was, while Madame d'Ehrenstein stayed, and abandoned the idea of escaping to a convent.

CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING SCULPTURE.

Wissen went the next day to the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. It was a good Exhibition, very rich in landscape, and adorned by many a little gem beside, from artists then obscure, who have since become famous. The Minister had paid little attention to the progress of the Fine Arts in this new country, and he wandered through the rooms looking at the pictures that interested him, and feeling that America would not long be behind Europe in an order of production to which republics have always been favorable. However, he perceived yet some immense gaps to be filled. An idealism too conventional and essentially copyist, seemed to contend with an exaggerated naturalism. American art appeared to him yet to lack that inspiration higher than itself, which in other times and countries had been the true origin of its prodigies. At last he came quite suddenly upon a bust in white marble, around which a number of ladies had gathered. A glance revealed the secret of its fascination.

"This resembles Rose Dashon," thought the Minister, "and yet it is not a portrait."

In fact, the spirit and general character of Rosemary's face and head were there, without anything individual; the veil, the flowers, were finely generalized; the face itself was solemn, beautiful, serene, with a certain immobility and fixedness of expression—an expression that ought not to change, and which therefore most exactly suited the changeless marble. It was rightly named "The Marble Bride," which Wissen found to be the title in the catalogue. This noble, calm, impassive head was slightly bent over a neck and bosom of truly wonderful

modelling; and Wissen comprehended then that the sculptor has an eye in his hand; that like the blind, he discerns form by the touch, and remembers the impression more vividly than we the impressions of sight. Here was no reminiscence of the antique, no voluptuous fancy, no meretricious naturalistic display. You saw nothing but a soft robe, with folds of an infinite modesty. It seemed that another sense might make further discoveries; but that maidenly majesty awed you too much to dream of making the experiment. It was clearly an inspiration. Wissen passed an hour looking at it, and there were always persons looking, chiefly women. Some gazed in silence; others tried to express delight, admiring this and that; few, if any, seeming to know what it was that charmed them.

Quitting the Exhibition, full of thought and convinced that his friend was a genius, Wissen rather sadly entered an omnibus to pay a visit which he felt to be of obligation. The omnibus circulated through a splendid Avenue, and was filled with elegantly dressed ladies. At Madam Dashon's the count pulled the check and got out, followed by at least eight pair of sparkling eyes, rendered more curious by his profoundly abstracted air. He was admitted at once, and shown into the blue-room, where grandmamma Dashon did not keep him long waiting. She was gratified by his call, and much more cordial than when they met on the ferry. She soon recurred to the subject uppermost in her thoughts.

"When my son died—you knew my son, Count Wissen?—I thought it a terrible blow; but it was nothing to this. He was a soldier—I knew that he was exposing his life every day—he lost it in a glorious action—a glorious action, do you understand?—shedding lustre on the name of Dashon. Then he left this child. It was only a girl, but our blood was in her veins, and such a girl! You knew my grandchild, Count Wissen. I cannot remember that she ever committed a wilful fault. She was thoughtless sometimes, and full of her fun when we were alone, but so scrupulously conscientious—do you understand? She seemed cold to strangers, but that was her exquisite modesty. She was really the most affectionate

creature in the world. A heart, *M. le comte*:—it is not every one that has a heart, do you understand? There's my niece Augusta Varick: a very handsome girl, no doubt, and extremely caressing in her manners; she embraces me twice to Rosemary's once, do you understand?—yet she has no heart at all! absolutely none! Can anything be more frightful than what has befallen poor Mr. Dashon, count? Were he able, he would alter his will. I am certain of it. He would leave everything to me, do you understand? with a discretion as to his nephew and niece; but he is incapable of making a testamentary disposition—thus half his property goes straight to my niece Mrs. Varick, Augusta's mother, you understand? She wants the whole of it. I often wonder she is not tempted to put me out of the way"—with her short, bitter laugh;—"for if I die before Mr. Dashon, all will be hers; and assuredly, if I survive him, not a penny will she get beyond her legal share—half his immense estate. It is the real reason, count,"—sinking her voice to a whisper and laying one yet unwrinkled hand on his arm—"it is the real reason why I keep Augusta here, and pretend to form plans for her—to blind her mother as to my intentions. She wants me to take the girl to France, and marry her to your friend Floréal; and I persuade them that I mean to do it as soon as we have left off our mourning, eh? She wanted the Empress's pearls, too! But I was too sharp for her there!"

"What cause did the physicians assign for the sudden decease of Miss Dashon?" inquired the count.

"Disease of the heart—that is, they knew nothing about it, do you understand? Why, she never was sick a day in her life, since she lived with us! Her health was perfect—her sleep was like an infant's—a faultless machine, do you understand? always running well, and never out of order. There is no explaining such a catastrophe, sir, in such a creature."

"Has the thought ever occurred to you, madam," pursued Wissen, "that the sudden death of Miss Dashon might be attributed—to such a cause as you just now hinted at?"

"To poison?" asked the old lady, calmly.

"Pardon the suggestion."

"The doctors said that no poison could produce a death so sudden and so tranquil, and yet leave no trace—do you understand?"

"There was no post-mortem?"

"Ah!" shrieked the old lady, "do you think I would have suffered such a profanation? No, no; no one touched her but her friends the Athertons, who lifted her from the floor to the bed, and from the bed to the coffin. Besides, count, I never gave up hope till the last minute, that it was only a trance, and that she would come to life again. Until Mrs. Atherton closed her eyes, they continued to sparkle with the same brilliancy and expressiveness as in life;—my brother Varick says that is a symptom of poisoning by certain narcotics—the eye glitters after death, do you understand? But suppose she were poisoned, would an examination bring her to life again? Answer me that? What then? That is all very well when some poor low-bred wretch comes to her end by unfair means, but it is not to be thought of in a family like ours. If my grandchild died of poison, Count Wissen, it must have been administered either by herself or some other. If by herself (impossible supposition), God forbid it should ever be known; if by another, that other in all probability would be one of the family, do you understand? Why pile disgrace on misfortune? My granddaughter herself, were she alive, would feel the same, count. She would let the iron enter into her very soul, and not a single cry would she utter if it was to bring dishonor on our house and name! I have brought her up to that, and that old Louis, her French grandfather, laid the foundation well for my teaching."

"But to act thus," said the count, feeling how truly the old lady had divined her grandchild's character,—"to act thus is to let the guilty go unpunished."

"There are other punishments besides hanging," said grandmamma, quietly, "and not less terrible; and in families like ours we know how to inflict them. Do you take snuff, *M. le ministre!*"—offering her box.

"Thank you, madam.—Rosemary is right," thought he,

"there is no telling whither the old lady's vindictiveness would lead her, if she knew all."

He was about to take leave. Grandmamma insisted on showing him the portrait of Rosemary. It had been painted in the autumn by Ingham, who had painted Rosemary's mother twenty years before, and was one of his most exquisite works, finished with the precision of a miniature. It hung in the library, where Mr. Dashon almost constantly sat, regarding it mournfully. He was there when the count entered, but took no notice of the interruption. There was an artist in the room, with his easel, making a copy.

"Mr. Dashon will not allow this picture out of his sight, you understand? So we have this copy made for the use of a sculptor who is making the statue for the monument," said grandmamma. "He is a celebrated man, and has modelled several figures already, but they are not likenesses at all, do you understand? I wish I could find a sculptor—there are many painters, for example—who had seen my grandchild alive."

Ingham's picture was a living likeness, but it did not give the profile at all, and that was the most peculiar and noblest view of Rosemary's face.—"They all fail there," said grandmamma.

Wissen then spoke of the head in the Exhibition. He was convinced, he said, that young O'Morra must have seen Miss Dashon, for there was an extraordinary resemblance. Grandmamma was vividly interested, promised to visit the Exhibition, —"I go nowhere now, do you understand?"—and took down the artist's name and address.

"O'Morra!" she repeated. "An Irishman, of course—saw my grandchild at church, no doubt. Ah! she was always at her prayers—it was her only fault, you understand?"

"In a young woman we can excuse it," said the imperturbable Minister.

"Certainly; above all, when she is destined to be a marquise," said Madame, always faithful to her principles. "O'Morra! There is a lawyer of that name, who was formerly Attorney, or something, of the State, and prosecuted some great lady for

poisoning her husband—ha! ha!"—the short laugh again.—"I read his speech—bitter as wormwood! Had I been the woman, I would rather have been hanged at once than torn to pieces by that merciless tongue—ha! ha!"

"The sculptor is his son," said Count Wissen.

"I will see his work this very day," said grandmamma; "for the father is a man of prodigious talent."

At an earlier hour than usual that day was the mournful ceremony of getting old Mr. Dashon into his carriage. Instead of his granddaughter who used to aid him with her strong young arm, two servants propped him, one on either side, and with slow and painful steps he half walked, was half carried down the low *gradini* of his palace, and across the broad sidewalk. Into the carriage it was necessary to lift him by main strength. Daily did the passers-by stop to moralize on the vanity of wealth, when they saw the lord of this magnificent mansion thus helplessly infirm, and beheld his family, servants, carriage—all invested with the signs of hopeless mourning. The promenaders of the district, who knew the history, could add many a pathetic circumstance to deepen the tragedy. From the windows of the mansion opposite, this spectacle was daily watched by Mrs. Isabel Varick, also clothed in weeds. Affectionate niece! Her anxiety for her uncle's health was doubtless very real, or she would sometimes have missed her station at the varying hours of that daily drive; but she never did. As sure as the coach was at the door, Mrs. Varick was at her window; and when it drove off, if she caught the eye of her aunt, she would kiss her hand. Then she drove out herself, alone, or accompanied by her son; but the time was exactly calculated, and long before the carriage returned from Greenwood Mrs. Varick was at her station again, and as Johnson drove up, he always looked at the window, with its rich columns without, and superb curtains within, where the lady stood, and gave his whip a knowing flourish, and touched his black livery hat.

That day the first stop was at the exhibition of the Academy. Augusta wished to get out too, but her aunt obliged her to remain in the carriage to keep her uncle company. This was

one reason why Augusta was always of the party. As grandmamma did not like to leave Mr. Dashon alone in the carriage, lest something might befall, the young lady was useful, sometimes to remain with her uncle when Mrs. Dashon wished to alight, oftener to get out on some errand (as the old lady never failed to have one); so that her situation, however honorable and full of prospective wealth and independence, was by no means a sinecure. And that day Aunt Dashon was gone an unconscionable time, and returned with signs of deep emotion on her severe countenance. She immediately gave the order—not a usual one—"Wall street Ferry." Unless Mrs. Dashon had occasion to visit her banker or lawyer, she usually drove straight to the Hamilton Ferry at the foot of Whitehall.

Arrived on the Brooklyn side she gave another puzzling order —— "Pacific street, between Clinton and Court." Had Mrs. Dashon known Brooklyn better, she would have taken the South Ferry.

It was a pleasant street, shaded with trees; on one side a row of quiet two-story houses; on the other, gardens enclosed by a fence. On the garden side, about the middle of the square, stood a single building of peculiar appearance, evidently not a dwelling house, two storied, with narrow windows below, and great square ones above. A young man was just coming out of the large plain door. Mrs. Dashon pulled the check-string, and the carriage stopped. She beckoned to the young man, who civilly approached the carriage.

"Will you be so obliging, sir, as to tell me where is the studio of Mr. O'Morra, the sculptor—if you know?"

"My name is O'Morra, madam, and sculpture is my profession," replied the youth.

Grandmamma looked much surprised, expecting to see an older man. Augusta says in a whisper—

"Aunty, it is the gentleman whose horse Johnson cut yesterday, and who was so polite!"

"Is it?" said grandmamma. "Johnson! take off your hat, sir. Allow me to apologize, Mr. O'Morra, for the rudeness of my servant, for which I have already rebuked him severely,—do you understand?"

"Madam!" said Rory, with vivacity, "I trust you have not thought it necessary to hunt me up, to apologize for what I had entirely forgotten. Pray, replace your hat, Mr. Johnson."

It was time; for Mr. Johnson's bald pate was broiling in the sun, as a foretaste of what he might expect hereafter.

"If you are at leisure, Mr. O'Morra, I called on you for quite a different purpose. But I see you are just going out."

"I am quite at your service, madam," says Rory, "either here, or in my studio, if you choose to alight."

"If you will excuse an old lady, I will despatch my business here, Mr. O'Morra; but in that case you must not stand. Augusta, take that basket on your lap and make room for Mr. O'Morra."

Augusta blushed vividly; Mr. Rory was too gallant not to profit by the opportunity of sitting so near a young lady of very considerable beauty. He smiled, took the proffered seat, and placed himself in an attitude of serious attention. He remembered Johnson perfectly; Mrs. Dashon, Augusta, and grandpapa, the two former disguised by their deep mourning, and the latter changed by illness, he would probably not have identified but for their coachman; but this recognition had taken place the day before, when he glanced at the fellow who cut his horse; for at that moment had it rushed upon his mind like lightning that these were the parents of Rosemary.

"I had a granddaughter, Mr. O'Morra," said Mrs. Dashon.

Grandpapa awoke from a kind of doze and looked around, fixing his tremulous gaze at last upon the young man.

Rory bowed.

"Did you ever see her?" pursued grandmamma, regarding him with her eagle glance;—we use the term advisedly, for grandmamma's glance of inquisition was sidelong, one-eyed, yet keen and steady, for all the world like a bird of prey.

"I had the honor once to accompany her home from church, when she was accidentally belated," said the young man.

"Ah," said grandmamma, "I remember it."

The recollection affected the old lady; she wept; old Mr. Dashon also began to weep, not knowing why, and put forth his palsied hand to O'Morra; it was something about Rose; he

clasped the young man's hand, and Rory could not without ungentle violence withdraw it.

"Never mind," said grandmamma. "Is that the only occasion, Mr. O'Morra, of your seeing my grandchild?"

This question puzzled Mr. Rory extremely. He slightly hesitated; the sidelong eye was upon him, sharp through wet.

"To tell the truth, madam," said he, "I scarcely saw her face even then, so that I am sure I should not have known her again, had we happened to meet."

"I do not quite understand, Mr. O'Morra, whether you ever did meet again, or not."

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, madam," replied Mr. Rory, "I never saw your granddaughter again till she lay in her coffin."

"Ah! you attended the funeral!" said grandmamma.

"Mr. O'Morra is a class-mate and friend of Roosey's, aunty," said Augusta.

Here Mr. Dashon drew back his hand, as if something hurt him, and murmured unintelligibly.

"Pardon my questions, sir—they are not prompted by mere curiosity, you understand," pursued Mrs. Dashon. "There is a bust in the Exhibition, Mr. O'Morra, executed by you. I learn from the respectable janitress, do you understand? that it is not for sale; that you have instructed her to say in answer to the numberless applications, that money will not buy it. Well, young sir, I have no objection to that; on the contrary, I should have been deeply wounded if such a work had been sold to any one; but I expect that you will make an exception in my favor—in *our* favor, do you understand?"—glancing at Mr. Dashon.—"I wish to become the purchaser, and desire you to name any price you please."

"I cannot sell that bust, madam," replied Mr. Rory, rather haughtily. "But"—with a softened expression, that gave to his noble features an irresistible sweetness—"I will make you a copy for nothing—since you seem to set a particular value on it."

Augusta looked at the young man as if she could scarcely refrain from embracing him; which was pardonable under the

circumstances, for if ever a man looked like an angel, it was Rory O'Morra in saying those words. Old Mrs. Dashon was also touched.

"It shall be as you please, sir. But that is not my real errand with you, after all. We are getting up a monument to my grandchild, do you understand? The principal figure must be herself, in her last moments, kneeling at her prie-dieu. Nobody can do it but you, sir. Will you accept the commission, naming your own terms?"

O'Morra was thunderstruck at this proposition to execute a monumental statue of a person whom he knew to be living. To render the affair still more strange, he actually did not know the names of the parties applying, or of the supposed deceased. He politely suggested the latter circumstance, which seemed to astonish grandmamma very much. She immediately gave him her card, and wrote on it the name of her granddaughter in full:—"Rose Marie Dashon."

"If I undertake any part of the monument," said he, "I must do the whole."

"I put it entirely in your hands, regardless of expense."

"Still I must have your general notions, both of the style and cost," said O'Morra.

"Why can't you drive out with us to Greenwood, look at the situation of our lot, determine its capabilities, and send us in as early as possible, a plan with an estimate?" said grandmamma.

"If you will excuse me," said Rory, "I will go on horseback. It is the hour of my daily ride, and unless your equipage is very fleet, I shall be there before you."

In fact, he passed them on the road, for Rory O'Morra's horse was a 2:40 trotter. He passed them like the wind; and in the meantime he had made a rapid, breathless call on Rose Marie, who did not hesitate to receive Mr. Rory O'Morra alone in Miss Tankerville's drawing-room. Whatever was the nature of their interview, Rory accepted Mrs. Dashon's commission; inspected the burial lot, a charming wooded knoll, commanding the loveliest view in Greenwood, and having the vault below in the side of the acclivity, where the road wound by. With the

rapid glance of genius and experience he sketched on the spot a rude outline of a plan. Grandmamma assented to everything he proposed. A thing that interested him greatly was that the grandparents had succeeded in getting their lot consecrated, on certain conditions:—it was the only one in the cemetery. What will not wealth accomplish? In a certain sense, the keys of Heaven itself seem to be at its disposal.

Mr. Rory advised a very considerable departure from Mrs. Dashon's original idea of the monument. He considered the kneeling figure rather commonplace. There should be a chapel, a miniature chapel, quite enclosed except the entrance, which also might be closed by a glass door, so as to protect the statuary from the elements. Within he proposed an open sarcophagus with Christian emblems, and the figure of the deceased sitting on its edge, as if just risen from the last repose. The bridal attire—the coronal of flowers—would be all appropriate.

"There is one thing, however, young sir, which I do not yet comprehend," said grandmamma, lingering a moment after the rest, and confronting the young sculptor.

"And that is, madam?"

"The manner in which you have draped what appears of the figure in your beautiful work in the Exhibition. My grandchild wore from earliest infancy such a robe, but—how did you know *that*, young gentleman?"

"It is a classic vesture," said O'Morra, quietly: "in fact, my dear madam,"—with a subtle smile—"it is drapery in the abstract."

"Ah! drapery in the abstract! And the medal, monsieur?" said grandmamma. "Is that also in the abstract?"

"I wear one like it myself," said O'Morra, drawing it from his bosom.

"It is a pity you did not know her in life," said grandmamma. "You would have suited each other, do you understand? And she might still be ours—who knows?"

O'Morra turned pale, but said nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

A DRIVE TO GREENWOOD.

ROSEMARY was an early bird. To date from her appearance at dinner which attested a complete recovery, she resumed her matin walks. Out of the house by six, breathing the fresh air on the heights, or making her way to the hill overlooking Gowanus Bay, where Mary, the Star of the Sea, greets the mariner from afar, and performing her devotions in the church, unknown by any present, she returned to an eight o'clock breakfast, with that portion of the family who were sufficiently early to share it.

Mr. Rory O'Morra was earlier still. He quitted the house a full hour before Rosemary, who soon learned to distinguish his step on the stair, and sometimes in returning she got a glimpse of him at a distance striding homeward at a tremendous rate and the breakfast conversation developed the fact that he exercised at the gymnasium a couple of hours every morning. At all events the young gentleman was commonly a few minutes late at breakfast, where he appeared most singularly fresh, in all the glory of spotless linen and a young man's matin gear. If there was anything about O'Morra that smacked of the puppy age, it was the extreme finish and appropriateness of his toilet on all occasions: but then that might be habit, for his father was equally attentive to his habiliments, and so indeed were all the gentlemen of Miss Tankerville's family, except perhaps Mr. Seymour.

The matin meal was not so lively as the dinner, but except in the absence of Count Wissen, who took coffee in his room and breakfasted *à la fourchette* in New York at midday, Rosemary found it more agreeable. It was quiet, unceremonious and friendly, all which she liked. There was nothing like

flirtation going on, even between parties who seemed in a desperate way the evening previous. The O'Morras were rather silent; Mr. Seymour bolted his rolls and steak and two cups of coffee, and digested the *Herald*, all in fifteen minutes, and was off; the countess made her boldest essays in English, which were quite charming. The only person who seemed to have enough nervous energy and animal spirits in reserve for the labors of the day to spend any in what looked like gallantry, was Mr. Rory O'Morra after all. Mr. Rory, who did not flirt at all at dinner or in the evening, certainly devoted himself at breakfast to that shy and plain Miss Graves, the music teacher. What could be the attraction? She was four or five years his senior, her dark eyes were her only good feature, but she had a great deal of musical culture, It appeared also that Mr. Rory and Miss Graves had adjacent rooms (the only ones occupied by boarders) in the attic; and it seemed that scrupulously quiet as the young gentleman was in rising at half-past four, he always had the misfortune to awaken Miss Graves, who affected to complain, but Rosemary thought took pleasure in being so disturbed. Miss Marié considered that Miss Graves would have done better to say nothing about it. In fact, was it not a certain cautious, yet indubitably masculine step on the stairs at a little before five every morning, which broke Miss Marié's slumbers? Yet that young lady never breathed the slightest intimation of the fact, nor mentioned that she sometimes saw Mr. Rory O'Morra returning home from the gymnasium in his seven-league boots. And whether young Mr. O'Morra was aware of her own matutinal habits, she did not know, and of course she did not care.

We slightly anticipate, for greater convenience. Miss Marié could not complain that the O'Morras neglected her. On the contrary, it was quietly assumed that she was their guest. Mr. O'Morra senior paid her board; that is, he paid the same as before she came, although Miss Marié occupied one of his apartments, and the permanent visitor for whom he had contracted with Miss Tankerville, to cover all his son's frequent guests, as well as his own, was necessarily excluded. Miss Marié had a conversation with Mr. O'Morra on the sub-

ject, and it seemed that they came to a satisfactory understanding. Mr. O'Morra took also a great, almost affectionate interest in her health, and in devising the means of keeping up her spirits.

"You ought to take a drive every fine day," said he, "not alone, but with a pleasant party. I am sorry that my business confines me so much that I cannot take you myself."

"So am I, sir," said Rosemary, smiling languidly.

"But there is Rory," pursued Mr. O'Morra. "He has nothing else to do; he spends half the day on horseback. Why don't you take out Miss Marié in my dog-cart, Rory?"

"I was just wishing to propose it," said Mr. Rory.

"It is the first time I ever knew you lack nerve to propose anything that you wished, sir," said his father.

Miss Marié blushed; it was not according to the creed of French demoiselle-hood to take a tête-à-tête drive with a young man; but then she was the guest of the O'Morras. It was the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as riding out with Roosey, to which she was accustomed.

"I am used to riding," she said, "if Mr. Rory prefers the saddle."

"By and by that will do," said Mr. O'Morra. "Your first excursion must not be on horseback. Besides, I want you to try my dog-cart, Miss Rose."

So the dog-cart was at the door at three in the afternoon. Miss Marié was charmed with the vehicle; it was so pretty, so convenient and so nicely balanced. But when Mr. Rory had handed her in, she felt somewhat alarmed at finding herself so completely exposed to observation.

"Not more so than in riding," said Rory.

"That is true," said Rosemary, gathering her skirts about her feet, and pulling down a thick green veil. "I hope you will not be ashamed, Mr. Rory, of driving a lady who wears a green veil," said she, laughing.

"It is an impenetrable disguise," he replied. "I am going to take you to Greenwood, Miss Marié, where I have a plan to submit to you."

"This is the pleasantest kind of carriage I ever was in," said Rosemary, "but why is it called a dog-cart?"

"The box was originally designed to carry a sportsman's dogs. The governor had it built in England; it is a very handy concern for him, as he visits very often a villa we own a few miles out, and he can bring home lots of fruit and vegetables in the box, you see. It is a capital contrive."

O'Morra explained very learnedly all the advantages of the vehicle.

"It does remarkably well for the governor," he observed, in reply to her expressions of admiration, "but is rather an old-fogyish concern for me. When I do drive, as my mare is very fast, I like a lighter drag."

"Do you drive one of those slender skeleton affairs, with wheels like spider webs and no body at all?" asked Rosemary, smiling.

"Sorella makes 2:40 easily in a drag like that," replied the young man, "and I own I am proud of her performance."

"She is a beautiful creature," said Rosemary. "And equally kind, you say, under the saddle and in harness."

"Don't let my friend Forrester hear you call a horse a creature," said Rory, laughing, "or you will never hear the last of it."

O'Morra was very frank and off-hand; more brother-like a great deal, Rosemary thought, than either Roosevelt or any of her Varick cousins had ever been. Nevertheless it was a novel sensation for the beautiful heiress—this drive with a young man, of a beauty equal to her own, though so different; Rosemary had never experienced anything quite like it; and as they glided along swiftly and noiselessly over the track of the city railroad, her heart fluttered a good deal, while her companion was as calm as if he had been a brother indeed. Rory proposed to go to Greenwood at once, by the straight road, and after finishing what they had there to do, to take a longer and more picturesque way home.

Rosemary had never been at Greenwood but once in her life, and as she was then not in a favorable situation to see or admire its beauties, they burst upon her now with all the charm

of novelty. Rory loitered along the lovely avenues, and pointed out to his delighted companion the rich combinations of foliage, the graceful diversity of surface, the brilliant flowers (the roses were just beginning to bloom), and here and there the tasteful monuments which adorn this abode of death. Here were deep glens; there miniature lakes embosomed in trees and with fountains ever dripping; here were green and silent glades. There was a great deal to awaken sentiment, yet O'Morra never uttered any. Never once did he let his voice sink to a sympathetic whisper; he quietly checked his beautiful mare, criticized a little the monuments on general principles, and assented to Rosemary's rather ingenuous observations: she was quite deeply affected and very much charmed.

"The remains of so many who are dear to me will repose here at last, I suppose, though mine will not," she said.

"Perhaps they will," said O'Morra, bluntly. "You had a narrow escape once."

As he said this, they stopped, Rosemary knew not why, before a gray vault, grim and stern, of the plainest architecture, with a door of iron, massive, riveted, and impenetrable.

Rosemary regarded it for a moment curiously, for her companion said nothing to explain why they stopped; and then, carved in the granite, in square stone letters above the iron door, she read the name—

"DASHON."

Young O'Morra's voice did sink at last into the deepest of manly tones.

"That door has a bank-safe lock, the key of which your grandmother keeps in her own custody, she tells me. Every afternoon—rain or shine—they come hither; Mr. Johnson unlocks the vault, your grandfather is helped out of the carriage and enters, and a fresh wreath of flowers is hung on —— your coffin, Rosemary!"

The girl looked at him, then at the grim vault; her features worked a minute convulsively; suddenly she averted her face; the next instant she burst into a passion of loud weeping and

violent sobs, O'Morra regarding her in pitying silence. As soon as the first paroxysm had spent itself and was ending in convulsive sighs and efforts to catch her breath, he touched the reins and drove on rapidly toward the most retired part of the cemetery. By degrees her passion subsided and she attempted to speak, but the first effort at articulation brought on another storm of tears, cries and sobs, beyond control.

"Don't try to talk, and don't try to resist your feelings, my dear Miss Dashon," said Rory. "That only makes it worse."

Rosemary had the sense to take this advice, and she soon began to weep quietly like a woman. After they had driven on awhile, and looked at the ocean view, drinking in the salt breeze, her tranquillity returned.

"It is no disgrace to a woman to cry, but I am ashamed to cry in such a very disagreeable and ungraceful manner, Mr. Rory," said she, with a smile very difficult to withstand.

"Nothing you do can ever be ungraceful or disagreeable, I think:—oh! no more tears, my dear Miss Marié! Remember that we are liable to meet people any minute; we are very lucky to have escaped so long."

"I shall not be overcome again, Mr. Rory," answered Rosemary, drawing down her veil, which in the cemetery she had thrown back. "But in truth you must understand that my feelings in regard to my grandparents are somewhat tender"—a little sob under the veil—"and—that they have long been suppressed."—A deep sigh.

"Your self-control," observed the young man, whose voice unawares had lost its fine clear resonance, "has often surprised me."

"I pay for it in secret by many a bitter tear. Let me talk now, Mr. Rory—I can do it without losing the command of myself. Confess that my situation is without a parallel. I love my grandpapa and grandmamma Dashon more than I can express: but what can I do? It is clear that my life has been attempted by my own relatives, aided by the sagacity of a demon in human shape. Shall I wait till grandpapa and grandmamma arrive this afternoon, and throw myself in their arms? Gracious Heaven, Mr. Rory! what a thunder-stroke to them

all! Grandpapa would perhaps die of the shock, and what grandmamma would think and say of my discretion, I can imagine. Or suppose I soften it—send grandmamma word—break it with all the delicacy possible—I have imagined a thousand ways—what, Mr. Rory, is to be done with the guilty?"

"They must be brought to justice."

"That is easy to say, but they are my blood. Their disgrace is my own. The chief criminal is a Dashon by birth, like myself; a woman like myself; there is no other living creature but she and I, after grandpapa is gone, who owns that name; of my own sex, too, you observe:—shall I be happy when she is in a prison? That is not all, Mr. Rory. This crime could scarcely be proved, without bringing to light other infamies, the very thought of which makes me bow my head in shame. No, Mr. Rory, I would grant her a free pardon. I would rather share my fortune with her unhappy children, than that it ever should tempt her more."

"That is magnanimous, Rosemary, but not just," said the young sculptor, warmly. "If they suffer in consequence of your doing what is right, you are not responsible; if you suffer too—that is our lot in this world."—Touching Sorella with the whip rather smartly.

"Aye, Mr. Rory, but you do not know grandmamma. She uttered a threat in my hearing—over my coffin—which I shall not easily forget. Ah, the Varicks are a stern race; some of them are weak, others have had great and glorious qualities; but they have all violent passions and are implacable in their resentments. Even my father would never forgive his parents their treatment of my mother. Grandmamma would crush my cousin Isabel and all her race like a nest of vipers, if she knew this; their bread, their fame, their freedom, their very lives indirectly are in her power; and Isabel, who is perfectly aware of it, would endeavor to be beforehand with her. No, no, Mr. Rory,—if I stir"—laying her hand on his arm, and lowering her voice—"my first act will be through your father; I will have my cousin Isabel and Dr. Mannikin arrested on the charge of attempted murder; then both grandmamma and she will be forced to submit. But even your father dissuades me from

such a step at present, for although he has been on the trace of this affair for a month, and knows more than you or I, there is a link in the evidence which is wanting."

"You cannot be in better hands than my father's, to advise on such a point," said Mr. Rory.

"Oh, Mr. Rory, I am distrustful of myself. Time has been when I hated the Varicks vindictively; and if I pity and spare them now——"

Her voice trembled——

"It is because you have learned to subdue your passions," said O'Morra, with a smile.

"It has been the battle of my girlhood to conquer those evil and wicked feelings—and even now—sometimes—I long to spring among them with vengeance (which I then call justice) in both hands—calm as death, and as pitiless! Ah, now you know me too well, Mr. Rory!"

"You would be more than human not to feel so sometimes."

"Why their cruelty was infamous! Had it been I only whom they struck! and yet I had never harmed them. But it was the heart of their benefactor that they ruthlessly pierced. They deprived doting parents of an only child, a bridegroom of his bride, an innocent girl of her life (as they thought), in one moment."

Rosemary was excited and spoke with unusual freedom and energy. She had thrown back her veil again. At a short turning a carriage came in sight, passing them swiftly; as it went by, a lady looking from the window, shrieked and fell back.

With an alert and graceful movement Rosemary half turned, half rose, and gazed after the retiring carriage with such a momentary expression of energetic disdain on her remarkable profile, as if she had said—"There sped an arrow winged with terror and remorse!"—It was a lightning flash, and the next moment she had resumed her seat and drew down her veil:—"Let us attend to our business here, Mr. Rory, and go."

O'Morra was thinking of the same thing. An expression let fall by his companion had struck him painfully, checking the sympathy that was beginning to flow in a very unguarded way.

"A bridegroom from his bride," she had said. Yes, no doubt she had wished to remind him, in case he were founding some presumptuous expectation on their unusual intimacy, that she was the same as a married woman after all. And he had been calling her "Rosemary." It was from the cautious Wissen that he had learned this pet name of the beautiful stranger. With these reflections the young man drove on a little way in silence, and when he again addressed his companion, it was in the calm tone which he flattered himself he had so successfully adopted at the beginning of their drive. Her emotion and impassioned language and almost tender confidence had betrayed him into forgetting it. In future he would be more on his guard. In fact, was not Miss Dashon's slight departure from reserve in his favor a proof that unconsciously she regarded herself as wedded? Rory was used to be petted and flattered and spoken to very confidentially by married ladies: but what an impertinence in that case to call her "Rosemary!" He quite blushed at his mistake. Yet how avoid it with that exquisite maidenly shyness and self-government in movement and posture seated beside him? Mr. Rory was puzzled; not more so than his companion by the sudden change of his manner; and thinking over its possible reasons, she laid the blame on herself, and blushed as vividly as he did.

They reached the Dashon vault again. O'Morra leaped from the vehicle and handed Rosemary out. He then described to her his plan. Instead of a showy monument, a mere monument dedicated to family vanity and selfish grief, such as had been proposed;—an open structure it was to have been, all niches and crocketting and finials, and statuary;—instead of this, he proposed to build a new vault, in the form of a chapel, on the summit of the knoll——

"A mortuary chapel, with a bell, and a simple altar, where sacred rites may be performed and prayers offered"—with a calm smile, to Rosemary quite inscrutable—"for your repose, and that of your Catholic descendants to the remotest generation: for apart from that destiny the consecration which the spot has received becomes unmeaning The remains of your father, Miss Dashon, are to be removed from the lower vault,

which, it seems, has been purposely excluded from the benediction, and will be placed in a lateral tomb; those of your mother will be laid by his side——"

"Kind, kind grandmamma!" exclaimed Rosemary, in a faltering tone.

"In an arch which I destine for you," added the young sculptor, very seriously, "there will be the sarcophagus and figure which I have already described to you. May it be long before that design, executed while you are in life (thank God!) and in the flower of your beauty and your youth, shall acquire its full significance."

"You were right, Mr. Rory, to say a little while ago that I shall probably be buried here," said Rosemary, with cheerfulness. "Really, there is something extremely fascinating to me thus to plan the spot where one's mortal part will await the joyful moment——"

"When sea and land shall give up their dead," said the young man.

"You are very unlike any artists whom I have ever known before, Mr. Rory, in having so clear a vision of the unseen realities," said Rosemary. "I think it must be the secret of your power."

They then made the ascent of the hill on foot, by a steep winding road, the mare following her master's voice, and trying to catch a nibble of the grassy border. Arrived at the summit, he left her in the road, still and obedient, while he conducted Rosemary over the grass to the very spot which he proposed for the chapel. It was directly over the vault below. There was even an opening—a stone tube, trumpet-shaped—which pierced down to the vault, and suffered its moisture (if any) to escape.—"The floor," said O'Morra, "is a peculiar white lime-stone, which has the most extraordinary disinfecting property."——

While they conversed, Rory glanced at his watch and then down the tour.

"You see something, Mr. O'Morra—ah! grandmamma's carriage! Let us go! No, no! cannot I hide where I can at least see them again?"

"If you can command yourself, you can stay here without the least danger."

"Grandmamma's eyes are as sharp as an eagle's. But she never saw me so be-crinolined—odious fashion! it shall befriend me now. I will draw down my veil and sit in the bend of this crooked tree. Do you, Mr. O'Morra, go down and speak to them."

Then the carriage drove up. John, the footman, aided by Augusta Varick, helped Mr. Dashon to alight. Rosemary had need of all her self-control to keep from rushing to his assistance—oh, how much better she could do it than Augusta! Meanwhile the door of the vault was opened by Johnson, and they all entered. Rosemary threw herself on her knees and looked down the circular opening—she could see the interior, the whitish pavement, the black-robed crowd, and saw her grandfather with trembling hands lay a superb wreath of early roses on a black velvet pall. She quite forgot herself.

"Dear, dear grandpapa!" she murmured.

There was evident confusion; every one hurried out of the vault except poor Mr. Dashon, who was removed almost by force. The faces of the others manifested terror. With difficulty they got Mr. Dashon into a carriage again, young O'Morra assisting; for Augusta Varick, white as a sheet, and leaning back against a tree, was perfectly helpless. Grandmamma alone, pale as the rest at first, lifted her haughty and incredulous eyes to the summit of the knoll, where she now for the first time perceived Rosemary sitting in the old tree, closely veiled.

"Who is that young woman? You know her, Mr. O'Morra?"

"She came here with me, madam. She is a guest of my father's."

"Ah! you have entertained her with our history?"

"I believe she is acquainted with it, but not through me, madam," said Mr. Rory, with spirit.

"Very well, sir. I do not judge a young man, a young artist especially, by the female company he keeps," said grandmamma, with a highly contemptuous glance at the trembling figure that supported itself in the gnarly bend of the old

tree. "She has the grace to keep down her veil at least. Have the goodness, Mr. O'Morra, when you next give us rendezvous here, do you understand? to come alone—that's all."

Rory, who understood nothing of it, was thunderstruck. In an ordinary case he would have known how to reply and to resent with warmth the imputation upon a lady under his protection, but in the first place he did not know what displeased madam, and in the next, the fact that it was her own grandchild of whom she thus spoke, rendered him speechless.

"Oh, aunty!" said Augusta, "I don't think it was the young lady with Mr. O'Morra at all:—it was cousin Rosemary's own voice, as plain as I ever heard it in my life."

"What nonsense!" cried grandmamma angrily. "You are as bad as your uncle or that fool Johnson, who stands trembling there like an aspen, instead of getting on his box. What are you waiting for, sir?"—very sharply.

The sharp reproofs of old Mrs. Dashon got the terrified servants into their places without delay. O'Morra now understanding the case, thought it necessary to his dignity to make an observation.

"Permit me to say, madam," said he, rather gravely, "that I am not accustomed to drive out with young ladies capable of the slightest breach of propriety, still more of such a gross one as you suppose. As for my present companion, who I repeat, is our guest, I will venture to assert that there is not nor ever was a female member of your own family, living or dead, with a nicer sense of what is due to herself and others, or more scrupulous in observing it."

"Very bold, very bold!" said grandmamma, while poor Mr. Dashon stretched out his tremulous hand to the young man in a suppliant manner. "To compare your lady yonder with my peerless Rose!"

"I adhere to it, madam," says Mr. Rory.

Augusta glanced up at the figure; noted the thick green veil; the gray dress trimmed with green; and saw nothing else remarkable except one foot, perfectly *chaussé* and very symmetrical, that hung just clear of the grass in the shadow

of the ample skirts. A recollection of some sort affected her; she started as if she had seen a ghost, as well as heard the voice of one. Grandmamma's quick eye followed the young lady's movement, and she too changed color, as she glanced at that charming foot and gracious posture, though the veiled face was now laid close to the tree.

"I believe I shall get superstitious too, if I stay here much longer," said grandmamma. "Your young friend—I see she is young—may not have known what she was doing—it is a sort of ear-trumpet, do you understand? No doubt it affects the nervous system to hear anything of that kind when you least expect it. Thinking of my grandchild at the moment and the words—do you understand?—made a sort of illusory impression that it was her voice. I own I was startled myself. All miracles are susceptible of as simple an explanation, if we had but the key—ha! ha! Good-bye, Mr. O'Morra. I accept your guarantee for your fair friend, though somewhat hyperbolically expressed, do you understand? Hurry the monument forward—don't fear that any ghost will interrupt your labors. My grandchild was too well-bred, you understand, for such a petty trick of diablerie. It might be her voice—it was not her manners, eh?"

And so the stately equipage, with its black hammercloth and tall footman, flashed away along the green avenues of the cemetery.

O'Morra and Rosemary returned home by a beautiful drive, among lanes and back-roads, by sumptuous villas; the young lady's agitated feelings were quite tranquillized by the scenery and the rapid motion and the sweet odors of the country. We do not say that there were not occasional streams of tears at the affecting remembrance of what grandpapa had done or grandmamma said, at the thought of their deep mourning garb and the old man's broken form: summer showers, that but made the hedge-rows glisten, elicited but the fragrance of that fair country whereon they fell. A drive of this kind is dangerous—we put that rock down in our present life-chart, for the use of careful parents. Who could be exempt from the danger, if not two such nonpareils as Rory

and Rosemary? Yet we see that a good deal of sentiment has been exchanged between them, to say nothing of electric communications which our recording instrument is not delicate enough to jot down. One thing is certain: it was a long time before Rose Marie Dashon took another tête-à-tête drive with Mr. Rory O'Morra. Perhaps she felt that it was too agreeable to be safe; perhaps that the footing on which they stood was too uncertain to render it quite agreeable to either; perhaps she merely feared it would compromise her in the eyes of the world, and cause reports to fly about, in which of course there would not be a word of truth, but not the less unpleasant on that account. To avoid all appearance of particular intimacy with any young gentleman was one of her earliest and best-conned lessons. Rosemary never flirted, in spite of the general example. In fact she soon passed in the house for an indifferent. She passed her evenings in great part with the family, but she never would talk for more than a few minutes together with any of the young, i. e., unmarried gentlemen. Count Wissen was the sole exception, an exception on which he was rallied, but of which he fully appreciated the significance.

Yet Mr. Rory O'Morra had not much reason to complain either. Miss Marié was sitting to him for a statue of herself. It was a profound secret, like so many other facts about her, known to several persons. Madame d'Ehrenstein accompanied Miss Marié to Mr. O'Morra's studio. I doubt whether these opportunities were not equal to a buggy drive; indeed to a good many of them. Miss Marié was certainly much more off her guard. She became more intimately acquainted with the character, and could study the genius of Mr. Rory O'Morra. Moreover a sculptor's studio was a novel scene for her, and not without a romantic interest. The circumstances were romantic altogether, and if our heroine withstands their influence she must be more or less than woman.

CHAPTER V.

ARAB.

It was the count who arranged this matter with Madame d'Ehrenstein, and perhaps had he never occasion for a finer diplomatic skill. Mr. Rory's extreme innocence may be inferred from the fact that he did not at first see the absolute necessity of a chaperon for Miss Marié, in the case of her sitting to him. He mentioned a lady whose bust he had executed, and who always came alone.

"She was married, of course," said Miss Marié.

"Oh, certainly—her husband gave me the commission."

"Oh!" said Rosemary, laughing, "that explains it. Madame and mademoiselle!—they are beings of an entirely different species, you understand?" She looked like her grandmother in saying it, and even her laugh, sweet and musical, had something of Mrs. Dashon's short, satirical emphasis. She was amused at Mr. Rory's simplicity in supposing that she—*demoiselle*—she—Rose Marie Dashon!—would visit a young man's studio without a matron! Above all, clandestinely! for the matter was to be a profound secret.

Not only so. The person by whom she was to be matronized was not to the young lady an indifferent question. Miss Tankerville was only demoiselle, after all, and was too busy; Mrs. Varick was not to be trusted; no other lady but Madame d'Ehrenstein, in short, would quite answer: but who would ask Madame d'Ehrenstein?—"Not I, certainly," said Mademoiselle Rose Marie; "nor you, Mr. Rory."

"The person to do it," said Mr. Rory, who began dimly to see the difficulty, "is Count Wissen."

"And who shall ask M. de Wissen?" demanded Rosemary. "*Encore une fois*, not *I, monsieur!*"

"I will ask him myself."

Mr. Rory asked the count to ask Madame d'Ehrenstein. The count first carefully ascertained from Mademoiselle Rose that such was her desire; then he proposed it to madame. Madame liked Mademoiselle Marié exceedingly, but she was averse to meddling in any affairs of other people where secrecy was to be observed, particularly if a very accomplished young man and a very beautiful young lady were the parties. All the objections which the tact of Rosemary foresaw, came up. Why should it be made a secret? It was to be a draped figure, she inferred, of course?

"Fie, madame la comtesse!" said M. de Wissen.

"Then why the secret? And why shall not any other married lady in the family answer as well as I?"

"If you accept the office, madame, the most complete confidence shall be placed in your discretion. The reasons shall be told you."

Madame wished the revelation antecedent to the promise. The Minister pointed out that this could not be expected. Piqued by curiosity and willing, after all, to oblige all the parties, madame consented on condition that the secret when revealed did not violate her sense of the proprieties.

"The secret is, madam," said the count, "that Miss Marié is supposed by her family to be dead, and the statue for which she is to sit has been ordered by them for her tomb."

"That is frightful!" said the countess.

"It is one of those crimes," said the Minister, "which every day approximate the model republic more and more to the most corrupt of the old European societies."

"A crime," said the countess, "of which Mademoiselle Marié has barely escaped being the victim?"

"You divine it."

"She is, then, as I had conjectured, a great heiress? Perhaps also has she still reason to fear."

"She has motives of her own, and very amiable ones, for secrecy; but for my part I frankly avow to you that I do not consider her life safe, if her enemies discover that she has escaped the fate they destined for her. The crime cannot (in

my opinion) be traced to them, nor is there anything that can hinder its repetition."

"You overwhelm me," said Madame d'Ehrenstein. "If I can serve mademoiselle, she may command me."

Mrs. Dashon, who had no idea of the amount of labor involved, wished the chapel to be finished by early autumn. Mr. Rory informed her that it was rigorously possible, but would greatly increase the expense.—"That is of no consequence, do you understand?"—"Then we shall double the estimate," said Mr. Rory.—Thus the affair went forward regardless of cost. In some points the desired rapidity of execution was quite easy. The plan of the chapel was already in O'Morra's portfolio, for it was an idea on which he had long meditated; he placed it immediately in the hands of an architect who engaged to produce without delay the working drawings. The instant these were finished, they were committed to the best workmen, and the liberality of the terms secured the utmost promptitude. The foundation was commenced at once. The second day after Rosemary's visit to Greenwood, destroyed for a time the beauty of the knoll. Grandmamma having her husband's power of attorney, opened a credit for Mr. Rory O'Morra at her bank, for the full amount of his estimate, assuring him that more should be forthcoming, if desired.

Every evening Mr. Rory had something to communicate to Miss Marié. When he informed her of her grandmother's great business liberality, he added:—"I can now lend you any amount you may require."

"That is good news," said Rosemary, "for I have only a few shillings left, since paying Dr. Galenson; and I wish to send a handsome consultation-fee to Dr Mannikin."

O'Morra smiled; not grimly, like his father; yet there was a trick of his father in it.

"My father will lend you as much as you want, but I thought it would be more agreeable to you to use what is really your own, like your grandmother's deposit to my credit."

"Don't give yourself the trouble to explain the propriety of it," said Rosemary, laughing. "I shall draw on you without

the slightest scruple. When you present the item in your account—'Furnished Miss Dashon for pocket-money'—you need not fear it will be disputed. But as something may happen to me, I will always give you a receipt."

This was, indeed, a great relief to our heroine, to whom the novel pressure of pecuniary difficulty was very irksome. With the generous feeling of an heiress whose life had been saved by consummate skill and unbounded assiduity, she had insisted on paying Dr. Galenson a fee which the most eminent physician in New York would have considered liberal for attending a difficult case in Brooklyn, besides forcing on his acceptance a ring of great value, in token of her esteem. Of course she had been obliged to have recourse to Mr. Cahal O'Morra, who gave her the money and chid her extravagance.

"Which is quite absurd, you know, Mr. Rory, when you recollect that every flounce on my wedding-dress cost as much as the sum I offered Dr. Galenson for saving my life."

"My father feels that he is your trustee—*in loco parentis*,—and he regards your interest."

"I comprehend it," said Rosemary, "and feel very disagreeably checked all the same."

"I see," said Rory, smiling, "that a young woman of fortune is precisely like a young man in the article of expenditure."

"Nay," said Rosemary, "all my expenditure is strictly necessary; and I assure you I am charmed to have a large bank account to fall back upon. I shall ask you for money, sir, and never tell you what I want to do with it."

Miss Marié (who never flirted) had often a very saucy way of talking to Mr. Rory O'Morra. Their conversations were almost all confidential; they snatched their opportunities; or rather, to be quite accurate, Miss Marié (unconsciously lingering on the stairs, or walking by herself on the terrace to cull a nosegay for her hair or bosom) afforded such opportunities, which Mr. Rory snatched. Then, as we said, Miss Marié's manner was a little vivacious—not pert (Heaven forbid!)—but just tinctured with that sparkling sub-acid quality which sisters sometimes manifest with brothers whom they love. There was certainly no sentiment in it, Mr. Rory al-

lowed; and every now and then, quite carelessly, was dropped an allusion to the wedding-dress or the pearl-parure, or some thing to recall that the young lady had been an expectant bride. Mr. Rory never prolonged the colloquy beyond necessity: for Miss Marié, with all that sweet acerbity, seldom used a young lady's privilege of terminating their interviews herself.

The news of the deposit, and the consent of Madame d'Ehrenstein were imparted the same evening. Some days, however, would necessarily elapse, before O'Morra could so far complete the other preliminaries as to devote himself to the statue, on which he wished to concentrate his undivided powers. In the meantime an unexpected and even singular movement of grandmamma Dashon occurred, which, like her liberal credit to the young sculptor, gave a livelier pleasure to Miss Marié than to him. It would seem that Mrs. Dashon felt that she had been uncivil to O'Morra in the scene at the vault. At all events, on the day after the estimate was agreed upon, she sent him a note to the following effect:

"Mrs. Dashon presents her compliments to Mr. Roderick O'Morra, and begs him, as he is fond of riding, to accept a horse which belonged to Miss Dashon, and which is suffering from want of exercise, no one else being permitted to mount him. He is a perfect lady's horse, though a little wild just now, and after a few days' riding would suit very well Mr. O'Morra's fair friend and *guest*, whose relations to Mr. R. O'M. Mrs. Dashon can scarcely mistake.

"No. — ——— Avenue, May, 1855."

On the terrace after dinner, the sun just setting behind the Jersey hills, Mr. Rory quietly put this note into the hands of Miss Marié, who blushed to the roots of her black tresses, as she read it.

"Grandmamma is a lady to her finger-tips!" said she. "And Arab?"

"Is in the stable at the studio."

"I will ride him to-morrow."

"Had you not better let me try him first, a few days? The

note says he is wild, which must be so, if he has not been properly exercised."

"Do you think," said Rosemary, with a deep feminine inspiration, "that I am afraid to tame down Arab?"

"It is clear that this present is designed for your benefit," said O'Morra, "for there is a side-saddle with the horse, and a parcel, which, not conceiving at all what it was, I opened."

"What was it?" demanded Rosemary, with another vivid suffusion.

"A riding-habit, with hat, gloves, whip, boots——"

"Oh, grandmamma!"—She conned the note again.—"She nas no idea of the truth, I am *certain!*—I understand it. Nothing that is mine must ever be owned or worn by the Varicks, or by Augusta! Stern, sage grandmamma!"

"She has fallen into a very natural mistake on one point," observed O'Morra.

The young lady stooped to pluck a flower.

"It will be time to correct it (if that is what you mean) when all her mistakes are rectified."

"In thanking her, then, I shall not allude to it?"

"Consult your own wishes in that respect, Mr. O'Morra," said the young lady, with infinite composure. "To me it is a matter of—perfect indifference."—Pulling to pieces one of the finest roses that ever grew.

"Then I shall thank her in my own name, and in that of my lovely friend and *guest*," said O'Morra, with more than usual spirit and emphasis, "and pass over the rest in silence."

"But remember, Mr. Rory, that the horse is mine—as much as the habit, which certainly appertains in no wise to you"—laughing gaily and satirically. "Grandmamma has no right to give away my property."

Other boarders drew near, hearing the twilight laughter, among them Count Wissen, and O'Morra disappeared.

The horse was brought to the door the next afternoon, led by a mounted groom: Mr. Rory accompanying on Sorella. Arab was excited, plunged, reared, and could scarcely be held by the united exertions of Mr. Rory and the groom. The ladies gathered in the porch to see the beautiful horse; which

had the effect to frighten him more, so that he seemed quite unmanageable, and the ladies declared that it would be the most foolhardy thing for Miss Marié to ride him. Why did not Mr. Rory, who was a perfect horseman, exchange with her?

Then appeared on the steps Rosemary Dashon, quite superb in beauty, in dark-green riding-habit—an open jacket richly embroidered and white marseilles waistcoat buttoned to her throat. She was booted for the ride, but one rose-white hand was bare. Arab started so suddenly and violently that he got away from the groom. He dashed to the gate of the court-yard, but O'Morra had just taken the precaution to close it. The horse recoiled upon his haunches, then plunged furiously towards the garden, leaped over the box-borders, and drew back suddenly on the edge of the terrace, which went off sheer fifteen feet.

"Don't go near him!" cried Rosemary. "All keep away! Let me manage him. Mr. O'Morra, I entreat!"

The girl advanced down the gravelled walk slowly, holding her skirt, and calling: "Arab! Arab!" in a sweet low voice.

The horse pricked up his ears. Starting again with a wild movement he threw his head in the air, and pranced round the garden, trampling the flower-beds.

"Arab! good fellow! Arab!"—In a soothing tone.

He approached her extended hand. She stood still, dropped her train, and with the other hand now liberated forbade any one to interfere.

"Arab! good boy—Arab!"—The veiled caressing tone vibrated on every ear.

The horse trembled all over. The girl quietly gathered up her skirt again, moved one foot cautiously forward; she threw her arm over his neck; he neighed piteously——

"Down, Arab!"—And Arab knelt on the grass; Rosemary seated herself in the saddle, and held on to the horn while he rose. It was the most beautiful sight. The delight of the animal was evident, pawing, curveting, whirling around with restrained bounds under his young mistress. The girl smiled—all radiant with her triumph.—"Come, Mr. Rory, let us be off!"

Arab and Sorella sprang through the open gateway abreast of each other, and the lady and the cavalier galloped up the shady street. Solemn as a post, and stiff as the marble horseman in Don Juan, Mr. O'Morra's groom trotted after them.

"That's a match!" said Miss Tankerville.

"Do you *think* so?" cried Mrs. Varick. "Why they hardly speak; and Miss Marié will talk in French to the count by the hour!"

"Miss Marié is not like you, dear, to announce her partialities in large show-bills."

"Very fine! Miss Marié is perfection, of course, in *your* opinion, Miss Tankerville! But for all that, I am convinced she has set her heart upon being a countess."

"What do you think, Madame d'Ehrenstein?" asked Miss Tankerville.

"M. de Wissen is likely to captivate any young girl, if he seriously undertake it," said the countess, diplomatically. "Monsieur O'Morra is also a young man of singular advantages."

"Mr. Rory O'Morra," observed Mrs. Seymour, rather earnestly, yet laughing at the same time, "is not more attentive to Miss Marié than he is bound to be to his father's guest. *I* think he is remarkably distant to her, and that she feels it."

"You are as clear-sighted as my sister Laura," said Miss Tankerville.

"My theory is," said Miss Graves, "that Miss Marié is married already."

"Oh!" cried all the ladies, and there was a general laugh at Miss Graves's expense.

A curious figure—an old beggar, in an inky slouched hat, neglected tow-like beard and venerable rags—had watched this whole scene from without the courtyard railing. Few else had noticed him, but the quick eye of Rose Dashon, ever on the look out for wayside misery, and accustomed to interpret the silence of hundreds of humble petitioners, had perceived him in the midst of her excitement; and as Rosemary, with the princely spirit that nature and culture had given her, was always prepared for these occasions, she had tossed the poor wretch a piece of silver as she cantered by.

CHAPTER VI.

ALMOST A PROPOSAL.

THE day following was rainy. No ride. The day after was fine. Miss Marié and O'Morra rode out together. It is undeniable that these rides were very agreeable to Rosemary. Why not? They were perfectly *en règle*, in the first place. A young lady necessarily rides; as necessarily she needs a cavalier. With a groom some dozen yards behind (provided the groom's steed can keep so near), mademoiselle is under *surveillance*. To a right-minded young woman that is an infinite comfort. She has the consciousness of being all right. Yet O'Morra was a somewhat silent and reserved companion. He had not resources always at his command to entertain a young lady for an indefinite length of time. But then if they were riding fast, they could not talk. If they were walking their horses or gently ambling along some green and shady lane, or stopping to enjoy a view, the very occasion furnished a topic sufficient to prove mutual friendliness, and that sufficed. Rosemary was fond of being left to her own meditations. Once on this very ride, when they had reached a point where there was a noble view of the ocean, with white sails in the offing, and a black steamship ploughing along, not a single word was said by either. O'Morra lifted his riding cap and let the breeze play in his tawny locks, as it fluttered the hair and plume of his companion; and so he sat looking over the waves in silence. Rosemary talked low nonsense to Arab, patting the horse's black neck, and playing with his brown mane. Once or twice Rory looked at her seriously, and then she occupied herself still more busily with Arab, and never raised her eyes towards her young companion.

On their return, O'Morra said as they were nearing town:—"I fear that I shall not be able to escort you to-mrrow, Miss Dashon. I shall be absent for a few days."

"Indeed!"—With a look of inquiry. "I am sorry."

"I hope that my father will be able to take you to drive occasionally; but if not, and on days when he is engaged Count Wissen, I am sure, will be happy. He used to ride with me a great deal, and that it may be pleasanter to him, I will leave Sorella at his disposal."

"You know, Mr. Rory, that strictly speaking I need no escort but your father's groom—as I suppose I must ride—Dr. Galenson says so—and Arab needs to bė daily exercised."

"Of course you must ride, Miss Marié. You are accustomed to it, and Galenson says you absolutely require it. He told my father that in spite of your bloom and apparent health, you have not yet recovered your full vigor, and that a great deal of exercise in the open air is indispensable. I hope you will not fail every fine day; and all the days are likely to be fine now; the weather is indeed charming; and Wissen, as I said, will be delighted to accompany you. I will speak to him about it this evening."

"I should not like to have the count bored," said Rosemary. "His excellency is not so young as you, Mr. Rory—it may not be agreeable to him to take a daily ride with a chit of a girl like me."

"If he does *not* like it, rely on it he will frame a polite excuse for not doing it. I know the count. You must not ride alone, my dear Miss Dashon—not yet!"

After dinner Rory proposed to the count to take a cigar together in the latter's room, which overlooked the bay, and then broke to him what he wished him to do in regard to Miss Marié's daily rides.

"Sorry to hear you are going to be absent, my dear fellow. How long? A whole week! Doesn't that put the statue back a little? I should think you would want to begin while you are in the heat."

It was the very question that had risen a dozen times to Rosemary's lips, and had been suppressed.

"It is that very thing sends me off," said Mr. Rory. "I shall never get to work, unless I can break away from here awhile."

"Oh, then you are really about to bury yourself in your studio, to make a beginning?—I understand."

Rory made an evasive answer, and M. de Wissen, too practised a diplomat to be deceived by so young a man, saw that there was something else, and he determined to ascertain what it was. With O'Morra frankness was the best plan always.

"I see that there is something wrong, Rory, or you would not be leaving us at this moment, or looking for a substitute in your natural office as Miss Marié's cavalier. Still less, I think, would you be deferring the commencement of this most important work. Madam Dashon will be sending or coming here to inquire after you."

"I shall send her a note to explain that I am absent for a few days on the business of the monument—that will keep her quiet."

"You have not quarrelled with Miss Rose?"

"Absurd! no, indeed."

"Nor proposed to her (in the American fashion), and been sagely repulsed (on French principles)?"

"I shall never propose to any lady in the American fashion, consequently I shall never experience a repulse."

"Yet you quit her and surrender your fascinating privileges as host and *quasi-frère* to another—a rival, perhaps, Mr. Rory—and above all retire from the real source of your happiest inspiration—for such, with all your talent and marvellous industry, Rosemary Dashon has been to you, my young friend."

Rory gave his half-finished cigar a toss that flung it entirely clear of the terrace, and rising paced the room. M. de Wissen hummed a military air, accompanying himself with a very skilful drum-major performance with the knuckles on the window-sill. Then the count, who was smoking cigarrettes, lit a fresh one, still not interrupting Mr. Rory's meditation.

"I see, Wissen," said O'Morra at last, in a rather grave tone, "that unless I explain, you will attribute this move of mine to a cause that does not exist. It is really and solely with a view

to my proposed work that I am going away. *You* think, I dare say, that this will be to remove from my inspiration. I differ with you there. I know a good many young artists, prodigiously clever fellows, who work after the method you suppose. If they have something on hand, they look over casts and drawings—fill themselves with the antique—take a strong cup of coffee in the morning—or a brandy cocktail"—energetically striking his open palm—"put their studio in first-rate order—and if they are lucky enough to have a good model, they are all right. Sometimes these fellows produce beautiful things, but things in which I feel a great want. Unless I could do something which to me seems higher, I should quit my art in disgust. I would even go into politics, as my father wishes. It would be better to be President than a mere marble-carver."

"Ah! you would rather be President!" said the count, laughing. "Well, I conceive your horror of marble-carving now!"

"This monument, for instance—I could execute it mechanically. A simple portrait of Rose Dashon, executed with loving fidelity, would possess a charm. But that is not my idea! To realize my idea, I must fly from her intoxicating presence. She overpowers me with the reality of her flesh and blood loveliness; my spiritual power is paralyzed, my imagination droops; it is only our present mortal life, her womanly sweetness, and earthly bridals, and the mother shining through the maid, that I can think of:—the eternal, the unchangeable, the impassible life, ever virgin, ever pure: they escape me. I must go, Wissen, into solitude; I must meditate on the Four Last Things; by fasting, vigil, discipline and prayer, I must purify my spirit till it spring to the height where I wish it to soar."

With these words, Rory abruptly quitted the room.

"A singular youth! Art is his mistress. After all, his method, I believe, was that of the grand old painters and sculptors. Does he not, however, overrate his power when he supposes that by following their method he can rival their works? His bust in the Exhibition is marvellous, but it is a recollection of Rose Dashon, from whom he now flees.

Whether that flight is conscious weakness, or a rare strength of will, remains to be seen. In the meanwhile, M. le comte, your game is clear. In love as in war, the successful general is he who knows the value of minutes. It is clear that Rory intentionally abandons to me his pretensions (whatever they are) to the peerless Rose. A whole week! Many a campaign has been decided by the combinations of a week. If I succeed, I shall ask my recall;—in Europe, with such a bride, such a fortune, what position under the throne in not open to a noble? Yet I think that after showing her, I would rather eschew courts, which would be fatal to that adorable simplicity, restore magnificently the ancestral chateau, and live *en grand seigneur* in the country the remainder of my days."

The week passed swiftly. It was the most perfect weather that could be imagined. There were showers in the night, enough to lay the dust. The roads were in capital order; the country green as an emerald. Count Wissen and Miss Marié (attended by Mr. O'Morra's groom) rode out every afternoon. Cahal O'Morra did not like it at all, and grumbled at Rory's absence every day at breakfast, and proposed to treat Miss Marié to a drive in the dog-cart; but in fact, it was utterly impossible for him to leave court. Madam d'Ehrenstein was secretly displeased that after her consent given, Mr. Rory O'Morra should defer availing himself of it to begin the sittings. Miss Marié doubtless had her own speculations, but as she kept them strictly to herself, there is no telling what they were. The gentlemen were inclined to bet on the count. Rusé had always leaned that way. He thought Miss Marié (the most discreet young American lady he had ever known) a great deal too wise not to prefer a man of three and thirty to a youngster of twenty-four, who when she was faded, would scarcely be in the prime of manhood. Forrester, who hated foreign counts, and liked Rory prodigiously, was much annoyed at the young man's absence at this critical juncture. He concluded that when the race came off Rory would be "no-where."

The handsome and witty Minister, though a foreigner, was not the man to let the grass grow under his horse's feet. In their evening conversations, so much commented upon by the

boarders, Wissen had entertained Miss Marié with his adventures in Africa, where as a young man he had served by the order of his government, in order to learn war in what was then its only practical school. In these narratives his friend *Cœur de lion* (as he always called him, while Rosemary's heart beat and her color came and went at the name), frequently figured. Now, in their rides, when there were no listeners, he spoke to Rosemary openly of her father, tracing the resemblance between them in features and disposition; and so, skilfully advanced to other personal topics; asked natural questions; and drew her into a full account of her own history. Rosemary acknowledged, and indeed openly said that the count was the most agreeable and fascinating man she had ever met. His breeding was so perfect; among a thousand Americans of the highest class, she thought, you would hardly find one whose manners were so finished. Then his information was so varied, and his view so penetrating and sagacious. He did not utter commonplaces on any subject, or if he did, he had the art to give them the air of philosophic novelty.

This and much more Miss Marié frankly imparted to Madame d'Ehrenstein and Miss Tankerville. Indeed she praised Count Wissen to everybody, and always with a certain warmth of manner: as if anybody doubted that she admired him. As for poor Mr. Rory, his name never escaped her lips. Mrs. Varick desired Miss Marié's opinion of Mr. R. O'Morra.

"I have seen very little of Mr. Rory," replied Rosemary, plying her crochet: "what I have seen, I like."

"Don't you think he is very, very handsome?"

"There's no denying that," said Rosemary, with a smile.

"And such a genius! Why, that 'Marble Bride' of his in the Exhibition, is the town-talk, Mr. Forrester says."

"I have not seen it yet," said Rosemary with a blush. "There! I have broken my crochet needle."

This slight misfortune diverted the conversation from a topic in which Miss Marié evidently took a slighter interest.

Nevertheless, as a correct historian, we are bound to relate that Miss Marié about this time had the indiscreet curiosity to visit the Exhibition. It was the first time that she had crossed

the Ferry since her convalescence. That is not all. She went alone. Judge her leniently, ye *mesdames* and *mesdemoiselles* (frangaises.) Even the angels fell. Eve ate the forbidden fruit. My own opinion is that it (Rosemary's, not Eve's) was a very venial transgression. The girl had another errand in New York, one that she deemed indispensable. She went in a kind of disguise—black and rose, and a thick green veil. We like to be particular, and have our own reasons for it. Hoops, rigorously speaking, were not yet known, but crinoline (veritable skirts of crinoline) were, and of an amplitude that left little to be desired. Rosemary was thus fenced in; a shape that some would have known among a thousand was effectually disguised. What those dark loose flowing robes concealed might have had fifteen years or fifty—till you saw the face you could not tell; and the face, as we remarked, could be seen only through a thick green veil.

Rosemary fulfilled her errand, whatever it was, and got into an omnibus to return. As luck would have it, who should be in the omnibus but Roosey Varick? Roosey took her fare. It was the most fortunate thing in the world that Roosey was near-sighted, and too proud to wear glasses. When he returned her the change, their hands touched. After a few minutes the omnibus filled up, and Rosemary, finding herself next a gentleman in what was to her a disagreeable proximity,—had she been used to riding in omnibuses, she would not have minded such a trifle,—pulled the strap and got out. She found herself at the door of the Academy. The temptation was too strong. She tripped along the passage, paid her quarter, bought a catalogue, and entered. After some time she found the "Marble Bride." Before it, on one of the benches, sat grandmamma!

Rosemary's heart beat to suffocation. She could not resist the impulse to draw near cautiously, till she stood directly behind Mrs. Dashon. Good Heavens! if she were to draw that veil! The poor old lady, who was alone, sobbed deeply and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Rose threw back her veil rather wildly, and looked at the bust. She immediately saw the portrait-like resemblance, yet so elevated and purified,

to herself. Her eye sank to the neck and its mysterious drapery; the medal; the pliant robe, so simple yet so expressive! At that instant a shriek burst from a woman's lips; Rosemary saw a lady sink to the floor, and grandmamma rise to go to her. She did not offer assistance, but drew down her veil, and passing through another gallery, made her way into the street.

The question will probably arise in the minds of some of our fair readers whether the count took advantage of those daily social rides to "propose" to Miss Dashon "in the American fashion." M. de Wissen was an accomplished diplomat and a profound student of character. Rosemary was transparent as the finest chrystal,—when she thought fit. One afternoon, when the week was nearly up, the count led the conversation towards the most delicate of all subjects, with a young woman. They were on the very spot where she and Rory had stopped for the ocean view, and where neither of those young persons had uttered a single word to each other. The procedure of the count was infinitely cautious; but there are some creatures,—partridges, or trout, for instance—that take alarm at a shadow. You shall step on a dry stem, and away whirrs the game.

"I have been brought up, as your Excellency is aware," said Rosemary,—"be quiet, Arab!—to consider marriage as something which my parents (in my case, my grandparents) were to arrange for me. Assuredly, in my present position, separated from them, and responsible for my own conduct, it will be my care to avoid everything that may forestall their decision."

"I admire your prudence," said the Minister: "it is quite worthy of you."

"As for love," said the girl, laughing, and turning her beautiful head with an expression of infinite vivacity, "I confess that I have never experienced such a feeling, if it be anything like what I read of, and what the ladies all say it is. Neither have I the slightest desire to be better acquainted with a passion which I observe causes some of my friends to behave in a manner that violates all my ideas of decorum. If I marry, *M.*

le comte, I shall love my husband with all the devotion of which a female heart is capable—I feel that here"—tapping lightly somewhere on her white waistcoat: "till then, my sentiments for any individual, however deep or tender"—the voice shook a little—"will be a secret of my own conscience, the portals of which I shall know how to guard from impertinent intrusion."

Wissen was fairly puzzled. She spoke too frankly to mean *him*. It was not clear to him that she meant anybody. Her views, at all events, were most precise and clear. She understood herself, and her course was decided on. She would listen to no one's addresses in her present position: and as for her affections, any attempt to ascertain their secret bent (if any they had) would be resented as impertinence.

CHAPTER VII.

"DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA."

"To-DAY at twelve, madame."

"I shall be at your service, mademoiselle."

At twelve a carriage was at the door. Mrs. Varick, who was always peeping out of her window, specially when a carriage drove into the court-yard, perceived that they were Mr. O'Morra's horses, and the stiff groom as coachman, and declared that Mr. O'Morra had actually gone and bought a new barouche for Miss Marié to ride in! Presently came down Madame d'Ehrenstein and Mademoiselle Marié, both in elegant carriage costume, and Mrs. Varick said they were going to make calls in New York; but then Miss M. had a large paper parcel, very big, but very light, which she bestowed with care on the front seat; and then Mrs. V. said that Miss Marié was taking back a dress to be altered.

The barouche made a rapid course towards the Fulton ferry, but soon turned up one of the streets running easterly, swept round into Court street, as if about to take the road to Greenwood, and after some minutes fast driving, rolled into shady Pacific, and stopped at young O'Morra's studio. The ladies got out, Miss Marié took the parcel, and the carriage drove away. A light tap on one of the valves of the big double door was answered by a workman in leather apron and paper cap, who admitted the ladies without inquiry.

The street door opened directly into an apartment of fair dimensions, the walls stuccoed of a reddish brown, and lined with casts — busts, bas-reliefs, torsos, complete figures, all helter-skelter. In the middle of the room a settee for visitors. But the workman, saying in a foreign accent:—"You will see

Mr. O'Morra—walk this way, signore!" led on to a much larger and very peculiar apartment beyond, to which the first seemed only an anteroom.

This second piece was about thirty feet deep by forty-five in width, and nearly thirty high, to the flat, open timber roof. It was neither ceiled nor plastered; was paved with brick; and the light (except what entered from an open door) came from a single huge square window, not only as high as the roof, but, by means of a dormer, projecting above it. There were other windows, but all closed by inside shutters, and barred.

There were many casts ranged along the naked brick walls of this vast room, and various curious iron implements hung about; there were several heavy wooden platforms, apparently fitted so as to revolve on their moveable carriages; attached to an upright wooden pillar was a huge crane for lifting weights; beneath it a trap-door. Close by lay a block of white marble. On one side, near the open door, which looked into a garden, stood in the light a marble bust just blocking out, blind and bloated form; and at a little distance from it, on a pedestal, a cast which Rosemary recognized at a glance as that of the bust in the Exhibition. It appeared to be stuck all over with black pins, and she perceived that the marble was to be a copy, on which the Italian who admitted them was at work.

There were other doors, also open; one looked into what seemed a carpenter's shop, with a lathe for turning; another into what was evidently a forge, for Rosemary heard the bellows and saw the sparks fly. On the side by which they had entered was a plain wooden stair, rising some six feet. The workman, after laying down a tool which he had hitherto carried, ascended this stair, inviting the ladies to follow. It led to a door, which he opened with a key, as there was no door-handle, and which discovered another flight, terminating in a room above, over the anteroom, quite pleasantly fitted up. The walls were brown; there was a single square window; but the floor had a green drugget, there was a lounge in green billiard cloth, several large chairs similarly fitted, an antique carved oaken cabinet, a mirror, a table, a large rack full of portfolios, some book-cases well filled, an old Cremona fiddle

in a corner. As everywhere, there were casts; also drawings, and some grotesque sketches in charcoal on the brown walls; but not a single nude: of which below there were plenty.

Scarcely had they noted the many objects in this chamber with the rapid eye of feminine curiosity, while Miss Marié deposited her parcel on the table, when their conductor, after listening a moment, rapped on the door of an inner room, which opened and O'Morra made his appearance.

"You are punctual, ladies," said Rory, quietly, as if he had parted from them the morn. "Excuse me for not offering you my hand; it is bedaubed with clay. Please come into this room. Carlo, you will admit no one, on any pretext."

The room into which the young sculptor ushered his visitors was of the same size as the preceding, and lighted in the same manner, but less comfortable. The floor was bare. A few chairs and a table and various contrivances for a sculptor's work constituted the furniture. There were no casts, but quite a number of religious pictures and prints. At the further end was a large picture in oil, very old, representing Christ's second coming—a glory of angels and saints surrounding the Lord, above; below, the resurrection of the just and the unjust. In the midst of the room, on one of the heavy platforms before described, was a tall mass of wet dark clay, which bore about the same resemblance to the figure of a woman, as the pillar of salt in the plain of Sodom does to Lot's wife. On the plain solid table stood a figure in the same wet clay, and about two feet high, which was even beautiful.

It was ten days since Rosemary had seen Rory, and she was greatly struck with the change in him. O'Morra was pale—it might be partly his long dark-green working robe or blouse; but his features were sharp, and almost emaciated; that fine ruddy firmness of the young man's cheek was gone. His large gray eye shone with a wonderful brilliancy, but the mouldings of the brow and socket, though still clear and beautiful, were hollowed out. There was a slight severity, if not a trace of suffering about the mouth, the classic lines of which had so deepened that he looked ten years older for those ten days. Yet his whole expression was serene and full of sweetness. Rose-

mary, who had been having some hard thoughts of him, felt her heart melt.

"You have been ill, Mr. Rory?" she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"I never was better in my life, Miss Rose. What do you think of the model for the statue?"—Pointing to the little clay figure on the table.

"I like it."

"Very pretty, very pretty!" said Madame d'Ehrenstein.

"I don't like it," said O'Morra. "I never could do anything with these baby models"—crushing with one hand all shape out of the clay: "my model is in my mind."

"Oh, Monsieur O'Morra!" cried the countess.

"Now, then, ladies," pursued O'Morra, with a slight sternness mingled with infinite courtesy, "I must be a little despotic. Madame d'Ehrenstein, will you have the goodness to sit in this corner, where you can observe all that passes, but where I must exact strict silence. I can furnish you with a book, or a portfolio of exquisite crayons."

The countess chose the portfolio, and took her seat, much wondering. A chair was already placed for Rosemary on a square carpeted platform in the middle of the room, where the pure light fell strongest from the high window. In the meantime she went into the anteroom, where the mirror and cabinet were, to lay aside her bonnet and outer wrappings, re-appearing in a simple evening dress of pure white cashmere, falling in soft folds to her feet. A gold cincture confined the waist. She seated herself obediently to his gesture. Rosemary sat with her back to the countess, and her face to the old brilliant picture of the glorious Coming, with its angels in sky-blue robes and saints with gilded halos.

"A very interesting picture," Rory said.

"Very! I can hardly take my eyes off from it."

"Very well, as you must look at some point in particular, suppose that you look at that picture."

"Is the position in which I sit of any consequence?"

"As long as you do not lean back, and continue to look at

the picture, it is of no consequence. You may change it whenever you like. Be quite unconstrained in that respect."

"I am glad you allow me to sit. I supposed the sitting would be a standing."

"Not to-day. Another time I may try your patience further."

While Rosemary sat thus, her eyes fastened on the picture, and scarcely seeing O'Morra, who stood near his pile of clay, working it with an instrument into shape, he conversed with her in a tranquil tone. She was pleased though surprised at this, for from the rigid silence he had imposed on the countess, she had counted on more than usual taciturnity on his part. First, he gave her a history of the picture, painted by a monk in the fifteenth century. Thence he naturally passed to the subject of which it treated. All representations of so great a theme, the crowning event of human history, but lying beyond the domain of human experience, were unsatisfactory. Rosemary thought so too. Insensibly he diverged to the mighty scene itself. His language, remarkably calm and unexcited, but admirably chosen, became soon the outline of a meditation on the Final Judgment. Circumstance after circumstance taken from Holy Writ came in to heighten the tremendous word-picture, and in the midst of the scene Rosemary and himself were placed as assistants and spectators.

"We may suppose that our purgation will not have ceased before, as it will certainly cease then. What feelings must be ours, in such a case, when we shall have burst the prison of the tomb, to behold the tomb itself, the solid earth, crumble and melt, and yet feel in our own risen bodies the throb of eternal life! What a moment! the wedding again of the flesh and spirit instantaneously co-glorified; a fact of which we shall take note with perfect intellectual clearness, even in the same instant that the Beatific Vision breaks upon us with its infinite vistas of entrancing splendor!"

Rosemary's beautiful face kindled like a vase lighted from within; she leaned a little forward and raised one fair arm towards the old picture, as if she would have spoken.

"The resurrection of the Flesh, its glorification, its divini-

sation almost, is to me one of the most consoling dogmas of our faith. That body is immortal already in my opinion; it shall breathe and pulsate, shall see and hear, have motion and force and splendor, while God shall be God. What is the grave? You have lain in it once, yet now you live! What has happened to you in a figure shall happen to us all in reality. You ought to feel this vividly—you, once the motionless tenant of a tomb!"

From that time O'Morra worked on in silence. At last Rosemary timidly glanced at him—for she was weary. He was not looking at her at all; his bright eye was fixed on vacancy, and his fingers worked, like a blind man's, in the plastic clay. It was a rude human figure, feminine vaguely, nude, black, dripping wet; in the body the posture was nearly all that was evident, and that was roughly outlined; the head was massively brought out, and under the clay hair, clotted and lumped, was a noble face, upturned to Heaven with an expression of wonder, awe, joy and earnest gazing, as upon some marvellous glory.

The clock struck three; an alarm began to ring. O'Morra left off work abruptly, and turning to a lavatory that stood near, purified his hands from the clay. When he had dried them, he approached the wondering Rosemary, took her willing hand in both his, and said:

"I thank you, Miss Rose, for this great kindness. Are you well since I saw you?"

"Ah," said madame la comtesse, rising from her corner, "I trust you have had a successful sitting, Monsieur O'Morra."

"And my parcel," said Rose. "You have not needed it, Mr. Rory?"

"I shall. You had best leave it. 'Twill be safer here, perhaps, than in your own possession."

Whilst mademoiselle in the anteroom re-adjusted her toilet for the street, the young sculptor covered his clay figure from head to foot with wet cloths, the necessity of which he explained with great suavity to the curious Madame d'Ehrenstein.

The carriage came rolling up to the studio door. When the

ladies found themselves again seated in it, Madame said, laughing—"You have had a merry time, mademoiselle?"

"Not merry, but agreeable."

"I am glad you like it. That poor Mr. Rory! To entertain you, as he did, with such a lugubrious subject as the Last Judgment! Nothing but a sense of politeness prevented me from stopping my ears. As if it were not enough for a young girl like you to sit for a statue on her own monument, which I observe he plainly intimates is intended for you sooner or later, he must needs call up the most frightful images!"

"The day will surely come," said Rose, smiling, "whether we think of it or not."

"So will age and death and a thousand other disagreeable things. Indeed, it is shocking manners. What has happened to Mr. Rory? I never saw a young man so changed in so short a time. So pallid, so wasted! One easily sees what he has been doing—fasting and praying by himself, till he has worked himself into this extraordinary state of mind. He will not live long, mind that. Why he looks more like a Cistercian monk than a gallant young gentleman, as I took him to be."

"You saw the angel face, countess, breaking out of that shapeless clay?"

"My dear child," said the countess, in German, "it is thine own!"

"Everything is judged by the end," said Rosemary. "We shall see how Mr. Rory's statue turns out. As Mr. Forrester would say, I will bet on Mr. Rory."

"Sculpture is quite a subordinate thing, after all," said the countess. "Let me take you to Germany, and I engage you shall marry a serene highness at least."

"Ah, countess!" said Rosemary, satirically, "you fall far short of my ambition. I shall be content with nothing short of a crown prince."

"A crown prince!" ejaculated the countess, seriously. "My child, you dream of the impossible. It is the illusion of very early youth that an alliance with royalty is attainable by any one who has not royal blood."

"So! Then I shall content myself with an American citizen."

"You will always be plain Mrs.," said the countess, rather contemptuously.

"But do you know, countess," said Rosemary, "that the O'Morras are descended from kings?"

"That is true?" asked the countess.

"As sure as the pedigree of the Bourbons."

"It alters the case," said Madame d'Ehrenstein.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INSIDE WINDOW.

A WEEK elapsed before the second sitting. Having secured by an ingenious machine of his own contrivance, with graduated rules and slides, exact measurements of the figure of his lovely model, whereby to correct his work, Rory told her that frequent sitting would be rather prejudicial than useful to his success. He was not making a portrait, but an ideal statue. The character which in a moment of inspiration he had been able to print upon the face of the clay, was a thing of infinite delicacy, which an unlucky touch might efface for ever. More depended on the interior conservation of his ideal than on anything else. The same sentiment, the same character, had to be expressed in the whole figure, in the attitude, the form, the mysterious handwriting of the planes and curves of the human form divine. Certainly he should require her to sit from time to time, to correct his work, to avoid insensibly passing into some other character which would not be hers, to freshen his inspiration, and give warmth and reality to his idea by contemplating its living type. In short, he entertained her with a great deal of recondite philosophy, the sum of which was that she would oblige him greatly by sitting for the head and occasionally posing for the figure in her simple drapery, which very much assisted his imagination in seizing the true expression, while from the very fact that it was drapery, and therefore not to be copied at all at present, it left his imagination free to act.

Rosemary would have been better pleased, had Mr. Rory at the same time returned to the family circle, and resumed his usual habits. She could not help thinking that his motive for

doing otherwise was simply to avoid her. She knew that he slept in the house, for she heard his step again on the stair every morning at five; it was plain that to escape observation he entered at night by the servants' door and reached his room by the housemaid's stair. Once when she was in her closet, and Mr. O'Morra's happened to be open at the same time, she heard his voice in his father's room.

She learned also from Mr. Rory at these sittings the history of his devotion to an art, in which the skill of so young a man appeared at first surprising. He told her of his boyish aptitude for modelling in clay, putty, wax, or any plastic material he could lay hold on; how entering college at eleven, for six years he never modelled, because his father forbade it; but learned to draw, in which he far excelled all his class, as he modestly owned; how, graduating at seventeen, the prohibition expiring, he returned to modelling with new ardor, got acquainted with sculptors, modelled from the life, and made himself acquainted through books, prints and casts with all the works of the great masters, and the peculiarities of the different schools, till his father got excited, and sent him to Columbia for two years to awaken his political ambition by the contest for honors. In fine, after graduating again, with honors that Rose knew all about from her cousin Roosey, the young O'Morra had given himself entirely to law for six months in his father's office; was examined and admitted to the bar; and the next day, making the same choice, with "the governor's" reluctant consent, bought his studio. That was but eighteen months ago, since when he had not been idle. During the last winter he had studied anatomy thoroughly, and Rose knew the rest.

Rosemary was curious about many other things, and asked all sorts of frank questions in her simplicity, and those which she avoided or asked in a very indirect manner, Mr. Rory had the sagacity sometimes to divine and to answer. The process of building up a statue greatly interested her. In the first place, O'Morra showed her that there must be a bar of iron, tall as the proposed figure, strong and thick, screwed down into the platform or banker. This bar must be bent to correspond

with the axes of the figure (Rosemary nodded her comprehension), requiring the forge, and fitted with cross-pieces and spines of wood, strongly attached by wire, to support the clay. This iron passed up through the leg on which the figure was to rest; the other leg would receive as its bone, a strip of twisted lead; the arms the same. Then the clay was massed upon this rude skeleton, and the figure moulded according to the idea of the sculptor, but always nude, even if the statue were designed to be draped. The drapery was added last, and required but a few simple folds to give the effect. To adopt any other method would complicate a problem already difficult, and render its execution impossible.

Merely to model such a statue as he now proposed, would require at least six months: so numerous were the planes and surfaces, the variations of curve and depression, in the human body, not one of which but must be more or less ideally represented, without counting those minute details which art neglects. And in all this, servile imitation and realism were to be avoided, and the unity of the idea preserved; a sort of chastity of purpose was requisite, a purity of eye and hand, a fidelity that no mere sensuous charm could divert; judgment to know when the true path had been forsaken by the infirmity that waylays all human effort, and courage to retrace it.

Rosemary smiled. But if we must or may so far unveil her maidenly thoughts, she began to feel shy of the presence of the countess at these sittings, and was glad to find that as yet the figure, except the head, whatever Mr. Rory did to it in the intervals, was enveloped during the sittings in its wet cloths.

At home everything went on in a certain humdrum manner. Rosemary was popular, but it was allowed by the gentlemen that this rose had a thorn, and most of them had pricked their fingers with it at one time or another. Even Count Wissen, as we have seen, did not escape, although mademoiselle continued to ride with his excellency during Mr. Rory's absence, as often as he invited her. When he did not, she had a lady's saddle put upon Sorella, and treated Mlle. Angélique to an equestrian excursion. Every day she contrived to get a glimpse of a certain mournful equipage that was invariably found on the road

to Greenwood in the afternoon. Grandmamma, of course, knew that superb horse, and the riding-habit, still better: but even on one occasion when Rose cantered by with Count Wissen, who touched his hat to Mrs. Dashon, that lady never took any notice either of horse or rider, and Rosemary, emboldened by this, hovered perpetually in sight. It is very hard to say what emotions were in her filial heart: as a general thing we describe but the girl's conduct, and leave our readers to fathom the hidden depths with their own soul-plummets.

By all this exercise without and emotion within Rose Marie Dashon grew daily more captivating. Not only her health and physical beauty were entirely restored, but a new kind of loveliness breathed over her face and form. The sadness which all very regular countenances have in repose, and which seems to intimate that the superior nature, the angel in every man, is ever mourning over the wreck of humanity,—that spiritual sadness was displaced by a perpetual varying glow of impassioned sentiment. What Miss Marié could be thinking of excited much wonder. The ladies, of course, went straight to their fated conclusion, and inferred that she was in love. Messieurs doubted. Besides their natural incredulity on such a point, what meant those occasional tears—unbidden, yet not bitter? What signified that quick and keen sympathy with every sorrow, with decrepitude, age and bereavement? Youth and love cannot realize these things. The beneficence of Rosemary was a perpetual stream. She gave with both hands. Every more wretched shanty on Gowanus Bay had seen her beauty illumine its dingy cavern. The poor negro cabins in the wild, bush-grown vicinage of Brooklyn, whose inhabitants live by petty chores, begging and robbing hen-roosts and clothes-lines, knew her elastic step and almost adored her bounty. The little negro children, naked as the day they were born, playing in the hot sand of June's longest days, sprang up and trooped round the bounteous girl with delight. She brought them clothes, which their parents afterwards sold for whiskey. She was imposed on by many a tale of feigned distress; but Rose was not discouraged by that; for she knew

that she relieved at least an equal number of real necessities, and so she gave on.

Mr. Rory kept her purse always supplied. She had occasion once, in a case of pressing necessity—a father dead in a miserable cabin, a mother lying-in, children naked, starving and sick, to go to his studio alone in the morning to ask for money. Charity made her despise rules which to her were more than etiquette. O'Morra was obliged to send over to New York to get a cheque cashed. He represented that it would take but a little while—half an hour or so; still it was far better his boy should go than she, through that blazing sun. He showed her meanwhile all the curious things about the studio, the marble room, the forge, and when that resource was nearly exhausted, what should happen but the arrival of a carriage.

"Goodness, Mr. Rory! if that should be grandmamma!"

He ran to the window of the anteroom, and through the blinds, always carefully closed, perceived that it was in fact Mrs. Dashon's carriage.

"What shall I do? Cannot I steal away through the garden?"

"The only exit is by the street, unless you can climb a fence twelve feet high. But you can go upstairs, Miss Rose, and remain till Mrs. Dashon departs."

"Suppose that grandmamma asks to see the statue?"

"I will tell her that it is impossible."

So Rosemary sprang up the stair. She wondered if Mr. Rory would tell any fibs. She turned to him before closing the door.

"Don't let her come up for Heaven's sake, Mr. Rory. Should grandmamma find me here, nothing would persuade her that it is the first time I ever was guilty of such an indiscretion."

"Rely on me," said Rory, going himself to admit Mrs. Dashon, who was knocking with great impatience.

"I have found you in at last," said the old lady, giving Rory her black-gloved hand carelessly.

"You have always called so late in the day, madam, that I have quit work."

"I came early to-day for that reason, you understand. But you are not looking so well as when I saw you last, Mr.

O'Morra. Have you been spreeing"—her short laugh—"on the strength of my deposit—eh? Take an old woman's advice, Mr. O'Morra—avoid wine and you know what else: —the double bane of young artists. You have lost thirty pounds in as many days, young sir!"

Carlo raised his black pencilled eyebrows into the most expressive arch that ever rimmed an Italian eye, and took up his chisel and mallet to work on the bust.

"You will find that I have not neglected your business, madam," said O Morra, reservedly.

"What progress have you made?"

"The architect who has the chapel in hand has nearly completed the working drawings. The sarcophagus is in plaster, and two of my best workmen are cutting it in marble."

"That is something," said madam, somewhat mollified.

"Would you like to see the castings?"

Madam assenting, OMorra led her through the garden into a back building where three workmen were busy. The floor was nearly covered with huge masses of snow-white marble. The sarcophagus was yet shapeless, but against a wooden form were ranged the castings. It was a funeral procession, bearing in the midst a bier on which reposed a young girl in bridal array; the assistants carried torches; priests, robed and stoled, seemed chanting from books; behind walked the mourners—a veiled array.

"How you have done all that in thirty days, surpasses my comprehension," said grandmamma.

"Those reliefs were designed and cast before you honored me with this commission:—ever since Miss Dashon's funeral, the idea has haunted me."

"Then you have had a month for the statue," said grandmamma. "If you show an equal progress in that, I shall admit that it is work and not dissipation which has ravaged your appearance, young gentleman."

"The statue is in a very unsatisfactory state at present," said O'Morra.

"Let me see it, nevertheless. I came partly for that."

"I regret that it is impossible to-day, as my model is up stairs."

"Ah, you have a model, of course. I suppose that is necessary. Very well, I am in no hurry—I have some other things to say to you, sir—let mademoiselle or madame dress and retire—I will wait, do you understand?"

Meanwhile they had returned to the great studio. Upstairs, a window of the private studio, looking down into this room, had the sash raised to admit air, and O'Morra perceived that some one was peeping betwixt the shutters.

"I am very sorry, madam," said Rory, slightly raising his voice, "that I cannot send away my model. It is a young lady with whom I cannot use that freedom; and assuredly she will not come down so long as you are here."—With a smile.

Grandmamma frowned, and beat the brick pavement with her foot impatiently; she was unused to have her will contradicted, above all by persons whom she considered to be in her employment. However, Mr. Rory was a gentleman, a personage, too, who must be humored—as all artists must—and she saw even by his smile that he was immoveably resolved not to gratify her whim.

"How do I know, sir," said she, forcing an air of pleasantry, "that this story of the model is not an excuse, to avoid showing me the statue?"

"You are very penetrating," said Rory, with a smile. "It is indeed true that the young lady who has been kind enough to assist me in this work, is upstairs at present; but even if she were not, it would make no difference. I cannot suffer any one—not even yourself—to see the statue of Miss Dashon till it is completely modelled, draped and ready for the plaster."

Grandmamma looked pleased.

"As I hope that it will really resemble my Rose—who was a pearl of modesty, do you understand?—it appears to me this should be so," she said.

"That is quite simple," said the young man.

Grandmamma gave him a kind maternal look.

"You are the true metal," she said. "I heard that fine ladies visited your studio. Now as for the young lady upstairs,

I presume I have seen her very often. She rides a great deal on horseback, does she not? It is very well—she resembles my granddaughter in style—I don't say it pains me, yet I wish she would vary her rides, do you understand? But if she is your model, why does she not come alone, to sit, or pose, or whatever you call it?"

"She is very scrupulous in these points; but I have no doubt if she knew you wished it she would come unattended."

"I will not admit," said grandmamma, rather sternly, "that any other woman, any stranger, shall enjoy a privilege refused to me. Tell her that I do wish it. It is ridiculous to say that she cannot come here by herself. This is not like a painter's studio; here is a great *atélier*, workmen about, doors open, forging and carpenter work going on, the click of the hammer from morning till night, and a woman too I saw in the garden, roasting chestnuts for her husband's dinner, I suppose. Anybody can visit a place like this. My Rose would not have scrupled. Besides—now I think of it—if mademoiselle is such a terrible prude, why is she here now?"

This was a home-thrust. Madam said it and eyed the young sculptor askance, in her eagle fashion.

"Mademoiselle has no objection to simply visiting my workshop," said O'Morra: "but to own the truth, this is not a day of sitting——"

"Ah, mademoiselle ran up stairs to avoid *me!*" cried grandmamma.—"Ha! ha!"—her short laugh again.—"I was too sharp for you that time, Mr. Rory O'Morra!—Well, it is natural but not the less foolish. Tell her from me that were she my very grandchild whom she so resembles, I would trust her implicity with *you*. Would to God she were my Rose indeed!" added the old lady, in a suddenly breaking voice, "and betrothed to you, as I suppose she is!"

The shutter flew open; Rose, pale as death, and evidently drowned in tears, stood in full sight. O'Morra made a quick warning gesture. Miss Dashon slowly closed the shutter again. Grandmamma, sitting with her back half turned to the window, did not perceive anything.

"You honor me beyond my deserts, madam," said Rory,

gravely. "I know enough of your granddaughter to be aware that I am not worthy of her."

"Why not?" said grandmamma, sharply. "You have youth, beauty, genius, manliness, a noble character, pure descent—purer than hers, poor girl! I never was more sincere in my life, young sir. If Rose were alive, I would give her to you where you stand——"

"Madam!" interrupted Rory, unable to control his emotion, "if you have any pity on me, cease."

"How far is your work advanced towards completion?" demanded Mrs. Dashon.

"The figure is little more than massed according to its general planes, lengths and diameters," said O'Morra, absently. "The head is quite advanced. I shall hardly dare to touch it again."

"If it be the head on which you have hitherto been working, your model must resemble my granddaughter in feature too?" said grandmamma, quietly.

"It does not necessarily follow. My model is of great use to me, but the Rosemary that I am transferring to the clay, is in my mind," said O'Morra.

"You see her, then?"

"Not as she is, not as she was—but—as I conceive her appearing when her form, raised from the dust, shall burst the tomb, clothed only with its own immortal radiance."

"No wonder you grow pale and thin, if you brood over such fancies, young sir," said grandmamma, kindly. "Yet you succeed that way. You have the very trick of my granddaughter in yonder plaster face."

"That is Rosemary dead; the statue, I hope, will represent her living."

"Very well, go on," said grandmamma, rising. "You have told me many things that relieve my mind. I feel a delicacy for Rose that I would not even for myself, do you understand? were I young and beautiful once more. I was too vain—she had no vanity. I am glad your wife that is to be resembles her. But for knowing that, several things have happened which would have troubled even *me*. The other day at the

Exhibition, a young lady—a friend of ours—who has taken Rose's death as much to heart as if they had been sisters, declares that she saw her standing behind me all in black and weeping. The poor girl—she is a little hysterical, you understand—gave a scream that frightened everybody in the gallery and fainted quite away. What is worse—my niece Mrs. Varick, a woman of the world, who should know better, went into fits when she heard of it, and has kept her bed ever since. An old French servant, nurse to my grandchild, has got it into her head that my niece murdered my Rose," added the old lady, in a whisper, and leaning on O'Morra's arm, as they walked, out. "Louise is persuaded that her mistress has reall appeared to these two women—to Miss Atherton because she was her rival; in short, the greatest pack of nonsense you ever heard. I know the explanation—but"—sinking her voice still lower, and speaking in his ear—"I say NOTHING, you understand?—NOTHING. An *éclaircissement* would kill Mr. Dashon—DO YOU UNDERSTAND?" said the terrible old woman, eyeing him significantly, and pausing on the step of the street-door of the studio. "See! he sleeps quietly in the carriage all this time, and my grand-niece is reading a novel. Good bye, Mr. O'Morra. Remember what I have said to you."

There was no difficulty in remembering; much in understanding it. Did Mrs. Dashon really suspect or divine the truth? He could not tell. He thought not. But she was an extraordinary old lady. If Rose were actually restored to her, would she feel as now? Would not her ambition revive? But away with such thoughts. The errand boy was at the door with the money for the cheque.

O'Morra trembled as he ascended the narrow stair leading to his sanctum, to find himself again in the presence of Rose Dashon after this scene at which she had invisibly assisted. He found her sitting on a chair in the ante-chamber, with her bonnet on the floor at her side, and her face buried in both hands. She removed them as he approached, but did not meet his gaze.

"I think, Miss Dashon," said he, "that hereafter you may venture to come hither without Madame d'Ehrenstein."

"Of course I shall obey grandmamma, Mr. O'Morra," said Rosemary, picking up her bonnet and going to the mirror to replace it.

"I thought sometimes that your grandmother suspected," said O'Morra.

She turned from the glass, still tying her ribbons, and gave Mr. Rory a glance almost as searching as Mrs. Dashon's own. He was struck with that trick of manner.

"She KNOWS, Mr. Rory!"—And the girl turned back to the mirror and adjusted her summery mantle.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNING WILLS.

WHILE Rosemary applies to young O'Morra to supply funds for her charities, she is really very rich. When her marriage had been fixed and it was necessary to make provision for the support of the young couple, grandpapa showed his generosity, and appreciation of her faultless filial obedience, by executing a deed of trust to Mr. Atherton securing her the income of $400,000 in bonds and stocks for her life, with remainder to her issue, or if she died without issue, with the power to dispose of it absolutely by will. In case she died both without issue and intestate, the gift reverted to the estate of the donor. Atherton still held this trust, which happened as follows. It will be recollected that Romarin, on his departure for France, settled his cottage property on his granddaughter. The conditions were nearly the same, but as she never touched the income, which the trustees invested, a small personal estate was formed; and by the advice of Mr. Atherton, Rosemary as soon as she reached the legal age of sixteen, made a will, disposing of all the property of which she might die possessed, so far as subject to her disposition. There was a provision for Louise; one for the goat; legacies of affection to her cousins, to her young friends the Athertons, and to her grandparents, and with a life interest to her grandpapa Romarin in the remainder, whatever it might be (the will was drawn up, so far as form went, by Mr. Atherton), various charities were made the residuary and final legatees, in certain mathematical proportions which breathed entirely of the youthful testatrix. Romarin's garden comprised eight lots on the acclivity of Murray Hill. It was a year since Mr. Dashon had built on them as

many first-class houses, all which, of course, belonged to Rosemary, and were let in the name of her trustees. Thus the property ultimately affected by her will, or by the trust, was $600,000, producing a net income of $40,000, which grandpapa thought was about what a Vicomtesse de Floréal would require, to move with distinction in the society to which her husband's rank would introduce her. If Floréal behaved himself, as he expected (for grandpapa liked the agreeable and handsome colonel), Mr. Dashon meant to do other magnificent things, worthy of a merchant prince,—to repair and refurnish the Hotel Floréal, to rebuild the provincial chateau, and the day that Rosemary became a marquise, if he lived to see it, he would double her independency. Dreams of ambition, which not Death only, queller of all hopes, but the mere shadow of his bony hand sufficed to dissipate!

Rosemary's will was produced by Mr. Atherton, the trustee and executor, with whom it had been deposited, was admitted to probate, and the small legacies were paid immediately. From the remoteness of General Romarin, to whom the income should have been paid, and his not requiring it at Sebastopol, the rents and dividends went on accumulating and were deposited by Atherton to the credit of his trustee account: but as it all belonged to the living Rosemary, we see that she is far from extravagant, and equally free from indelicacy in her free borrowing, her generous expenditure and her profuse charities.

When Mr. Atherton heard from his daughter the story of her adventure in the Exhibition, where Grace thought she had seen Rosemary's spirit, he looked extremely grave. He did not laugh at her, as most of her friends did, nor account for the incident by an accidental resemblance acting on a morbid and excited imagination, as her mother did; although Grace had been dreadfully nervous and depressed since Rosemary died. He questioned her closely, and cross-questioned her, in regard to the position of the spirit, directly behind old Mrs. Dashon, its dress, whether it had on a bonnet or a veil, the color of the ribbons, the fulness of the skirts, and a thousand things which Grace thought had nothing to do with it, and which, till her

father perseveringly examined her, she had entirely forgotten.

"A ghost in crinoline, and wearing a lace bonnet with rose ribbons—it requires a pretty strong faith," said Mrs. Atherton, who wished to persuade Grace that she had been deceived.

"I don't see anything improbable, mamma: it only proves that it was not a phantom of my imagination, a spectre in my brain, as papa says."

"I am quite convinced that it was neither, my dear child," said her father. "The form was really there, behind Mrs. Dashon and looking at the bust, and I have no doubt it bore the closest resemblance to our dear Rosemary."

"And do you think, papa, that there is a living woman who so exactly resembles *her?* Would to Heaven I could find her—I would love her to distraction for Rosemary's sake!"

"I will endeavor to find that woman, which will be more satisfactory than any abstract reasoning on the subject of ghosts," said her father.

Mr. Atherton, who was a man of business, took out his tablets and figured up the amount of the legacies he had paid under Miss Dashon's will. He also immediately wrote to Gen. Romarin, advising him not to draw upon him till the expiration of the year which the law allows to executors for the settlement of estates. The next thing which Atherton did was to find the artist who executed the bust, which bore so startling a resemblance to Rosemary; a son (he understood) of his professional brother and political friend, Mr. Cahal O'Morra. Now Mr. Roderick O'Morra (N. A.) was very easily found. The bust in the Exhibition had carried Rory at a single bound to the highest rank in his profession. Had he been obscure, his father was celebrated.

It was so late in the season that the Athertons were at the Manor, their beautiful seat on the Hudson. Before the statesman took the train for New York, he took his daughter aside.

"My dear Grace," said he, "I want you to summon all your strength of mind and to call your religion to your aid: for you may be invited very soon to make a painful sacrifice."

"Papa?"

"Have you heard again from Col. de Floréal?"

"He writes me by every steamer, sir."

"You answer him?"

"Only once, as you desired."

"See now the wisdom of your father's counsel. I am convinced, my child, from all that you have related to me this morning, that Rosemary Dashon is living."

"My father!"

"If I am right, she holds the promise of Floréal; he holds hers."

"She is living," exclaimed Grace. "Oh, papa! let us find her immediately."

"You seem overjoyed, Grace?"

"My father, what are a thousand Floréals to Rose and the peace of my conscience?"

"My own daughter! Now I recognize in you the character of your mother. Say nothing to her by-the-bye—keep your own counsel. If Floréal write again, return his letters unopened as well as unanswered. Thus, hap what may, your dignity is safe."

To return to the subject of wills. It was a grave question: Was Mr. Dashon capable of making a will? What made it grave has already been hinted by Madam Dashon in one of her free conversations with Count Wissen; yet may require to be stated more fully.

While Rosemary was yet at school, knowing the uncertainty of life and the doubts which had been cast on her legitimacy, and having in view a generous provision for his niece, Mrs. George Varick, only child of his only brother deceased, and for her children, one of whom bore his name, Mr. Dashon called in his lawyer, the Hon. Daniel Plaidoyer, and annulling all previous testamentary dispositions, executed a will bequeathing the whole of his vast property to the said Daniel Plaidoyer, to Alban Atherton of De Groot Manor, and to "my beloved wife," Isabel Dashon, in *trust* for "my granddaughter, Rose Marie Dashon, daughter of my son, Richard Varick Dashon and of Thérèse (Romarin) Dashon, his wife, both deceased, for her use and benefit during her life," and so forth, with remainder

to the lawful issue of said Rose Marie Dashon, and subject to the legacies and provisions hereinafter mentioned.

To Mrs. Dashon, in lieu of her dower, this will gave the use of the house in the Avenue, and of a country-house on the Hudson (her favorite residence), and $100,000 a year during her life, and the right to dispose of the personalty by will, to the amount of $250,000 (which was the exact amount of Mrs. Dashon's original fortune, with interest and compound interest from the day of their marriage: which was so stated in the will). To Mrs. George Varick, the testator's only niece, it gave $20,000 a year during life: to her husband if he survived her, half that sum; to each of their children, $250,000, under a trustee-ship, and remainder to their issue. There were numerous smaller legacies, ranging from one to twenty thousand dollars: $100,000 was apportioned to various charities; eight city lots and $80,000 were appropriated to the erection of a gallery of Arts, with an additional provision for its support and the gradual purchase of pictures and sculpture; to be called the "Dashon Gallery." In fine, more than a million of dollars was disposed of in legacies, being about a fourth part of the estate, excluding from the estimate of the latter the direct gifts to his granddaughter during her lifetime; i. e., during the period anterior to her supposed decease.

All this was excellent; no one could reasonably complain of such a will; but there was one extraordinary provision, which was added last of all, as if by a kind of afterthought, and evidently prompted by strong feeling, viz.: that if any legacy lapsed by the death of the legatee, it was not to return to the estate, but to be divided in certain proportions between certain public institutions and charities; it being the declared intention of the testator that no individual mentioned in the will should profit by the death of another. There was one exception to this, which clearly showed its animus, viz.: that in case of the death of his grandchild, Rose Marie Dashon, without issue, her grandmother, if she survived, should take the house in fee, and so much of the real and personal estate as would make one-half of the whole, and $2,000 besides, as if the testator had also survived the aforesaid Rosemary, and had died

intestate. In short, this provision simply excluded his niece and her children from any benefit arising from Rosemary's death: for it was not to be supposed that Miss Dashon would compass the death of her two cousins in order to add their half million to her immense inheritance.

If Mr. Dashon had caused this will to be read aloud in a family council, for the information of all concerned, or had furnished those interested with a copy, or even a copy of the stringent concluding article, Rose Marie Dashon might now be Marquise de Floréal. No doubt he was prevented by the reluctance which all rich men feel to make known the secret of their last will—the last act of their earthly power. It intimated, too, a suspicion which he was naturally unwilling to avow. He probably intended to make this particular provision known, but if so, he deferred it.

When Rosemary's marriage had been settled, before she went into retreat in preparation for it, her grandfather drew her into his library one evening, and put this will into her hands for perusal. Rosemary objected to the sum of which grandmamma was allowed to dispose by will as too little; grandpapa (with the sweetest smile) should at least double it. —"Grandmamma loves power," said the sauce-box, "and the more power she has over her Rose, the more she will love me, sir."—"I will make a codicil to that purpose," said grandpapa: "it will be the same thing in the end."—Then the girl put her finger on the final provision. No! she did not like that. In case of her premature death to deprive her cousins of their magnificent natural inheritance! That article grandpapa must expunge. The affair passed through the usual stages; arguments, in which the young lady is defeated; persuasions, which would soften a rock; caresses that no mortal heart can long resist; and grandpapa tears off and burns the obnoxious paragraph with the signatures of the will, and promises (his grandchild on his knee and her arms round his neck) to execute speedily another in a kinder spirit.

In effect, the will was spliced; the remainder of the torn page copied fairly; a provision added, doubling Mrs. Dashon's testamentary power; and the whole was ready for signing on

Rosemary's marriage-day; grandpapa meant to have it executed in the presence of the family, immediately after the ceremony—a plan cut short by human malice, and the permission of Providence. The instrument, ready for signature, was found in Mr. Dashon's pocket. You see it is a grave question with all the Varicks: Is Mr. Dashon still capable of executing this will, or of substituting another?

Mrs. Dashon, who has nothing (worth mentioning) to gain or lose, since the will simply gives her her legal share as widow of a childless intestate, considers that her husband is not in a condition to *alter* a will: hence, what is the use of his making one? The principal end which a will was to have accomplished, viz.: to secure Rose in her rights, had ceased with her death. Mr. Plaidoyer, who was a legatee, Dr. Varick, Dr. Clerestory, in fact the whole Varick connection except Mr. and Mrs. George, who got nearly two millions by their uncle's intestacy, considered that Mr. Dashon could undoubtedly make a will. But as nobody had access to Mr. Dashon, except his wife and those whom she chose to admit, as Mr. Dashon seemed to have no initiative except for the daily drive to Greenwood and its mournful ceremonies, it was difficult to see how a will could be made. Still Mrs. Varick lived in hourly anxiety lest her aunt should use her position as she herself would unhesitatingly have done, to induce her uncle to make a will, and not only a will, but one which, giving a large sop to every other Varick, to Mrs. George's own children even, would convey the bulk of the estate to her aunt herself. Were this done—and it depended on very nice evidences of capacity and intention whether it would be held valid or not—Mrs. Isabel Varick's hopes were destroyed, her crime was fruitless! That should never be. Against Dr. Varick's opinion that his brother-in-law was still of sound mind, though speechless and paralyzed, she opposed that of Dr. Mannikin, her uncle's confidential physician, that poor uncle's mind was wholly gone. But she did not rest with a counter-opinion.

Madam Isabel had a spy on every movement, almost every word of her aunt. She never failed to hear of every visit to Mr. Plaidoyer; but so long as Mr. Dashon was not carried up

into Plaidoyer's office, so long as Plaidoyer did not come to spend even a quarter of an hour in Mr. Dashon's library, with aunt and uncle and witnesses—matters not to be arranged without observation, when even her uncle's male nurse was in her pay,—Madam George Varick was easy.

But the summer wore on; the Dashons hired a villa on the sea-shore, within an hour's drive of Greenwood; Mrs. George went to Rockaway to watch them better; and she soon heard of things to alarm and enrage her. One day (Johnson reported) madam made him leave the vault open, and drive away with the rest, while she remained behind by herself.—"It was heasy to understand as 'ow the hold catamaran was goin' for to hunscrew the plate hover the 'ead of the coffin and look hin!"—Johnson took the shortest turn he dared, and when he returned madam was sitting on a garden bench, looking quite placid, yet gave him, afore she got in, a side look out of her "hinfernal heyes."—If Johnson's surmise was correct, and Mrs. Dashon had taken the opportunity to unscrew the silver head-plate of the burial-case, she must have learned what Isabel Varick knew, that the body of Rosemary was not there. Isabel Varick thought she knew what terrible and revolting disposition had been made of it, destroying forever the evidence of her crime; but she was mistaken.

The discovery that the body had disappeared, was sure to come sooner or later; it had now come. Did aunt at all suspect how the robbery had been accomplished? Day nor night, since the body of Rosemary was committed to that vault, amid sonorous prayers and with tears, and the silent attention of a black-robed and bare-headed crowd, the key had never quitted Mrs. Dashon's person (as aunt herself supposed), except to open the vault in her presence. Yet in fact it had been out of her custody twice! Once on the evening or rather the night of the funeral; it was there when Mrs. Dashon lay down; it was there when she rose; and in that interval the key had visited Greenwood, had returned to the city, had revisited the cemetery, and had returned to its place, fastened in a black ribbon round grandmamma's yellow neck, and hidden in the folds of her lace-frilled night-dress. Again it had quitted her

custody,—one night; soon after; in dead of winter; the snow on the ground; when Isabel Varick and Dr. Mannikin visited the lonely cemetery together, entered the vault, and satisfied themselves; both, that the coffin was there; and *one*, that it was really empty! That was a terrible visit. The next morning, when grandmamma woke, the key was in its place! Surely all this was not to be for nothing.

Again: Mrs. Dashon had not been in town or visited her lawyer; but a very great lawyer, Mr. Cahal O'Morra (name which Isabel Varick had cause to remember, and which she did remember with disgust and a sense of retribution), a gentleman with a smile like the devil's when he comes after a soul that is his, had driven out to the "willa" in a "Henglish dog-cart," and had been closeted with master and madam.

Could Cahal O'Morra see his way to extract a will from Mr. Dashon prejudicial to her interests, Mrs. Isabel held it for certain that he would do it. Nor was she long in arriving at the certainty that this was the question which Cahal O'Morra was invited to decide. He conversed or tried to converse with Mr. Dashon, talked to him of his property, his will, his intestacy, and convinced himself that that gentleman either did not at present possess the power of origination, or that some link in the chain of intercommunication was wanting. Mr. Dashon was not absolutely speechless, but to articulate was an effort so painful that he could not be induced to attempt it. The most striking feature in his case was his moral apathy on all subjects but one. Connected with this was absolute inattention, and consequent lack of memory. He assented, by such signs as he used, to everything that was proposed; agreed by a nod to leave all his property to his wife, and the next minute to give it all to the questioner; he was equally willing to set fire to his houses, and destroy all his certificates and bonds; but at the name of his niéce, or that of either of her children, he closed his eyes and looked stern and irritated. Accustomed as he was to the presence of Augusta, it was clear that he merely endured it, like the other sufferings of his condition, and Mr. O'Morra, having called her in to observe the effect, was satisfied that had she not worn a petticoat (which prevailed

over the old gentleman's habitual chivalry), he would have driven her away, as he had her brother.

Weighing all things in that wondrously exact balance, the mind of a practised lawyer, O'Morra concluded that nothing was left but to ask Mr. Dashon to execute the will found in his possession. Except the last page, it was identical with one he had executed before; the last page was in his own handwriting; the seals were marked, the place for the witnesses to sign designated in the same ink and the same hand; if he executed it now, there could be but one tenable objection to its validity.

"The principal bequest is for the benefit of the testator's grandchild, whom at the time of its execution he believes to be dead: this argues an absence of intelligent initiative hard to reconcile with any degree of capacity to execute a last will and testament. I believe," added the lawyer, "that the will can be sustained in spite of that objection, but it is too much to expect that it will not be contested."

"Should my grandchild appear and claim under such a will?"

"The case would be so much the stronger, but it would not be incontestable. I should prefer in such a case (supposing, I mean, that your granddaughter were alive), to prove her legitimacy; when she would take the whole, except your right of dower and third of the personalty, as heir-at-law."

Grandmamma shook her head.

"With such an adversary as Isabel Varick that will be more difficult than you suppose."

"Is not some one listening in the next room?" said Cahal O'Morra.

It was only the nurse setting the room a little to rights; but Mrs. Dashon ordered him roughly away.

"Are there probable grounds for disputing the legitimacy of your granddaughter?" inquired the lawyer. "Is not the marriage of her parents previous to her birth capable of proof?"

Mrs. Dashon, instead of replying, requested the lawyer to step into her bedroom, which was adjacent; they remained

there together, conversing in a low voice, for half an hour. When they came out again, the lawyer said, with his most diabolical smile:

"Then we must make him execute the will, Mrs. Dashon; and I will defend it."

It was the opinion of Mr. O'Morra that this act should take place with a certain solemnity, if not in a full convocation of the family, at least in the presence of its more important members. Mr. Plaidoyer, who drew up the will, Dr. Varick, Abram Varick (actual head of the firm), George Varick and his wife, of course, young Roosevelt Varick, and Dr. Mannikin, as the actual family physican, might well be called in. The will should be read to them; they would see that there was nothing in it opposed to their interests. Even George Varick and his wife would find that, Rosemary being dead, the will gave them nearly all that the law would, if their uncle died intestate. So on a certain day all these persons were assembled by invitation at Mr. Dashon's residence in the Avenue; the session took place in the library; with those named above, Mr. Atherton, as trustee under the will, was present; the will was produced, read, and by general voice approved. Mrs. Isabel Varick, the only woman present except Mrs. Dashon, objected. The will, she said, was a devise to a person known to be dead; it was an absurd will; she proposed that a new will should be drawn up in the same terms, but substituting her own name for cousin Rosemary's: that was the only fair proposition.

"That proposition robs me of two millions with a stroke of the pen—do you understand?" said grandmamma.—She tapped her snuff-box.—"I will never agree to it, nor will Mr. Dashon."

"Very well, then, madam. Let uncle remain intestate, unless"—with a pious air—"it please God to restore his mind, which I fervently pray for. I will enter into bonds to pay *my* share of every legacy named in the will which has been read."

This offer drew Abram Varick, Esq., to his niece's side: he thought it was evidently fair, and if sister Dashon would make the same, all the results of the will might be amicably secured."

"I will do nothing of the sort—do you understand?" said Mrs. Dashon.

"I can't conceive why you want a will at all, madam," said her niece.

"It is plain enough," said Mr. Abram. "If brother Dashon die intestate, sister will feel bound to do something, I suppose, towards paying these legacies; if the will is executed, they will all come out of *your* share, Mrs. George."

"It is a difference of half a million of dollars to me, and of a million to you, Madam Isabel," said her aunt; "but considering how immensely you profit by your cousin's death, I did not expect you to oppose the proposition."

"I oppose it, madam; I protest against it; and I shall contest the will, if it is ever offered for probate—understand that!" cries Mrs. George. "Uncle is no more capable of making a will than a dead man."

This dispute was put an end to by a very extraordinary act of old Mr. Dashon, whom his niece's voice had roused, and whose eye sometimes rested on her, sometimes on her husband and son. Roosey and his father sat together a little in the background. In the first place, Mr. O'Morra, being determined on the execution of the will, whether Mrs. Varick protested or not, believing that it could be sustained in defiance of her objections, took the will from the table where it lay, and approaching Mr. Dashon, asked in a firm, loud voice, whether he had heard it, did he acknowledge it, and would he execute it?

"The will, Mr. Dashon, leaves the bulk of your fortune to your granddaughter, to our Rosemary—do you understand?" Mrs. Dashon shrieked to him in a high shrill key.

"Rosemary is dead, uncle—you know that," cries, in the same note, Mrs. Isabel Varick.

The poor old gentleman put forth his trembling hand to take the will. Messrs. O'Morra and Plaidoyer pushed the table (it was a small marble-top side-table, that went on castors smooth as oil) close to him. On the table lay pens, an ink-stand, a lighted candle, wax, a sealing instrument—that no formality might be wanting.

To the intense surprise of every one, Mr. Dashon took up a

pen. This was a more spontaneous act than anybody expected. O'Morra filled another with ink and substituted it. With some assistance his hand was got to the foot of the page, beneath the writing. "Gentlemen—Mr. Atherton"—said O'Morra, with a triumphant smile—"please take notice of what Mr. Dashon is doing, as you may be called on to swear to the facts hereafter."

Grandpapa made an effort to write,—he scrawled a word, but it was not his name: it was the word

"IF"—

There the pen fell from his fingers—he regarded it piteously a moment, then gathering up the document, deliberately put one extremity of the scroll in the flame of the candle. All gazed in silence; as soon as it was fairly in flames, he let it fall on the table and watched it while it consumed. It was now Mrs. Varick's turn to exult.

"Pretty plain that we shall have no will this time," she said, rising, and shaking out her black robes,—the first six months' mourning for "cousin Rosemary," expiring but not expired.

"Pretty plain that here is spontaneity, gentlemen," said O'Morra, glancing at his brother lawyers, Plaidoyer and Atherton.

"There is *what?*" said Mrs. Varick, sharply, and turning to them.

"Best not exhaust Mr. Dashon by questions or conversation at present," said grandmamma. "Brother, I shall be obliged to you all, if you will withdraw."

"I think brother Dashon could make a will by interrogation, very clearly," said Dr. Clerestory, as he went out, addressing Dr. Varick.

So this grand experiment failed in its main object, but elicited facts of great importance, and alarming to Madam Isabel. Suppose aunt Dashon and Cahal O'Morra, uncle doctor (very hostile to her), uncle Clerestory (bent on a legacy), and Mr. Plaidoyer (a regular muff), got together and made uncle execute a will cutting her off entirely? All the relations present at this grand will scene, with the lawyers and Mr.

Atherton, would be ready to testify to uncle Dashon's capacity and independent volition. He who had burned one will, could give a rational assent to another. Madam began to fear that in opposing the execution of the will she had bitten her own nose off. She concentrated herself in her own dark mind, already familiar with guilt, to discover the means of eluding this new danger.

* * * * *

There is an inexorable logic in crime. The commission of one crime leads necessarily to the commission of another. It is the mightiest of problems—insoluble *sine deo*—how to break this linked necessity which Fate and Nemesis forged. We speak after the manner of the poets. There is a way to cut off the connection, and to reverse the engine, but unless that divine contrivance is resorted to, viz.: repentance, the relentless machine rushes on to its own dismal catastrophe.

Dr. Mannikin was still the confidential physician of the Dashons. The skill with which he treated Mr. Dashon in his present precarious condition and the extreme solicitude with which he devoted himself to the case, were too evident to Mrs. Dashon for her to think of dismissing him. Dr. Mannikin was acquainted with a class of agents acting on the nervous system,—subtle nervous poisons of oriental origin—the names and nature of which he kept a profound secret alike from his patients and his brethren. One of these, in particular, of which a single drop sufficed to plunge the whole human frame with all its organs and functions into the immobility of simulated death, administered in a diluted form, at regular intervals, was a wondrous prophylactic against palsy. It was extremely necessary to apportion and regulate its power. Dr. Mannikin watched Mr. Dashon till certain slight premonitions of a paralytic attack declared themselves, then he would administer a few drops of his diluted extract, and in a few hours the danger would pass. The most formidable symptom was the sudden restoration of mental and muscular power. Dr. Mannikin checked the joy of Mrs. Dashon on the first manifestation of this flat-

tering sign, by pointing out to her that it was the sure forerunner of a fresh and probably fatal attack. At the same time a gradual improvement of the patient's condition had resulted from the treatment. Mannikin had predicted evil from the attempt to obtain a will, and especially if anything like a discussion took place in Mr. Dashon's presence. The sudden exhibition of power and intelligence which occurred under this stimulus, alarmed him greatly. He administered on the spot, in the presence of O'Morra who lingered after the rest, a dose which rendered Mr. Dashon instantly insensible. O'Morra was startled.

"It is the only means to save his life," said Ezekiel, confidently. "In twenty-four hours he will revive, refreshed and out of immediate danger: but I will not answer for the result of repeating such excitements and such remedies. Mr. Dashon's existence depends on that vial, sir,"—holding it betwixt his bony fingers, and relaxing into his skeleton grin.—"Exhaust its power by such doses as I have just administered, and no human skill can arrest a second stroke of paralysis, which will be fatal."

"It is a singular medicine," said Cahal O'Morra. "What would be its effect upon myself, if I took the entire contents of the vial?"

"Death in less than forty seconds," said Ezekiel, gravely.

It was twenty years since these men had met, and Mannikin had altered so much that O'Morra had not recognized him in the crowd; but the skeleton grin for which even at twenty Ezekiel was remarkable, revived his recollection; he glanced at the handsome semi-quaker garb, and said:

"Dr. Mannikin, I believe?"

Mrs. Dashon sometimes consulted Dr. Mannikin for herself. His relations with Isabel Varick for many years past had not been such as to attract attention, and to Mrs. Dashon he often spoke of that lady with biting sarcasm. In fact, everybody must have a confidant, and as the yoke of Isabel often galled Mannikin severely, it was a necessity to unburden his irritation on the subject to somebody. He soon found that grandmamma Dashon was a person with whom it was perfectly safe to sneer

at her niece, and by a refinement of prudence, Ezekiel let Mrs. Varick know that he did not spare her in conversation with her aunt, ascribing it to policy. Isabel approved, and kept her opinion as to the motive to herself.

Apart from the danger that Mrs. Dashon would induce her husband to make a will bequeathing his entire property to herself, there was the certainty that if Mr. Dashon, whose life hung by a thread, died first, her aunt, as widow, would take without a will half the estate. There was one occurrence, possible in the ways of Providence, which would preclude both these contingencies. Aunt Dashon, in spite of her vigorous age and iron constitution, might die before her nearly bedridden husband, the care of whom would then devolve upon his affectionate niece, his only kinswoman and sole heir.

If Mannikin had been disinclined to serve Isabel Varick, or recalcitrant to the secret despotism she exercised over him, his hatred of O'Morra, and wish to foil O'Morra's designs, would have helped to render him subservient to her wishes. It was a strange approximation which brought these two men, one as legal, the other as medical adviser of grandmamma Dashon, to consult together on the possibility and safety of means to elicit from grandpapa Dashon a new will. O'Morra calmly took for granted that Mannikin knew Rosemary to be living. He was not long in discovering indubitable proof that of this fact Mrs. Isabel Varick was totally ignorant, and that Mannikin was sincerely apprehensive of the consequence of her discovering it. It was evident, therefore, that Mannikin had betrayed his accomplice from the first. The woman had meant murder, while the man intended merely to prevent the marriage of the heiress and to get her into his power, to let her owe her life to his skill, and to force her, perhaps, if fair means failed,—to what? since Mrs. Mannikin lived under O'Morra's eye. Mannikin's power was undoubtedly very great, and had that poor Mrs. Grace died as suddenly as Rose Dashon, O'Morra pondered deeply the possibility of tracing her death to her husband. Mannikin several times dosed Mr. Dashon, when in a profound lethargy, by causing him simply to inhale the fumes of the medicine; and when O'Morra proposed laughingly to smell

the open bottle, the physician objected, and stated that it was dangerous. He was careful, O'Morra observed, to keep the vial stopped, and admitted, on being questioned, that the active principle was one of the most volatile in existence, and absorbed by the animal system with incredible rapidity. The pertinacious scrutiny of the lawyer was very irksome to the physician; but O'Morra, contrary to his usual custom, was bland as oil, he never uttered a sarcasm, and seemed to have forgotten and forgiven Ezekiel's youthful peccadilloes.

O'Morra did not content himself with soft looks and honeyed speeches, of which his glib tongue was very capable. He made distinct and magnificent promises. If Mannikin would get Mr. Dashon into a condition in which he could see his grandchild without risk of his life, and be enabled to make a will in her favor, he engaged on the part of Mrs. Dashon and Rosemary, a fee that would make him independent for life. Ezekiel promised to do it, but asked for time. Under the influence of this splendid promise he expressed his sincere conviction that Mr. Dashon's life, excluding violent emotion, might be prolonged for years, and that he might even recover the use of his mental faculties, though not, Mannikin thought, that of his limbs which were hopelessly paralyzed and atrophied.

O'Morra was satisfied that Mannikin was sincere, but after long reflection he determined to clench the business by holding out an inducement greater still. Mannikin had hinted at another reward. O'Morra engaged that Mrs. Grace, i. e., Mrs. Mannikin, should remove into another State, and bring a suit for divorce on the ground of infidelity and desertion. It would be a bitter pill for Mannikin to let such a suit go by default, but it would scarcely be known; and he would be free to marry whomsoever he liked.

"As you are an unbaptized infidel," said O'Morra, glancing at Ezekiel's garb and for once relapsing into his bitterest smile "Mrs. Grace can have no conscientious scruples."

Mannikin's eyes fairly flashed with joy: in his gratitude he even hinted that he could do something for Miss Dashon that nobody suspected to be possible. What it was, he refused to say.

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS AND LOVE-SCENES.

In order not to confuse events, we have sketched the operations of Cahal O'Morra and grandmamma down to the beginning of August. To trace fairly the history of Rosemary herself, we must go back to the day, towards the end of June, when Mrs. Dashon nearly surprised her at Rory's studio and talked in such a manner as to convince the young lady that her grandmother knew everything. We shall not dwell on this supposition, for well-founded as it seemed to be, it was incorrect. Grandmamma's blind faith in the inviolability of her vault and the integrity of her servants was not so easily disturbed. Like other incredulous people, once she had adopted an hypothesis no apparently conflicting fact had the least influence on her mind. Incredulity is but an overweening faith in our own infallibility. Mrs. Dashon did not conceive it possible that she could be outwitted, hoodwinked, deceived and betrayed. Let us turn to another grandparent, whom we ought not to forgot.

The cannon of his batteries silencing the fire of the great Todleben, did not allow the world to forget Gen. Romarin. In the spring operations of '55 he was noted for a quality which in an officer of the highest rank tells on the *morale* of the service—contempt of danger amounting almost to rash exposure of life. Date: the return of Col. Floréal from a mission to the United States, about the first of March. The military laws permit slight mourning, but there were the deepest weeds henceforth in the old officer's bronzed face, in the long fall of his snow-white mustache, and the gleam of his wintry eye.

Floréal, too, seemed to grieve deeply for Rose, whose beauty, talent, grace and virtue, he never wearied of praising to

her grandfather. The young noble had derived no benefit from his engagement: even the princely gift destined by Mr. Dashon for his son-in-law, and which would have doubled Floréal's income, he had sent back from Paris, in a graceful letter entirely French,—a pointed epigrammatic commentary on the famous text, *Noblesse oblige.*

After three months, in the trenches on a sweltering day of early June, an orderly brought Gen. Romarin a letter. It was a spot sheltered from the cannonade indicated by white smokes issuing from the Russian works, by a constant reverberating thunder that shook the air, and by a cloud that overhung and partly hid the long circuit of the defences: but now and then a shell came whizzing overhead. All in calmly superintending an operation of importance, by which he meant to silence the fire of one of Todleben's batteries, the old general of artillery glanced at the superscription.

"*Mon Dieu!* It is from *her!* Ah, some old letter that has been delayed—I cannot open it."

With a hand that never trembled from fear, but was now suddenly tremulous, the old officer placed the letter in his breast, and then issued a brief order. A shell plumped into the trench, almost at his feet.

"Yes: let the good God take me at the post of duty, with her handwriting on my heart!" murmured Romarin, tranquilly regarding the fatal missile.

A young sergeant rushed forward at the risk of his life, and extinguished the fuse of the shell.

"You have saved my life, my gargon," said Romarin. "What harm had I ever done you?"

"You are too careless, my general," replied the soldier.

Romarin took out the letter to examine the postmarks. It was an official, almost mechanical curiosity, to ascertain by whose negligence a letter for Gen. Romarin had been delayed or mis-sent. Among the stamps of the French civil and military post-offices, all in due form, his practised eye distinguished immediately the American postmark, in which nothing absolutely was legible but the word "APRIL," and the figures "55."

He started—trembled.

"Strange! I will open it."

His eye went immediately to the date at the head of the letter—Rose's business-like custom:—it was the same date, clear as her brilliant hand could make it—"Brooklyn, L. I., April 21, 1855."

The letter nearly fell from his hands. With trembling eagerness, he read on:—

"Dear Grandpapa: From the borders of the grave your rescued Rose embraces you with inexpressible tenderness. Yes, I live! Thank the Giver and Preserver of life.

"To my grandparents Dashon it is not yet known. How it has happened is too long a story and the force to explain it fails me. You know, perhaps better than I, all that has happened to poor grandpapa Dashon. Separated from all other friends, nearly the victim of a crime, I ask your counsels, your commands. My present situation is not suitable, but how and when shall I terminate it? Yet I ought to say that I am with kind friends, and that all my wants are supplied.

"I ask you, my grandfather, one relief which will greatly disembarrass me. Inform my cousin Floréal, I beseech you, that I live, and demand of him the surrender of the promise which yet binds me to him. I have no cause to complain of my cousin. He has acted like a man of honor: I expect that he will do so now. For the rest, not even your commands, my grandfather, will compel me to marry him. To say that, is to say all. I require the formal release of my plighted troth, and I require it instantly. Sooner than fulfil it, I will die a thousand deaths. Should he even seek to alter my resolution, I shall take refuge in a convent. I entreat you, as you hold me dear and believe me true, to read to him or let him read these irrevocable words.

"Heaven watch over you and hasten the time that shall restore me to your knee and to your arms. Like you, my grandfather, by the help of God, your Rosemary will be faithful to every duty, cost what it may. Sometimes I think that you are wounded—I imagine you dying—and would gladly, if that were permitted, fly to tend you. Then I think with shame

that my weak affection would thus render a hero ridiculous, and I blush for my false enthusiasm. Yet it is lucky, *vieux soldat!* that I am such a woman that no disguise could conceal my sex, or I should be tempted now to seek the lines of Sebastopol *en garçon*, to be near you and share your dangers, if not your glory. See, your daughter prattles and laughs! Be convinced, then, that she is the same, although she has been the inmate of a tomb! For how many hours I lay abandoned, defenceless, by the side of my heroic father, I know not; but assuredly under that protection not my honor alone but my delicacy was safe. Once only was the latter endangered, when an unknown hand defended your Rose from profanation. Kissing those white hairs,

"Your own

"ROSE MARIE."

This vivacious and impassioned letter was written, as we already know, during Rosemary's convalescence, before she had quitted her room. The date is important as it shows us that her determined tone in regard to her nuptial promise, proceeded from no change in her consequent on new acquaintances, but solely from the light which she possessed in regard to the feelings of her betrothed. She might have held herself free, when in her presence on their bridal morn, believing her dead, he had given faith to another; but although Rose took note of that internally, she considered herself bound to demand a formal release. Months have elapsed; she has passed already an ordeal severe enough for any young woman with a disengaged heart; yet, except to Count Wissen, her father's friend and Floréal's also, who knew the whole affair from its inception, has she never breathed a word incompatible with the faith of a woman betrothed.

We have seen that when grandmamma seemed to offer her, and according to Rosemary's interpretation did offer her, to Rory O'Morra, Rose threw open the shutters behind which she listened, to speak: but young O'Morra prevented her. When her grandmother was gone, she evidently awaited and desired an opportunity for explanation, which O'Morra avoided. When

she reached home, she sat down and wrote him a note, which is about the most dangerous thing a young woman can do. It ran as follows:—

"RODERICK O'MORRA, Esq.

"SIR:

"Forgive me for shrinking from the bare possibility that you may mistake my silence after what grandmamma said this morning in my hearing. Were my hand in my own, that is, in my parents' disposal, I would say nothing: for if you understood grandmamma, it would be well; if you did not, it would still be well. But my cousin, the colonel vicomte de Floréal, holds my promise. I am sure that your generous interpretation will assign as the motive of this note the simple wish to guard my own delicacy and your happiness.

"ROSE MARIE."

It cost her a great deal to write, fold, address, seal and despatch the above: but Rose was convinced it was her duty. Without a clear understanding on the subject she felt it to be impossible to visit Mr. Rory's studio again, above all alone, as grandmamma desired. The answer was prompt and characteristic.

"Saturday, *June* 23.

"MADEMOISELLE:

"I have always regarded you as an affianced bride; but although your warning is thus superfluous for me, I feel its kindness and appreciate its delicacy in my inmost heart. Permit me to subscribe myself,

"Mademoiselle,

"With the highest esteem

"and fraternal regard,

"Devotedly yours,

"RORY O'MORRA.

"MISS ROSE MARIE DASHON."

Had Rosemary been like some great diplomats we know,

she would have written a second letter to explain her first. For, had she not, in the first place, fairly given Mr. R. O'M. to understand that were her promise out of the way she had no other objection to grandmamma's proposal? Secondly, had she not implied her belief that Mr. R. O'M. himself was in danger from her attractions, &c.? Lastly, had she not represented herself as a girl without heart, without pride, ready to be thrown to this or that as her parents determined, only safe to consider a bargain a bargain? Her note had been laid upon Mr. Rory's table, after dinner; he came in (she thought) about nine, and in fifteen minutes after his answer reached her. Rapid, decided person Mr. Rory O'Morra.

Despite herself Rose thought of him incessantly. Why did he not come to his meals? Why was he so thin and gaunt? The ladies all could tell that Mr. Rory was in love with her, and that jealousy of the count, and her perpetual flirting with his foreign excellency, had exiled the youth from the house, deprived him of rest and appetite, and was wearing away his health and life. Ladies will say such things, or hint them, or report them as having been said by others. Rosemary did not believe too much of all that. She had too profound a respect for Rory to credit his pining like a love-sick girl. His candid, fraternal manner indicated nothing of the sort. He would be insane were he jealous of M. de Wissen. Besides, she had her ideas and some experience of the higher discipline of the soul; the lines of Rory's pallid mouth, though disguised by a brown mustache some six weeks old, indicated physical, not moral, suffering; and the soft flash of his princely eye (it was the only term she could think of) expressed not sentimental weakness, but the energy of productive power. Altogether she formed a pretty accurate opinion of the immediate cause of the young sculptor's too refined spirituality of appearance, but why it was necessary, she could not divine; was it necessary, she doubted; how it would end, she feared.

Rory ate little (had she not lighted on his dinner just brought in, one day after her sitting?), worked much, and exercised severely. He had taken lately to company drill, as she learned from Ernest Claviger, and the two morning hours once

devoted to the gymnasium, were now occupied in the severest training of the new school. Sorella was abandoned to Count Wissen, that is, to herself; but Rory O'Morra got rid of his superfluous energy in base ball, cricket, boating and swimming. Forrester told Miss Tankerville, who told Miss Marié, that Rory's muscles were like springs of steel, but that he never saw a young man, not even a prize-fighter in condition, with so little fat on his ribs, and that if the boy did not hold up in his training, he would die of consumption. Rose herself, whose tendency was to what O'Callaghan (you don't forget O'Callaghan?) would call the "deposition of adipose tissue," could easily conjecture by the distinctness of the muscles in that white sinewy throat, and the gaunt shapeliness of the young man's figure, how it must be. She even feared worse imprudences than over-exercise, under-feeding, and mental excitement; she wished she were Rory's sister, that she might talk to him frankly; for thank Heaven! whatever ailed the youth, it was nothing a sister might not know, or of which a sister might not speak. The indiscretion, not being a sister in reality, of attempting to act a sister's part, was one of which Rosemary Dashon could never be guilty.

Miss Marié was saved an embarrassment at this juncture by Madame d'Ehrenstein's going with Angélique to a watering-place for the summer. Other changes occurred in the family. Forrester set off for New Brunswick on a sporting expedition. Mrs. Seymour went to her father's in the country, not to return till October, with expectations in regard to that return, which Miss Marié, not being totally blind, could guess without being told. Count Wissen talked hard of a Western tour, and Miss Marié, agreeable as he was and infinitely attentive to her, wished with all her heart that he would go and not return till —she knew not precisely what term to fix upon—not her own marriage, for she had not the most remote idea of ever being married. Well, then, till he was cured of a foolish passion for an insensible girl, who, she began to fear, would never feel any man's merit great enough, not to dislike him from the moment that he seemed to regard her in a certain light which every day grew to her more and more incomprehensible. She

comprehended it in women, and rather despised them therefor, but a man—how could he be passionately interested in anything but the doing of great things, or the creation of great works? Like Rory O'Morra, for instance, whose art was his mistress, and who to serve her worthily, trampled his inferior nature beneath his feet! That was a kind of man-seraph whom Rose could half adore; yet even he would sink in her esteem, if she saw him on his knees to *her!*

Besides these, there was that petted Mrs. Laura Varick, sister of Miss Tankerville: she was going to Rockaway, and Rosemary was glad of it. Laura Varick was always observing her; and lately she had learned somehow that her husband's cousin, Miss Dashon, the great heiress, had died last winter (strange they did not hear of it sooner), and Mrs. Varick hoped that Dashon (her naval husband) would come in for a fair share of old Mr. Dashon's fortune. This particular subject, and how the "captain" had been thought of for Miss Dashon, and didn't like her, and how plain she was, and a queer frenchified girl, and not at all popular with the Varicks, Laura delighted to pursue with Miss Marié. Ernest Claviger too, the young man among them all whom Miss Marié really liked best, and with whom one incautious evening she was absolutely drawn into a long conversation on art and music,—he was going to England on business; and Miss Marié, to her intense mortification, was obliged to submit to a declaration from Ernest, that brought all the innocent blood to her face. She blushed so extremely and expressed so much and so humble a regret, that in spite of her gentle but resolute refusal, he went away convinced that he should succeed better on his return. Only the musical Miss Graves, who was avowedly over head and ears in love with Rory O'Morra, and the bitter Rusé, never weary of lashing her for the avowal, remained. Rose Dashon was weary of boarding-house life, though she was not sorry to have seen it, in what was confessedly its best aspect. Then the heat was becoming oppressive; you couldn't ride before six without suffering; Rose wore a great flat when she went to the studio, and white muslin dresses week in and week out.

In the meantime, she went to Mr. Rory O'Morra's studio twice a week, with filial duty for her warrant and her innocence as her safeguard. Mr. Rory was more than ever austere and simple. The first time undoubtedly was a great trial to Rose, like a first battle to a recruit. It was in contravention of all the ideas in which she had been sedulously educated, except one, which was that of unquestioning obedience. So she did as the young soldier does, whose heart beats, or stops beating, not to speak of the inordinate action of less dignified organs, yet he presses forward, looks as fierce as he can, and with a faint cheer, *Vive l'empereur !*—rushes straight into a battery. By degrees she found these sittings extremely pleasant. Her conscience was quite at ease, and so was Mr. Rory. She saw the great advantage to him of her being alone. She was not ashamed to pose as much as he wanted, in whatever way he prescribed. He explained so clearly in what way it was of use to him. The dependence of the ideal upon the real, and the transformation of the real by the ideal, she never before understood. It is needless to say that there was nothing in the slightest degree repugnant to her modesty, except that sovereign eye, that too intelligent hand; an eye to which the faintest line could teach so much more than it seemed to reveal; a hand that could record all that evidence and all those deductions with infallible accuracy, and yet with such almost inconceivable elevation and purity of aim. The expression which had so won her in the clay face, perfected there, began to diffuse itself over the entire form: the arm that was lifted with welcome, the knee just bending in adoration, the foot that sprang from the earth in joy, the love, the modesty, the conscious life and splendor that breathed in the glorious shape, made of the whole one expressive face. Lines and forms which in nature seemed to express mechanical force or vital function, in that intelligible clay were instinct with spirit. The dark, unsightly vehicle in which the sculptor worked had at first stood partly between her and the form; by degrees this obstacle had vanished, and the pure form appeared as if it had been modelled in light.

Rosemary was too humble to believe that all that beauty

and divine expression were caught from herself. Indeed, O'Morra instructed her that there was a supernatural, a divine ideal in every human face and form, which it was the office of the true inspired artist to detect, to isolate and to represent in its simple purity.

"Man was made in the image and likeness of God," said Rory, in his quiet way, which Rose found so fascinating.

"*In?*" interrupted Rosemary. "I have always been taught to say '*to* the image of God.'"

"If you prefer, I will carry on the conversation in Latin, Miss Rose—it is the same to me."

"Pardon me, Mr. Rory, I shall not understand a word."

"Why don't you say 'I *will* not understand,' Miss Rose?"

"It is not English," said Rosemary, "since I *would* understand if I could."

"Neither is '*to* the image' English; and when I speak my native tongue at all, I do not use a barbarous dialect, though found in Catholic bibles and prayer-books," said O'Morra, with a dash of the paternal smile.

"I interrupted you, Mr. Rory."

"Man was made IN the image and likeness of God," resumed Rory, with emphasis. "And that image extends to the body, no doubt. Not that the Godhead is corporeal, but that the body is made capable of expressing divine things; for example, the supreme dominion of the Creator over the creatures. So long as this beautiful sovereignty was expressed in the body of man, so long we read that its dignity was perfect. The sovereignty was lost, and the dignity was debased. The office of the new creation in respect to the body, is to restore that dignity; and of Christian art to represent its restoration."

"A beautiful theory, Mr. Rory," said Rosemary, blushing, "but difficult to put in practice, it seems to me, while we remain as we are, with our bodies unredeemed."

"Certainly, every breath we draw—hunger—thirst—sleep—pain—teach us that the flesh is not subject to the spirit: yet for all that, there is a way by which the spirit can triumph utterly over the flesh—*n'est ce pas?*"

"I should be an infidel to deny it," said Rose.

"If that triumph exists, it may be represented. Did I not think so, I say again, I would abandon my art. Why, even the Greeks, the masters of sculpture, understood that. What were the statues of the gods but the attempt to restore the half obliterated outlines of the divine image in the human form? In painting we Christians have succeeded in doing it. The race of Christian sculpture is yet to run."

It was a hard thing for Rosemary that she saw the young sculptor only in the act, as it were, of inspiration, in the moment of his power. His hours of weakness, his lassitude, his discouragements, and his combats, she did not witness. She often came to him very weak in purpose, and contrary to what usually happens in such interviews, left him strengthened. As it is not only rare, but almost *contra naturam* that two young people of different sexes in unwitnessed conversation should fortify each other in virtue, we must suppose that obedience has a mysterious efficacy to change bitter waters into sweet. Rose wondered at that calm, unconscious strength of so young a man, violently susceptible in imagination, passionless in heart, with so absolute a mastery over his senses, gentle as a woman, severe as a saint, chivalrous as a Cavalier towards her, and rigid as a Puritan with himself. She little imagined that when alone Rory found himself most deplorably weak, and was compelled to sustain the most violent conflicts. He often gave himself up for lost, and was ready to abandon his work as the most presumptuous thought that ever entered a human brain; but, at what cost we have barely hinted, when the hour came, and Rose Dashon presented herself, with all her dazzling charms, his spirit rose at once to the occasion, every film of earth-born passion fell from his eyes, and she was only his muse, his model, and his inspiration.

The sittings were not fatiguing, because O'Morra's method was to interest Rosemary, to leave her at full liberty, and to catch her unconscious expression and attitudes. It was rather the study of her soul, beaming through her form, draped with such simplicity that every grace was outlined, than a real posing. At last, he drew her to her own history, thinking that to make her live her life over must draw out the deepest senti-

ment of which she was capable. Rose expanded on the subject of her parents, her mother's tragic story, which she narrated with touching pathos and the most innocent directness: then she described grandpapa Romarin, their cottage, her goat, Louise, her early education, her being taken to her grandparents Dashon, their splendor, the kindness of the Athertons, her school-days, Professor Calcul, in fine, everything but what preceded her intended marriage. All that, with a tact and delicacy of which girlhood alone is capable, she avoided. It was a very successful day: O'Morra caught and transferred to the clay certain human traits, a tenderness, a filial ardor, which he had felt to be wanting. Yet there was one expression, necessary to complete his idea, and deprived of which his work did not satisfy him. He knew not how to give it. He knew—he was sure he knew—how to elicit it on that mobile mask of feeling, but it cost him a great deal to make the experiment. Nevertheless he resolved to do it.

The next day of sitting, he said to her with a tranquil smile—"You have not told me, Miss Dashon, how you came to die."

"That is so nearly connected with another thing," said Rose—"how I came to be married."

"You were not married," said Rory, hastily.

"Neither did I die," said Rosemary. "If you really wish it, Mr. Rory, I will tell you both how I was at the point of marriage, and as nearly died, and how by means of one I escaped the other."

This narrative was not interrupted by the listener. Rosemary carried it on in the most natural manner, not without a deep color and much emotion, to Col. de Floréal's arrival, her acceptance, her retreat, and how at the moment when, before taking so great a step, she knelt to commend herself to God, and ask one more counsel, lest it should be a great and fatal error, she felt herself sink, utterly powerless, yet conscious, not wholly deprived of sensibility, and with all her perceptions, as it were, rendered more acute.

"I even saw everything till my eyes were closed by Mrs. Atherton. To the last moment I continued to hear all that passed in my room, and even in those adjoining. There were

strange scenes, I assure you. My bridegroom entered, and I heard his voice: it was a declaration of love and pledge of future marriage to my bridesmaid, weeping by my side——"

O'Morra had stopped work—he muttered something inarticulate—and stood gazing at her like a man bereft of all senses but sight and hearing.

"I had a greater horror when it was proposed to examine my body, to ascertain the cause of my death. Had they agreed to plunge a knife into my heart to make it sure, it would have been nothing, you conceive: but dear grandmamma! how brave she was then! she defended me," said Rose, with emotion. "I thought I had never loved her before. Dr. Mannikin, though I believe him one of the guilty, nor do I yet know his purpose, also opposed the proposition of the rest. That peril past, in which I counted the certainty of death nothing; came the funeral. I cannot relate these things, Mr. Rory: they are too terrible."

"And you preserve your fidelity to the spouse who so shamefully violated his to you!" said Rory O'Morra, immovable as a statue, and looking at her from under his bent brows with a gaze as piercing as his father's.

"I have required him to return my troth—I could scarcely do less and respect myself," said Rosemary.

"If he refuse?"

"The cloister."

"A needless sacrifice for so poor a creature—pardon me for speaking so of your affianced husband."

Rosemary held out both her lovely hands—ringless.

"As my hands, so my heart, Mr. Rory. What else has he had of mine, but my promise alone? Shall it be said that Rosemary Dashon gave her affianced neither her love (for she owed it not); nor a privilege so trifling that one grants it to strangers almost, that of touching her hand in friendship; much less anything more sacred (though our customs sanction that too); but her bare mere word of honor, and that she was not faithful to *that* till it was released?"

Rory O'Morra, pale as death, turned to the statue, without a word in reply. Rose knew his habits now so well, that she

fearlessly, though anxiously gazed at him, watching those wondrous fingers plunge again almost rudely into the clay. Two hours passed in profound silence. He took no more notice of her than if she had been a lay-figure sitting there beside him. By slow degrees the new and crowning glory came out upon that mysterious form and face, as if created again from the primitive slime. Rose saw what it meant—for she had gained in these sittings almost a new sense:—there was a strange loftiness there, in the midst of the passionate ardors—a pride almost—the Fidelity of the Bride!—"Yes," it said, "I have been faithful unto death!"—Rosemary, with great humility, hid her own face in her hands.—"Alas!" she said to herself, "it is not I who have been faithful!"

At the ringing of O'Morra's alarm Rosemary punctually withdrew to the anteroom, and by the time Mr. Rory had secured his work and purified his hands, her simple toilet was completed, and she departed, accompanied by O'Morra to the street door. That day he detained her. In the first place, the great difficulty of his work was surmounted; in fact, instead of his having covered it as usual with the indispensable wet cloths, when she re-entered he was gazing at it in silent rapture. Nothing now remained but the patient execution of the details, in which he informed her he should seldom, if ever, require her kind aid, until the figure was ready for the drapery, which would be in about three months.

"We shall scarcely meet in that time, Rosemary," he said, beginning to cover the lovely and almost living clay.

"Shall we not see more of you at home, then?" she answered, affectionately. "It is very lonely there, I assure you. Everybody, almost, is gone or going; and that poor Miss Graves dying for you, Rory!"—With a gay laugh and vivid blush.

"When you shall have heard from Col. de Floréal," replied O'Morra, in a quiet tone, "I shall be more at home."

"And I perhaps shall not," answered the girl in a very low voice—so low that it scarcely seemed she was speaking to *him*.

"Can his refusal to surrender what he has no earthly title to retain, impart to you a religious vocation?" asked O'Morra, in a dry, matter-of-fact voice, and turning to her with a smile

that was more like his father's than anything Rose had ever observed in him.

"I suppose not," Rosemary answered with gentleness. "Yet I suppose, too, that my will is free to render to Heaven the sacrifice not of my virginity alone, which I never for a moment have ceased to desire with all the fervor of my soul, but of my dearest and purest earthly affections."

"Will you force me, then, to wish that Floréal may be so base and cruel?" said O'Morra, almost fiercely. "Know, however, Rosemary, that if you are an angel, I am only human; the victory which innocence and grace render so easy to you, will cost me my life."—And she saw a bright red spot that glowed like fire on either cheek.

"This is useless and dangerous," said Rosemary, holding out her hand in farewell.

O'Morra coughed slightly and turned away; she saw that as he took away his handkerchief from his lips, it was covered with blood.

"Oh, Rory!" she exclaimed.

"This is nothing at all,"—coughing again—a fresh stream from the lips—he went into the anteroom, followed by Rose, and lay down on the lounge: she ran to the window that looked down into the great studio, and called Carlo, who sprang at the first word.

"Ah, signorina, I expected this!" said the workman, sorrowfully. "He will die for you at last!"

"Run for a doctor," said Miss Dashon.

"No!" whispered O'Morra, energetically. "I know what is necessary."

These few words excited another cough, and its alarming concomitant; Rosemary's handkerchief, which she had given him in place of his own, was instantly saturated. But Carlo had already brought some tincture of aconite from the oaken cabinet, and then a vial containing a powerful styptic, which Rose dropped in water and gave O'Morra a spoonful—a woman does all that by instinct. She forgot everything in the danger of her friend. Carlo went down stairs to break some ice into morsels. Evidently, this was not a first attack.

As soon as the workman was gone, Rosemary bent down with a lovely, cheerful smile and said—"Rory O'Morra, you have been very wicked not to tell me this before. Now don't talk."

"You pity me—kind!" whispered the young sculptor, with a flashing eye, in spite of his perilous condition.

"I do not pity you—I love you," said Rosemary, simply. "So say no more."

This was not very apt to assist the action of the aconite in depressing the circulation, yet it produced apparently no harmful effect. On the contrary, Rory O'Morra coughed no more, and after half an hour of perfect quiet, during which Rose fed him with morsels of ice, as composedly as if she had always done that, he fell asleep. Then she went aside, and in whispers questioned Carlo.

Mr. O'Morra had been twice attacked in that way, he said; his master persisted that it was only excess of blood, and continued his abstinences and exercise the same as ever. Carlo believed that the young *maestro* was mad from love of the signorina, who was plighted to another, he knew, but *che fare?* Was such a man to die for a *pazzo ingrato?*"—"Hush, Carlo," said Rosemary, "you know nothing about it, *amico mio!*"—Carlo comforted her greatly by the assurance that immediately after one of these attacks, so frightful to witness, his master was always better for a week or two. He had known him ride on horseback the very next day.

As Carlo felt sure that the present attack was over, and was anxious that his master should not find her there when he awoke, Rose reluctantly departed, resolved, nevertheless, not to keep so alarming a secret to herself, but to tell his father that very evening. While she was dressing for dinner, a note was brought her from Mr. Rory; and the boy (said the maid) was waiting for an answer.

"Saturday Evening.

"DEAR ROSEMARY:

"It would be affectation to call you anything else now. I conjure you, if you love me,

not to breathe a syllable of what has occurred to any one, least of all to my father. It would do no good; for I will neither explain my course nor change it.

"With unreserved devotion,

"RORY O'MORRA.

"MISS ROSE MARIE DASHON."

Rosemary wrote in reply:—

"Saturday Eve.

"DEAR RORY:

"I shall obey you, though my conscience tells me that I ought not.

"Faithfully yours,

"ROSE MARIE."

It was Rose's intention (let what would be thought of it) to call at the studio the next morning and inquire how Rory was, as she understood from Carlo that he would spend the night there. To her infinite astonishment Rory was at church at six, and walked home with her. He breakfasted with the family, and was remarkably cheerful, though silent. On the way home, he had condescended to her entreaties by not once opening his lips, except to say that he was "perfectly well." After breakfast, she saw no more of him till dinner: for a wonder he dined at home.

On Sunday afternoons Mr. O'Morra (papa) always took a drive, but he had never invited "Miss Marié," because he used that opportunity to visit his villa, to spend the night; and Mr. O'Morra had no housekeeper. That Sunday afternoon, not expecting to go out, Rosemary was making believe take a siesta, which meant a wrapper, a book and seclusion, when Mr. O'Morra knocked at her door and proposed a ride in the dog-cart. She came to the door, her book in hand, that he might see she was occupied—it was the Lives of the Sculptors in Italian, and she was absorbed in the glorious existence of Michael Angelo.

"It is Sunday, you know, sir."—In truth, she had no mind to be interrupted.

"What a pretty Puritan it is! Better day, better deed!"

"You always go to your villa, don't you, sir?"

"And invite you to accompany me."

"Do you return to-night, sir?"

"No; but Mrs. Grace is there, housekeeping for me."

"Mrs. Grace! Then you expect *me* to stay all night?"

"Of course."

"I shall be delighted, sir; but you must wait till I can dress and put up a little parcel."

"'Tis not yet five; and half an hour hence, or even forty-five minutes (if you require so much), will be full early to start. And Miss Rose! don't confine yourself to a little parcel; take a good-sized valise (it will go in the dog-cart), and put up dresses enough to last you a week."

Rosemary looked blank; then she remembered that Mr. Rory (if Carlo spoke true) was sure to be better for a week or two, and she consented.

After riding about an hour, the horse getting heated, Mr. O'Morra drew up in a place where the road was bordered with trees, and took out a letter.

"Now, Miss Rose, while we cool off in this fine shade, read that letter from foreign parts, which reached me this afternoon under cover from the Hon. Mr. Atherton, whom perhaps you know."

Rosemary uttered a faint exclamation and took the letter, which, free from all postmarks, was addressed in her grandfather Romarin's hand to "Mlle. Rose Marie Dashon." She immediately remembered that she had forgotten to send her grandfather her address. Mr. O'Morra jumped out of the cart to leave his companion more at liberty, and she broke open the letter.

"Sébastopol, JUNE 2, 1855.

"MY CHILD,

"You live!

"How can I at this distance advise or command you? I recognize in your letter that forcible and passionate character which your childhood promised, but which of late had seemed latent. I perceive also a sense of justice that touches upon

scrupulosity: for if you are justified in requiring a release from your engagement to your cousin in terms so absolute, you would be justified in breaking it. Assuredly there is no such dreadful alternative before you as a convent or a thousand deaths. I take it on myself to annul your engagement. So far from wishing to sacrifice your happiness to ambition, I consent beforehand, my Rose, to any marriage you may form, no matter what the birth or fortune or nationality of your intended husband may be, provided he be personally worthy of you. I am confident that you will never make an ignoble choice.

"Yet consult your grandmother. Should she object upon any grounds but those avowedly of ambition alone, let her objections decide you. Do not marry without her willing consent. Preserve that priceless treasure of your heart and person for one whose merit all will be forced to acknowledge.—A Russian sortie!—

"ROMARIN."

There was a postscript.

"WE have driven back the Russians with heavy loss: a few serious casualties on our side. I enclose a slip from Col. de Floréal."

With a sudden sinking of heart, turning away from Mr. O'Morra, who never once looked at her, Rose Marie Dashon opened the note from her cousin. It was an absolute release, signed by Floréal, and attested by Romarin. Beneath—

"MADEMOISELLE, MY COUSIN:

"Pardon. I shall pardon myself never.

"FLOREAL."

These brief words produced a shower of tears. Mr. O'Morra silently jumped up beside her, touched his horse and away they went. How did Mr. Atherton know what to do with that letter?

"You imagine yourself concealed, my dear child," said Cahal O'Morra, "when fifty pair of eyes are upon you. Mr.

Atherton received your grandfather's letter yesterday and sent it to me to-day. By the by, he desires me to inform you, Miss Dashon, that your rents and dividends for six months (some $20,000) are in his hands and subject to your draft."

"What else?" asked Rose.

"He thinks that your present position is not sufficiently secluded, and so do I. I propose that you shall remain at my country-house. How will you like that? Your fortune, and the lives of your grandparents may depend on it."

Rose was entirely willing, but trusted that if there were the slightest sign of danger to grandpapa or grandmamma, Mr. O'Morra would not forget her injunction to arrest those wretches for what they had already done.

"Of which we have no proof, Miss Dashon," said Mr. O'Morra, who treated Rosemary with extraordinary respect. "They have been steadily watched night and day, as you also have been, since the day you thought fit to confide in me. They must be suffered to proceed till the evidence is in our hands. Your grandmother is safe. At least whatever danger she incurs, it is with her eyes open. Wonderful old lady!"

"Grandmamma knows all, then, sir?" asked Rose, with perfect tranquillity.

"Of course. Gracious Heaven! what a scene was that when I told her plainly the truth. She did not relish it, in spite of her joy and the fever of her re-awakened ambition!" said O'Morra, smiling bitterly.

"Grandmamma is very proud, but she loves me," said Rosemary.

"She does not like the idea of your marrying a certain young gentleman of Irish descent, and a very harum-scarum sort of profession," said papa, with a piercing look. Her first words almost were—'You know, sir, that my granddaughter is espoused to her cousin, the Colonel Marquis de Floréal.'—To confess the truth, Miss Dashon, one motive I have in taking you to my villa, is to get you out of the way of my son—nay, don't flush up so angrily—it is a *motu proprio*—your grandmother has neither asked nor counselled it."

"Then you don't mean to let Mr. Rory know that I am

there?" asked Rose. "Very well, sir, I shall go down to Brooklyn to-morrow and let him know, if I have to walk."

This was said with a sparkling glance of indignant resolution.

"I won't put you to such an extreme necessity, mademoiselle—you will not be a prisoner in my house, and if you wish to leave it, a carriage and horses will be always at your command," said papa O'Morra.

"Do you object to my marrying your son?" asked Rose, plainly.

"Has it come to that?" said O'Morra, with a look of violent surprise.

"No, sir," replied Rosemary, smiling in spite of her vexation, "but if you wish to prevent it, now is the time to speak."

"Most seriously, beautiful and excellent Rosemary, it would grieve me that such a thing happened while you were our guest, separated from your family. For the world I would not have it said that either Cahal O'Morra or his son used such an opportunity to inveigle an heiress into a match, which after all will disappoint the legitimate ambition of her friends. Now we understand each other."

"Tell me, sir," said Rose, "how long ago did you tell grandmamma that I was alive and under your protection?"

O'Morra took out his tablets—"Three weeks ago."

"Four weeks ago, she herself gave me to Rory, sir. Grandmamma has no right to go back after three weeks' silence; she *will* not: if then, *you* think fit, sir—all I have to say is that it is very cruel to me, who have compromised myself unhesitatingly at her bidding. I certainly never expected to be refused."

"I had not the most remote idea of this," said Cahal O'Morra.

"I have no more to say," said Rosemary. "I shall shut myself up at your villa as long and as strictly as you please. I only hope you will have the goodness to command Mr. Rory to stay away, for if he come down and ask me to run away with him, I will not answer for myself."

"You are all alike," said papa O'Morra, with his bitter smile.

"If your grandmother has consented, child, I have no objection, of course."

They came to a rustic gate; a long avenue of fine old trees led on between fields rich with crops, meadows like emerald, and glimpses of wood and waters, until the avenue expanded into a park-like demesne, with lawns sweeping down to a tide-water. Before them, on a gentle eminence, was the house. The dog-cart flashed along the circuit of the lawn, passed round the house and drew up at the sea-front. It was sunset; the tea-table set (they saw in passing the windows); and lo! Rory O'Morra pacing the verandah! He started, blushed, and came forward to welcome his father's guest, and help her down from the dog-cart. Rosemary laughed, and sprang lightly down in her gay manner, hardly touching the young man's transparent and emaciated hand; when—after a moment's hesitation and a shy glance at the papa, she offered her cheek, and then with the prettiest movement possible, in the French manner, turned the other to his salute.

The house was of stone, of a reasonable size for a small, hospitable family. The rooms were large, the hall wide; so was the verandah, fragrant with honeysuckle; and hence you commanded a white beach, a promontory crowned with firs and the tossing Atlantic. The place was lonely, not another dwelling in sight; but far away to the eastward, at the extremity of a low point, a light-house whose cheerful beacon already sparkled in the twilight.

After tea, or rather supper, they all walked down to the beach. A million fire-flies sparkled on the vast lawn, lighting up the shady depths under the trees; some tall Lombardy poplars shook their heads in the breeze; there was a gravelled walk, and a moon just past the full, that threw the shadows across it. The elder couple (papa and Mrs. Grace) walked fast and talked loud. The younger pair dragged along as if they had the weight of fourscore to carry, and sometimes stopped, doubtless from fatigue. They did not converse in whispers, yet certainly no one could overhear them; for which reason I cannot tell, though I can guess, what they said.

When they reached the house again, a horse covered with

foam stood before the door. The rider brought Mr. O'Morra a note. He took it to the light, read it hastily, and said to Rosemary, who had followed him:

"Miss Dashon, your grandmother is at home dangerously ill, and Mrs. George Varick has gone over to the house to take care of her."

CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHT DRIVE.

"THIS morning," said Mr. O'Morra, "Mrs. Dashon was at her villa near Fort Hamilton, and Mrs. Varick was at Rockaway."

The messenger had received the note for Mr. O'Morra in New York at half-past five. By five, therefore, Mrs. Dashon must have been at her town house. It seemed likely that she had been taken ill during their usual afternoon drive to Greenwood, and that she had proceeded to the city immediately to consult Dr. Mannikin, who, it had been agreed, was to be at once summoned in such a case. How, then, was Mrs. Varick on hand? Was it a calculation based on the fact that Dr. Mannikin visited the Dashons daily, Sundays excepted? Or was it a mere coincidence? If so, it was an unfortunate one. Mr. O'Morra was convinced that Madam Isabel had at last made a *coup*, and he saw the necessity of interfering immediately, even if he should be obliged to procure her arrest. No time was to be lost.

"The most expeditious way, Rory, will be for you to take me into Brooklyn in your trotting-wagon."

"I have already ordered it round, as well as the dog-cart."

"We don't need both," said his father.

"Let me suggest a better plan," said Rosemary. "Drive Mr. Rory's wagon yourself, Mr. O'Morra, and take me. Rory is not in a fit condition for a night drive of twelve or thirteen miles."

"Why, what ails Rory?" asked his father, turning sharply round.

"Nothing to prevent my driving," said the youth. "I can take Sorella to the ferry in fifty-two minutes, with another

person in the wagon: my father, Rose, can't do it by this light in less than an hour and forty-five—with safety he cannot. If time is of consequence, I *must* go in."

"The life of Mrs. Dashon and the fortune of Miss Dashon depend perhaps on minutes," said Mr. O'Morra, who had already put on his overcoat and gloves.

"But *I* must go to grandmamma," said Rose. "If she is sick, my place is at her side; if in danger from a false relative, no one can defend her like myself."

"I knew that," said Rory, "which is the reason I ordered round both the drags. I can take Rosemary to her grandfather's door in one hour and twenty minutes, exclusive of the ferry—if we are fortunate there, in one hour and a half, all told. Getting a warrant and officers will cost you, sir, another hour at least: it may be the difference of life and death?"

"How will she gain admittance when there?" said Mr. O'Morra, regarding the girl with his piercing look.

"Leave that to me, sir!" said Rosemary, flushing up.

"And what can you do when admitted?"

"All that courage and innocence can in defending the most precious life against cowardice and guilt," said Rosemary. "But you, Rory! shall I risk your life to save grandmamma's? No, that would not be right."

"What do you mean?" said papa. "His life?"

"Psha! I spit a little blood yesterday, and Rose fancies I am going to die," said Rory, carelessly.

"Coughed up a tea-cup-ful of bright arterial blood—I know what it is," said Rose. "He should not have quitted the house for a week. He came down here, he says, for perfect quiet, and this is a pretty beginning. I tried hard to persuade the young gentleman not to walk out this evening, but he as good as told me to hold my tongue!"

"I am grieved to hear this, my son," said his father, approaching Rory with a sudden look of anxious tenderness most impressive on that cynical countenance, and taking the young man's wrist.

"My father," says Rory, "I have let Rosemary go on, that you may understand *her* better. Assuredly but for certain

kind words of hers yesterday, I should have died. I saw by your look to-night that you thought her forward—don't look so confused, Rose—you have no need—it was the forwardness of the leech or the nurse—sir. I am really far from well, but if I were worse, I would take this drive. My mind is made up. 'A man shall leave father and mother,' you know, sir."

"Oh! the obstinacy that quotes Scripture in its defence, is invincible!" said his father, with his bitter smile, and dropping the youth's wrist.

And at the same text half-uttered, Rosemary fled.

"In a case like this, sir," continued Rory, putting on his riding cloak, "we want two strings to the bow. Rosemary and I will of course reach the ground first, and our action—hers rather—may render yours unnecessary; if we fail, or are in danger of failure, you will come in with your warrant for Madam Isabel and your power of attorney to take possession of the house——"

"Mr. Rory is in the right of it," cried sensible Mrs. Grace. "He would be worse fretting here, with his hands tied, than by driving into Brooklyn. And if that wicked woman that my husband has took up with these years, is going to be brought to justice at last, I want to be on hand too. So, Mr. O'Morra, you shan't want company—I will go with you in the dog-cart."

"We are to have two women in the business!" said Mr. O'Morra, with an expression of comic disgust.

The sound of wheels and hoofs crushing along the gravel was heard, and all went out on the verandah. At the same instant Rosemary came flying down stairs, bonneted, mantled, and a large thick shawl in her hand.

At the foot of the steps stood the trotting-wagon in the moonlight, the lightest four-wheeled fabric that ever followed a roadster; the wheels and frame were red; the mountings of silver; the dark-brown body seemed suspended in air. Young O'Morra stepped in and extended a hand to Miss Dashon, who, gallantly aided by papa, mounted the light but steady machine. The seat was barely wide enough for two, with a back an inch high, and a spring cushion.

"There's nothing at all to hold on by, that I can see," said Rosemary laughing, but with real dismay.

"Do you call Rory nothing?" said his father.

"Put your hand under my cape, Rose, and you will find that my cloak is belted round the waist with a leathern strap that will bear any strain you choose to put upon it."

"Ah, it is only something to give me a little feeling of security," said the young lady, very easily finding the aforesaid belt. "I never was driven at such speed as you promise, which I find to be full fifteen miles an hour, Mr. Rory."

"Rory," said his father, "take the studio on your way, and tell Friedrich to harness up the old carriage for me: this horse of mine will be quite spent."

"All right, sir. What can I do for you in New York, after disposing of Miss Dashon?"

"Impertinence! Send your horse into Mr. Dashon's stable, and go into the house and take care of yourself," replied his father.

"Are you warmly enough clad, Mr. Rory?" said Miss Dashon, in a clear frank tone. "Oh, the cloak is very well, but white pants! The most imprudent boy in the world, Mrs. Grace. If you have any regard for my peace of mind, wrap this shawl about you before we start—I brought it down expressly for you.—No, sir! I don't need any of it—my skirts are quite sufficient for me. Oh! arrange it your own way!"—laughing.—"There! Oh, wait one moment, Rory—my valise, Mr. O'Morra!—will you bring it along in the dog-cart? I shall need it *at home*. All right. Now, Rory."

The young man lifted the reins from the dash-board, and the light vehicle went forward slowly, Sorella walking, and disappeared behind the corner of the house.

"Now, pile in, Mrs. Grace," said Cahal O'Morra, grimly. "Bring down Miss Dashon's valise, some one, instantly. What a girl that is! Such a lovely armful to fall in love with a mere skeleton! for poor Rory is no more. I must consult Mannikin for him—or no, perhaps Galenson would be safer."

"Get Dr. Galenson for Rory," said Mrs. Grace, sententiously.

"I don't think he is seriously ill after all," said his father.

"He has a constitution of iron, or he could never stand up under such a pulse."

"Miss Rose will do more for him than medicine," said Mrs. Grace.

"You think that Rory O'Morra was dying of love?" asked his father, contemptuously.

"Mr. O Morra, you know nothing at all about your son," replied Mrs. Mannikin. "I do know something."

"As we get over the ground, tell me what you know."

"Rory warn't dying of love, but of trying not to, under circumstances that made it impossible he shouldn't. I say you don't know your own boy, Cahal O'Morra, and you don't. How many young fellows of his age do you think there are, with fathers as well off as you are, with horses and buggies at command, and more money than they know what to do with, and lots of wild acquaintance, sporting-men and artists and young lawyers and doctors—the doctors are the worst of all! —and yet as innocent this minute as the spotless girl that sits beside him? I used to talk to him about her when she was sick——"

"No doubt!" half groaned O'Morra.

"Says Rory—'Mrs. Grace, she is a bride—what are you talking about?'—'She'll never marry the gentleman,' says I, 'take my word for it.'—'That would make no difference,' says he: 'the heart of the woman I marry must have had no previous lodger. That's the case with mine,' says he, 'and I expect a fair exchange.'—That's the way it is with Rory O'Morra. And wouldn't it be too bad now, if after a young man has lived till near four-and-twenty as pure as a saint, he should be served with a dish that others have fingered?"

"Fie, madam!" said Cahal O'Morra.

"They are mostly so, take my word for it," replies Mrs. Grace.

"I don't believe it," says the cynical O'Morra, in the spirit of contradiction doubtless.

"Well, to give you an instance," says Mrs. Grace, with feminine inconsequence. "Now this is a profound secret. What Rory would do to me, if he knew I told you, is frightful to

think of. You give me your word of honor never to breathe a syllable? Very well, then: some six years ago, when Rory was about seventeen (he had quitted his first college), week after week, his linen (which unknown to him I took care of) was stained between the shoulders with *blood!* I went to him to know the cause. He was terribly annoyed—didn't know the fact—was dumb-founded when I proved it on him, and at last confessed (for I was resolved to get at the truth) that he was 'modelling from the life,' as he called it, and that to 'chasten his senses' he whipped himself every night before going to bed, with a frightful little scourge——"

"The young demon!" said Cahal O'Morra, with a groan.

"'What would your father do to you, Rory,' says I, 'if he knew of this?'—'What can he do that's worse?' says the boy, with that imperturbable smile of his that seems to defy all the devils to provoke or move him.—'If he'd a whipped you oftener when you was a boy,' says I (for I was real mad), 'you wouldn't be whippin' yourself now for the fun of it.'—'Mrs. Grace,' says he, 'did you ever hear of St. Aloysius?'—'Never,' says I.—'He was page for many years to a lovely queen, and in all that time never once raised his eyes to her face.'—'The more fool he!' said I.—'Yet he did ten times worse to himself than I, whose profession obliges me to let my senses dwell on the most dangerous objects in the world!'—What could a woman answer? Your son, Cahal O'Morra, has a heart of flame and a will of iron. If a boy of seventeen would practise such austerity to vanquish his mere senses, what will he do at twenty-four to guard his heart against a serious passion for the loveliest creature breathing, thrown right in his way, and whom he looks upon as an engaged woman? *You* may be surprised to see him pale and thin as a ghost, and to hear of his raising blood by the half-pint—*I* ayn't."

"Rory is a good fellow, but wilful," said Mr. O'Morra, gravely. "Had he taken to the law, as I wished him, he would have escaped these fine moral perplexities, which, with a young man of his temperament and delicacy of conscience, arise from his present exceptional profession."

"Lawyers, in fact, are usually great saints, without any

struggles at all!" said Mrs. Grace. "Pray, did you ever hear how it happened that while every other profession has a celestial patron, lawyers have none?"

"Unless it be that they are so used to pleading, they can answer for themselves, I never did."

"You shall hear. A long time ago, when these things were settled for good an' all, a lawyer in Rome, the Cahal O Morra that was then, seeing this deficiency, went to the Pope to complain of it. Thereupon the Pope, surprised at the lawyer's piety and willing to reward it, took him into a church all full of fine statues of the saints and angels, and says his Holiness, 'You shall be blindfolded, and then go up and kiss the foot of some statue here, and whichsoever image you embrace, he shall be the patron of the lawyers. So the lawyer was blindfold (very carefully too, for the Pope wouldn't trust him no further than he could see him) and went groping about for a patron-saint. Now amongst the rest there was one representing the Archangel Michael trampling on Satan; the lawyer went along till he came to this group, and, laying hold of a figure which he took to be St. Lawrence on his gridiron, his eyes were unbandaged, when he found himself embracing the prostrate form of the devil!"

"Ha! ha! a very good story!" said Cahal O'Morra.

By the time the trotting-wagon had cleared the gardens, Sorella's hoofs had commenced their regular tattoo on the hard road, and true as the arm of an orchestra-leader her four delicate legs went beating the time. The wagon flew along like a bird, the red spokes of the wheels disappeared in the moonlight, and yet they were everywhere at once in their fiery transparency; steady and nearly springless rolled the vehicle; in her feet Rose felt the jar of every pebble, from which the spring cushion otherwise defended her; at first she had grasped Mr. Rory's belt in mortal fear of being thrown out, but becoming gradually accustomed to the seat and feeling the steadiness of the hard swift motion, her native courage returned and another species of timidity resumed its natural sway.

"I trust you don't misunderstand my father's coldness,

Rosemary," said her companion. "It is a serious mortification to him that his son should profit as I seem likely to do by the chance which has thrown the heiress of the Dashons upon our protection."

"I understand perfectly," said Rose.

"It is an honorable feeling, after all. I participate in it to a certain extent."

"Suppose," said Rosemary, "that yesterday morning when I came to the studio, I had told you that grandpapa was dead, and that cousin Isabel had produced an old will leaving everything to her, and that some informality had been discovered in the deed of trust by which he settled so large a property on me before my intended marriage, and (at the same time, mind) that Col. de Floréal had arrived and finding how matters stood had resigned his claim to my hand—how would you have felt?"

"Grieved at your grandpapa's death and your loss of fortune, husband and all at once! I would have sympathized with you as a true friend."

Rosemary laughed incredulously.

"Then I should have set myself to work to elicit the true account of your betrothal (as I actually did—you remember?), and when I had arrived at the delightful fact that Rosemary Dashon, though once so nearly a bride, was in heart, in hand, in her untouched cheek and brow, a maiden still, I should have fallen at her feet—and so forth."

"And your father?"

"Would have regretted the loss of your fortune more than I, but the instant he saw you, he would have taken your hand with a warmth you would hardly credit, and have told you not to mind, for Rory had enough for both."

"It may happen yet that I shall lose the greater part," said Rosemary, thoughtfully.

I hope not."

"Then you would like to be rich, Rory? For my part, I would rather be poor, to have you dependent on your glorious art, and myself"—the voice sinking—"on you."

"Extremes meet. Poor as you describe, or rich as your actual lot has made you, is the same thing nearly in my eyes,

Rose. It is the middle point—wealth in the sense that my father is wealthy—that I rather dislike and fear."

"Why?"

"Because it deprives of the incentive to industry. Who, not pressed forward in the track of fame by severe necessity, would long submit to the frightful sufferings that I have endured in modelling this statue, Rose, of you? You will say the case is exceptional; that is partially true; but no matter, the labor of creative production is the most painful and exhausting in the world; and as the genius which fits one for it is always accompanied with a vast capacity of enjoying the beautiful already created, we see why the great artist in possibility, become rich, sinks into the mere *dilettante*. All experience demonstrates it."

"But *great* riches?" asked Rosemary, smiling. "Is not their effect the same?"

"The disposal of great riches is itself a wonderful art, which few, it seems to me, have ever understood."

"Is not the wisest disposition to give it all outright to the poor, and so become poor yourself?"

"That is certain," said the young sculptor, with a radiant smile.

"If it shall ever be possible, Mr. Rory O'Morra, I will put the sincerity of that reply to the proof," said Rosemary Dashon.

The conversation soon turned upon the course they were to take in New York. The enterprise of Rosemary, viewed near at hand, seemed more delicate and even dangerous. It was to be presumed that she would find her grandmother helpless, if not unconscious; Mrs. Varick in possession; herself reputed dead. How exercise authority over the servants—strangers, perhaps? How even obtain admission to the house, or to her grandmother's room? The story of Miss Tankerville proved that Isabel Varick was capable of anything. Rosemary, however, thought her a coward, and told Rory the reasons. Isabel, at one time, was addicted to spiritualism, and had circles at her house; she herself had been, or pretended to be, a medium. Grandmamma had said that Isabel believed Miss Atherton to have seen the ghost of Rosemary at the Exhibition; and both

Rory and she remembered her shriek the day they passed her n Greenwood. With all her fair and over-luxuriant beauty, Mrs. Varick was subject to hysterics. But it is only in Don Giovanni that the Marble Guest arrives on horseback, knocks at the front door, and is admitted with bravado terror by the hardened criminal. It did not appear that they could count with any certainty on the influence of fright and surprise. Rose thought the best plan would be to get admission by the servants' gate; Rory that the police might be of service.

A little cough of Rory's warned the young lady that conversing in the open air, even on a balmy summer night, in a trotting-wagon that was going at a regular speed of a mile in three minutes and thirty seconds, was not the most prudent thing in the world for a young man who had had pulmonary hæmorrhage the day previous. She imposed silence, and devouring her double anxiety, closed her own lips, while now, at the expiration of a half-hour from the start, the vehicle entered the environs of Brooklyn. Their speed was now arrested by the pavement and the streets; Rory made a straight course for the studio; the wheels glided easily into the track of the city railroad, Sorella again went forward like lightning; they overtake a car, dash off the track, resume it, turn off sharp at Pacific, and lo! Sorella stops of her own accord at the studio door.

"I have made five minutes clear on my reckoning, Rosemary. Now up stairs quick and do what we agreed upon."

The young sculptor opened his door with a night-key; already before he had done so, the stiff groom came out of the adjacent stable, and approached his master, who whispered a brief order. Rory and Rosemary entered the studio together. It was dark as pitch, but Rory found a match instantly, and lighted a coil of cerino; then they went upstairs together, Rory O'Morra leading the way with the light, which cast a flickering glow over the white casts that lined the walls. Arrived in the anteroom, he lit the wax-candles that, placed in sconces, three on either side, adorned the old mirror. They produced a bright illumination.

"Now, Marble Bride!" he said, "I leave you."

The sculptor descended into his great studio. For some minutes he paced its brick floor silently, while the coil of cerino burned on a table. Suddenly he took it up and approached his own bust of the "Marble Bride." The original was at Mrs. Dashon's, having been sent there after the Exhibition, in acknowledgment of the gift of Arab. As the light of the waxen coil fell on the marble features and bosom, there was a spectral, almost preternatural effect which Rory had never before seen, and at which even he started. A derisive smile played on the marble lips. It would have awed a person at all superstitious. O'Morra was trying the effect of holding the light in various positions when the door on the stair opened and Rosemary appeared.

She came down daintily, holding her skirts with care. In the gloom of that vast studio, in which the single flame of the cerino served but to render the darkness visible, that white and shining vision had something weird and ghost-like in it. Without a word Rory O'Morra preceded her to the street-door, where a carriage, such as is always kept ready in livery stables to attend a party, or the opera, was in waiting in lieu of the trotting-wagon. Miss Dashon took the back seat, Mr. R. O'Morra the front, and the equipage started at a round pace for the ferry.

"We have lost twenty minutes by this arrangement," observed O'Morra.

"They won't be lost, Rory. And you are protected from the night-air."

They just missed a boat. It involved at that hour a delay of twenty minutes. It was just eleven when the next boat started.

"It would be mortifying," observed O'Morra, "if after all my boasting the governor should be on the ground before us."

"I wouldn't have it happen for anything," said the young lady.

"Explain to me the disposition of the premises," said O'Morra.

"Nothing more simple. Behind grandpapa's house, between the house and the stables, is a back-court or paved yard,

separated from the street by a high stone wall. Once I am inside that wall, I engage to get into the house, unless there have been great changes since I died."

"Is it simply a question of getting over a stone wall?"

"The top of the wall is planted with iron spikes, having sharp points in all directions; the stable wall the same."

"On the garden side?"

"All round the garden runs a high iron railing, the top spikes of which are like spears, and nearly four feet long, almost impossible to pass. Besides, there is a night watchman and the regular police always patrolling."

"As what we propose is flat burglary, we must take those gentry into account. What is next to the garden?—if I remember, a church."

"Could we get into the church the rest would be simple enough, for the vestry has a door that opens directly into our garden. Often on Saturdays when the church was swept and aired for the Sunday, we girls used to run in and out, and play hide-and-go-seek in the vestry."

"Who is the sexton—do you know?"

"My childish terror! Mr. Simon Cameron, the undertaker."

"Then our path is plain. Where is Mr. Cameron's shop?"

"No. —— Broadway. Was it not printed in gold letters on a scutcheon upon the front of the church?"

"We'll take it on our way. The undertakers are open day and night, all days in the week."

"They are the poursuivants of my royal friend, King Death. Do you remember the last time we crossed the ferry together, Rory?"

"Your head was in my lap, Rose."

"Not my head, Rory, but that which held my head. I looked up in your face, my brother, and verily thought it was an angel.—How strangely you breathe, Rory?"

"The closeness of this carriage oppresses me. Do you object to letting down another window?"

"My dear Rory, there is too much air already!"

"I can hardly breathe."

"Indeed!" said Rose, gravely.

They stopped at the undertaker's. Mr. Simon Cameron kept the key of the church at his house, a mile distant. O'Morra took the street and number.—"Drive there."—Again the carriage dashed off. Rosemary had noticed that although in her hearing Rory had said nothing on the subject to the driver, the horses were almost on a gallop the whole way. They reached Mr. Simon Cameron's. The night-bell caused a thin, night-capped face to protrude from the second story window.

"Mr. Cameron, without stopping to dress yourself, bring down the key of Dr. B——'s church."

"The key of the church is in the vestry."

"The key of the vestry, then."

"Who wants it?"

"Rosemary Dashon," said the girl, standing half outside the carriage, with one satin-clad foot on the step.

The old man uttered an exclamation, and drew in his head. He did not come down without dressing, however. Yet in about two minutes he appeared, candle in hand, in a thick gown and slippers and a black velvet cap on his narrow front.

"Is it a wedding in the church at this time of night?"

"It is an extra occasion, I know, Mr. Cameron, and the sexton's fee for opening the church will be accordingly," said O'Morra, extending a $100 bank-note.

"I will dress myself and go along with you——"

"We can't wait, Mr. Cameron—it is a matter of life and death: minutes are hours. Give us the key at once. Miss Dashon, whom you know, will be responsible for it."

"Miss Dashon! Rosemary Dashon! She has been dead and buried these six months. Take back your money, sir. I don't know *who* you are."

"Mr. Cameron!" said Rose. "Is it possible you don't know who *I* am?"

The old man nearly dropped the candle.

"Gracious Providence!" he exclaimed, in a trembling voice. He came down the steps with his candle and held it up before the bride-like figure. "Good Lord! oh! the ways of Provi-

dence! This is Rosey Dashon! In the same dress she was laid out in! Mercy be praised! Is it a miracle?"

"The key of the vestry, Mr. Cameron. I want to get through into grandpapa's garden."

"You shall have it, Miss Rose. Do you know that your grandmother is dying? The gardener told me to-night, after evening service, that was the talk of the servants."

"The key," said O'Morra, impatiently.

The key was brought; Mr. Cameron had to explain its use; what door, &c.; and how after they got in, they were to lock up on the inside, and leave the door into Mr. Dashon's garden open. It would be perfectly safe, and the servants would let him through in the morning.

"No, keep the money, Mr. Cameron, and remember that we count on your silence—you understand?"

"Mum's the word," said the undertaker. "Oh, my! what a surprise this will be to some people! Little Rose——"

The horses were off on a gallop again. Rosemary, in her excitement, nearly embraced her companion. O'Morra checked her transport.

"I had never a doubt, Rose, that so much as this would be successfully accomplished. It is what remains to be done that gives me anxiety. An ignominious failure, and worse, a fatal one, is still possible."

The church clock (belated somewhat) was striking twelve as two figures, male and female, passed out of the vestry door into a fragrant and shrubberied garden. They enter a trellised grapery so thick with vine-leaves that the moonbeams barely sift through. From the other extremity a dog, a huge St. Bernard, rushes towards them with heavy bounds and a fierce growl. The girl sprang forward a step and called—"Thunder! Thunder!"—The bark ceased: the animal advanced cautiously up the arcade. She called again: "Come here, sir! Lie down, sir!" The dog sprang towards her frantically—"Keep off, sir! Put your dirty paws on my dress, if you dare.'—She caught his collar, and shaking her little fist at his enormous shaggy head,—"You rascal, if you don't keep quiet, I'll kill you—do you understand?"

Thunder appeared to understand that perfectly. He smelled a little about O'Morra, and walked along quietly beside them. As they went, a goat uttered from the stable-yard her piteous maternal bleat.

"Hear that!" whispered the girl.

The south front of the great house was before them, bathed in the moonlight. They crossed an open space quickly and arrived under an arch, through which the moonlight poured into a paved court. They descend into the court. In one corner a winding stair of stone. The girl mounts it, and presently appears on the terraced roof of the stables, set with great vases of cactus. The young man is below, keeping in the shadow and watching her. That radiant figure, shining like silver in the full moonlight, advances upon the lofty wall. She lifts her glistening skirt and plants her shining foot on the narrow copestone; her veil flows and flutters in the soft night-breeze. The jewels on her breast and arm yield a sombre gleam. There was a moment of unsteadiness, when, being precisely over the centre of the moonlit arch, she looked down at Rory.

In another minute she has crossed safely.

Rosemary touched the sash of the conservatory—it flew open. It is a single high step, a light spring, and the silver-shining form has entered the house.

CHAPTER XII.

THE POISONER AND THE GHOST.

GRANDMAMMA had tried to wean Mr. Dashon from that melancholy Greenwood drive. Dr. Mannikin and Dr. Galenson (who had been called in consultation) agreed to recommend it. The first experiment was attended with results so unfavorable, not to say alarming, that the physicians changed their opinion, and decided that Mr. Dashon should not be crossed in anything. In truth, he adhered to life by his love for the memory of that most exquisite grandchild, sole heiress of his blood, and object of so much tender pride.

On the Sunday, July 29th, the full of the moon, after their early dinner, the Dashons went to Greenwood as usual, and the instant they entered the vault, a singular sickness and faintness seized the whole party. John, the strong Irish footman, came out white as a sheet, trembling on his brawny pins, and hardly able to sustain Mr. Dashon. Augusta Varick staggered to the carriage and fainted entirely away on the steps. Grandmamma held out bravely, using her salts. Mr. Dashon was least affected. Johnson, the coachman, who had not entered the vault, of course escaped. He assisted John in lifting Mr. Dashon and Miss Varick into the carriage. Mrs. Dashon got in unaided, and ordered Johnson to drive immediately to the house in New York, taking Dr. Mannikin's on the way. Johnson obeyed orders exactly. Dr. Mannikin was not at home; a message was left on the slate. By the time they reached the Avenue, John, who sat on the box with Johnson, drinking in the fresh air, had nearly recovered; but the party inside the carriage had grown worse and worse. Grandmamma was taken out nearly insensible, Augusta more dead than alive, grandpapa in a profound comatose slumber.

Such was the story which footman John and Johnson the

coachman related to Dr. Edward Varick. Mrs. Varick (chance had brought her up from Rockaway) was sent for of course to look after her daughter, and Mrs. Varick sent immediately for her uncle. Mrs. V. declared that she always knew no good would come of those ridiculous visits to that hateful vault; she wondered aunt Dashon would humor uncle in such a thing: *she* would not; and as for Augusta, if she got better of this, aunt might say and do what she liked, the child should never go in that carriage to Greenwood again. She would have put a stop to it long ago, had not Augusta herself continually protested that she was perfectly willing. Mrs. Varick's maternal anxiety would scarcely allow uncle doctor to see his sister first. Dr. Varick prescribed active counter-irritation, sinapisms to the feet, slapping of the hands, an emetic, and the administration internally of diffusible stimulants. A faint smile stole over the squirrel mouth of his niece at these orders, which she promised should be faithfully complied with. Brandy and ammonia were immediately put in requisition, and Louise was directed to prepare mustard poultices for the feet and ancles of madame. Mrs. Varick did not smile when uncle doctor ordered the same measures for Augusta, whose state he frankly pronounced more alarming than sister Dashon's. He added to her list of remedies smart flagellation. Poor old uncle Dashon was much less affected. Footman John had deposited the old gentleman in his invalid chair near an open window, and although he slumbered profoundly, his breathing was already free. Mrs. Varick urged the propriety of doing nothing for uncle till Dr. Mannikin arrived. To this, considering the very great delicacy of brother Dashon's situation, uncle doctor assented, and took leave, promising to drop in again in the evening. All this between five and six in the afternoon.

Once these events would have caused much confusion in the great house; if not confusion, excitement. Truly now there was no one to be excited. The cook and men-servants were at the hired villa; old Louise and a couple of chambermaids formed, with the gardener, the entire establishment. Yet even these with footman John and coachman Johnson were quite a

household. Footman John, generously forgetting his own troubles, was only anxious to be of use to master or madam or Miss Augusta; and Mrs. Varick set him to watch and wait on uncle Dashon. Coachman Johnson put up his horses, locked the carriage-house and stables, and assumed the functions of porter, seating himself in the great hall, and at earliest dusk taking care to light the gas in the halls and on the stair-case from basement to attic. When there is sickness in the house, and there are invalids on the first floor and one (Miss Augusta) on the third, one needs light in the passages. We scarcely need to be reminded that the first floor of Mr. Dashon's house contained the living rooms of the family, with Mr. and Mrs. Dashon's and Rosemary's bedrooms, that the second floor (called abroad the first) was the drawing-room suite, and that the bedrooms were on the third. Miss Augusta was not permitted to occupy cousin Rosemary's room, next to grandmamma's. That was always a sore spot. Of course the state-bedchamber in the drawing-room suite, destined for Presidents, Bishops, Princes and the daughter of the house on her bridal (if need were), was not for Miss Varick: so Augusta had to mount *au troisième*, or, to speak more exactly when we speak French, *au second*. When the coach arrived with the sick folk, before Madam Isabel had been sent for, after Mr. and Mrs. Dashon had been got safely into their respective apartments on the ground floor, strong-limbed and willing John carried Miss Augusta in his arms up to her own room, where one of the maids took the young lady in charge.

Thus not a person was unemployed; no two were together; the other maid, being something of a cook, was stationed in the kitchen by General Isabel; there was a deal to do there first and last, including the evening meal for all; and the bells were answered and trays carried by obliging Mr. Johnson. In his black livery, small-clothes and stockings (both well filled out), his bald pate, freckled face and light-brown whiskers, he was everywhere at once. But old Andrew Horton, the Scotch gardener,—he did nothing but sit on his bench in the kitchen and watch events. When Mrs. Varick came down stairs to prepare with her own hands the poultice for her daughter's delicate

feet, wherein she mixed a great deal of flour and very little mustard (it wouldn't have reddened the skin of a baby), she scowled at Andrew severely. Andrew in fact could judge that there was some difference between that mild compost and the fiery sinapism sent up a little before to torture poor old grandmamma. As for the emetic and the whipping, Miss Augusta, through her mother's mistaken tenderness, escaped them altogether.

Matters were getting quiet again, when the front door bell sounded. That bell—it was a gong of sonorous and musical reverberation—made Madam Isabel nervous. Johnson had orders not to admit any one without ascertaining from a narrow side-light that formed a very ornamental feature in the exterior of the portal, who it was, and if a stranger, his name and business. Presently, Mr. Johnson informed Mrs. Varick that two gentlemen desired to see her.

"Two gentlemen!" said the lady, sharply. "You admitted them? Who are they?"

At a significant look from Johnson, madam followed him into the hall.

"It's the two young doctors as I 'ave spoke hof to your ladyship. They 'ave called at the hother 'ouse, and was naturally directed over 'ere."

"Where are they? In the library—is there any light there? I see you have lit the gas already, Johnson."

"It's so huncommon dark in this 'all, ma'am."

Mrs. Varick's other anxieties had driven a conditional appointment out of her head; it was to have been on a Sunday afternoon, she remembered. She glanced at her elegant wrapper in the mirror at the foot of the hall, and swept into the library. She found two very respectable young men, looking like doctors both, and one, by his massive brow, thick black brows, ardent black eye, and quick shrewd glance, showing a type that interested Madam Isabel's physique. This gentleman was full-fleshed and vigorous in all his proportions. His companion was slim, narrow-headed, sallow, ugly, yet withal had the air of a Southern gentleman. Madam Isabel read them both at a glance; she was too experienced a woman of the

world to fail in that. She begged them to be seated—they were gazing with admiration at the beautiful book-cases and other appropriate furnishings of the room.

"We have the honor of seeing Mrs. Varick?" said the stout young man, in a foreign accent.

"That is my name," said Mrs. Isabel, with a smile.

"My name is O'Callaghan—Dr. O'Callaghan at your service—and this is my friend Dr. Fitzfulke, attached, like myself, to the service of the City Hospital. We understood, madam, that you wished to see us."

"It is on a subject deeply painful to me, gentlemen. Mr. Johnson will have informed you that I have discovered the violation of the tomb of a young relative of mine. I shall not characterize his conduct or its motive: the temptation doubtless was strong——"

"Very—for a thief!" said O'Callaghan, with a twinkle under his dark brows.

Mr. Johnson, who was listening at the keyhole, clenched his fist at the speaker.

"In brief, sirs!" said Madam Isabel, abruptly, "he sold you my poor cousin's body?"

"But not the clothes or jewels, ma'am—the body only," said Dr. Fitzfulke.

"It is not our business on this occasion, Doctor, to know that there were either clothes or jewels—we ignore such things in the case," said O'Callaghan, reprovingly.

"Neither do I wish to inquire what became of either," said Mrs. Varick. "I am aware, indeed, that they were disposed of by the man Johnson and his confederate—it was the price of their villainy. But—gentlemen—the body of my unfortunate cousin?"—In a pathetic accent.

The young physicians exchanged glances.

"You mean to ask, madam, what was done with it——"

"Yes,—after—after——"

"After dissection, you would say, madam?"

"That's it!" said Mrs. Varick, covering her face with an expression of horror.

"Well, ma'am," said Fitzfulke, to whom O'Callaghan nodded,

"we preserved the heart in spirits, and the skeleton, after being treated properly, was taken for artistic purposes by one of the class."

Mrs. Varick drew a long breath, as if greatly relieved. She had gazed at the speaker intently and felt convinced that he was describing facts just as they occurred.

"Could the heart and—skeleton—be recovered?" she asked.

"By the family, madam?" asked O'Callaghan. "With security that no prosecution would follow—certainly, I suppose so."

"But they could not be identified, perhaps."

"Undoubtedly they could," said O'Callaghan.

"Would you and your friend be willing to swear to their identity in a court of justice?" asked Mrs. Varick, rather quickly and over-eagerly.

"With all the pleasure in life," said O'Callaghan, his thick brows drawing down more closely than ever over the sparkling orbs beneath. "Wouldn't you, Fitz?"

"I haven't set eyes on the remains since they left our dissecting table," said Fitzfulke, with admirable coolness, "but I am confident I could take my oath of the identity. God Almighty doesn't turn out such a piece of workmanship as your cousin, every day in the year, madam."

"Ah! you know, of course—(that dainty modesty!)"—said Madam Isabel:—the last words as if involuntarily, and underbreathed, but in a tone so exulting, with so cruel a triumph, that the young men again exchanged glances, and rose.

"I believe that this is all you wanted of us, madam," said O'Callaghan, folding his great muscular arms on his herculean chest, and regarding the lady with his shrewd and glowing eyes.

"I thank you very much, both of you, gentlemen, for the information. I would ask you to stay longer, but the house is full of sick people, my own daughter in the number——"

So the young men, looking at her again, and then at each other, departed.

Isabel Varick returned to her aunt's bedside, joyful and full of confidence.—"These men," said she, "can have no motive to deceive, they are willing to swear to what they say, they can

produce and identify parts of *her* body"—a slight shudder passed over the woman's frame.—"Psha! I had nothing to do with her death—what she took was not deadly—it was not *I* who pronounced her dead—*I* did not sell her to the doctors, or plunge the knife in her bosom—a-h!"—another shudder. —"I always doubted Ezekiel's good faith, but I was too quick for him that time. Johnson's tale is doubtless true, that he was there waiting *on the same night*, and being shut out by accident was furious to get in again, but was obliged to retire baffled and enraged! That does me good to think, now I know that all succeeded, not as *I* wished, but as my interest, my just rights, wished."

That gong once more! With its sonorous long-drawn vibration! Who is at the front-door now? It is Dr. Ezekiel Mannikin just returned from a visit to Mrs. Geo. Varick herself at Rockaway, where he found her not. Dr. Mannikin, the family physician, is admitted, of course, without parley.

"Doctor," says Mrs. Varick, gravely, meeting him in the hall, "you must go in at once and see uncle. Uncle doctor has been here and has prescribed for the others, but I would not allow anything to be done for uncle Dashon till you arrived."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Mannikin, turning pale.

"Come into uncle's room and I will tell you."

When Ezekiel had heard the story, confirmed at every point by footman John, in attendance on his master, having felt Mr. Dashon's pulse and timed his respiration, he drew forth a little vial of red tincture, and let fall a single drop on a lozenge of pure sugar and mucilage, which was easily introduced into the mouth of the still slumbering patient without disturbing him. Then Mannikin asked what Dr. Varick had prescribed for his sister and niece.

"Had one of those things—much more all—been attempted with your uncle, madam, he would not have lived through the night," said Ezekiel.

"Then you don't approve of uncle Edward's treatment."

"If persevered in long enough it will kill them both."

Dr. Mannikin gave John, who complained bitterly of head-

ache and weakness, a dose from the same red vial—a single drop in a wine glass-full of water, and bade him take care that his master's windows were open all night. He went up to Augusta's room—same dose, same orders: perfect quiet for the patient, no teasing, and plenty of fresh air. Then he proposed to see grandmamma, but Mrs. Varick objected.

"Doctor, I have more confidence in you than I have in uncle Edward, and I take the responsibility of changing Augusta's treatment on your advice, because it is my own child. It is quite different with aunt. It is her own brother, and should anything unfortunate occur—I hope there will not—but should there—and you had changed the entire treatment in Dr. Varick's absence—you know the blame would be laid to me as well as to you, and some wouldn't hesitate to say we had conspired together to kill her."

"You are a wonderful woman, Isabel!" was Mannikin's sole reply.

"I have some foresight. If aunt is going to die, which I fear very much, I want the blame to lie on uncle Edward, who is one of the family and directly interested in her living,—not on you."

"Let me treat her as I have the rest, and I guarantee her life," replied Mannikin, in a low, emphatic tone.

"That's very well for you to say—I have not the same confidence in your remedies in her case," replied Mrs. Varick.

"You will allow me to see her?"

"Decidedly not—she is under uncle's care—it would be very indelicate!"

"Good evening!" said the doctor.

And Mr. Johnson opened the front door for Dr. Ezekiel's exit.

Grandmamma grew rapidly worse, so much worse that gardener Andrew was despatched to hasten the second visit of Dr. Varick. Dr. V. came. He was greatly astonished that Dr. Mannikin had been there and had changed all his prescriptions for Augusta. He was even more vexed that having changed the treatment in one case, he had not been allowed to do it in the other. Then the whole responsibility would have rested where it ought. However, he saw his sister, and found her

greatly worse. Another physician (not Mannikin) was sent for in consultation. Grave shakes of the head! grave putting of two old heads together! and both of them had more white hair outside than brains within. Some modification of treatment agreed on. More fresh air ordered—Mrs. Dashon's windows to be opened, sinapisms and revulsives remitted for the present, stimulants directed to sustain the patient's evidently failing strength. Consulting physician takes leave, with a very unfavorable opinion of the result, plainly intimating to the crest-fallen Varick that he has been sent for too late! Dr. Edward remains about half an hour, during which no change occurs; then, as it is getting late, past ten o'clock, takes his hat and cane, and promises to call early in the morning. The news percolates the house that it will go hard with old Mrs. Dashon, and the servants already see in Mrs. Varick their future mistress.

Then Isabel Varick's spirits suddenly flagged; she helped herself out of her medicine chest, and out of the brandy decanter, and her spirits rose again. Old Louise watched her. If Mrs. Isabel approached the table where Mrs. Dashon's remedies stood, the *bonne's* eyes were upon her; if she drew near her bed, the *bonne* drew near also. There was a strange and silent conflict between those two women. At last Madam Isabel took a vial from her little private chest, and dropped from it into the glass from which her aunt received a spoonful every half hour. Louise rose quietly, took the glass from her hand and flung it out of the window.

"What do you mean, woman?"

"I not trust you, madame. You kill my Rose—now you shall kill her poor *grand'mère*, to get the money. You will kill me first—*comprenez vous?*"

Mrs. Varick sat down and glared at her silently, devoured with rage.

Another source of anxiety. The time was passing swiftly as ever, while mortal purposes lag behind. It was near eleven; she had no reason to expect unwelcome visitors, but many fears; there were some who might wish to enter in her despite. Uncle Dashon's windows looking on the street, were open; there was

the depth of the paved area to prevent an active man springing up, but if armed with a ladder, if the police assisted, that was nothing. So Mrs. Varick made John pull down the patent burglar-proof iron shutters and close the windows; and then, to get him out of the way, sent him to bed. With the doors open straight through, the women could well enough look after Mr. Dashon in the night; if a man were needed, Mr. Johnson was at hand. So Madam had the whole house firmly closed, except on the garden side, where aunt's bedroom windows were still open to the air.

Crafty Isabel! she was too much at last for the simple *bonne*. She was patient, and watched her opportunity. The neighboring church clock struck heavily twelve. Isabel Varick hated church clocks at night; particularly, striking twelve! She rose and went to the window; the fierce growl of a dog;—"What dog is that?"—Mrs. Varick hated dogs.

"The St. Bernard pup sent by M. le général to my Rose," said the *bonne*.

"I'll have him killed to-morrow," said Madam Isabel.

"Hist—he! what is that?" said the old *bonne* in an awful whisper, rushing to the other window, and stretching herself half out of it.

Quick as lightning Isabel Varick turned and poured some drops into the fresh tumbler that Louise had been watching so long.

A goat uttered its tremulous gutteral cry.

"What is that?" said Mrs. Varick, in the same careless tone.

"That is the goat that nursed my Rose," said the *bonne*, suddenly turning, and approaching, she took up the glass and smelled it.—"The poor old creature can no more nibble a spike of grass——"

"She shall be killed too to-morrow," said Madam; we can't have the toothless pets of dead people about, to disturb the rest of the living."

"You will kill the foster-mother of my little Rose—that suckled the only daughter of this *grande famille!!*" cried the *bonne*. "*Oh, monstre!*"

A dizziness seized old Louise, her eyes closed involuntarily. Mrs. Varick took the glass and averting her own face as much as possible, administered two or three spoonfuls successively to her aunt, then set down the tumbler, and quitted the room.

Johnson (easy conscience he had doubtless!) was snoring in the porter's arm-chair. Mrs Varick glanced at him with contempt.—" He can be of use yet," thought she. Then up stairs she bounded to her daughter's room. On the landing of the first floor, where all the doors of the drawing-room suite looked upon the glittering marble hall, it struck her disagreeably, as it sometimes does superstitious people, that there should be so many silent and vacant rooms upon that hall, which she must constantly pass. In every door was a key of shining metal. Were they all locked? Isabel went round trying them. Every one locked fast. Hence any one who might be in the suite was there as in a prison, unless perchance the door on the servants' stair were open. This suspicion caused her to unlock the state-bedroom, and lighting one of the wax candles always there for show, she examined the back passage. Here there was neither egress nor ingress; the doors were locked and the keys away. On the inside they were bolted. Recognizing the wisdom of this arrangement, Madam Isabel returned. She could not forbear a glance at the splendid quiet of that chamber. Soon all this would be hers. Aunt Dashon was dying, perhaps dead; uncle could not long survive: the proofs of Rosemary's decease (could any one doubt it) were in her reach. She looked around and felt herself mistress of this splendor and of all the power and wealth it represented.

She did not like the design of the sculptured mantel—the Genii of Marriage and Death supporting the classic entablature, the centre of which bore so mysteriously the word " ROSEMARY," while festoons of the plant of gray renown depended betwixt, flowing spray and clustered flower. That wall of the room was odious to her: for in the recess at either side hung a portrait—here Rosemary's father, there her mother, hiding the satin-draped walls. Mrs. George Varick liked better the window side, where draperies of white satin fringed with bullion, chastely enveloped the huge central mirror, with its

princely dressing-table and sumptuous chairs, placed for a regal toilet. But here a new feature caught her eye—on the table, on a low pedestal of *ormolu*, and reflected in the mirror, stood the bust of the "Marble Bride." Isabel had heard of, she had never seen it. Nerving herself with a coward's courage, she lifted her candle to view it better—that only relic of her victim's once famed loveliness. The beauty, the serenity, the immovable dignity of that marble Rosemary were a cutting reproach. She hated the mouth above all—it was so perfect, so pure and so passionless! Her hatred fairly boiled over.—"I will crush you to powder yet!" she murmured between her squirrel teeth. She had moved the light—a derisive smile suddenly played on the marble lips. She started back, then seeing that with the change of the shadows the smile disappeared, her fool's courage returned, and she laughed.

A faint rustle of garments behind her!

"A ———a———a———h!!!"

It was an inarticulate cry of wordless terror.

In the middle of the chamber, not two yards distant, between the mantel and the bed, stood Rosemary Dashon in her bridal array. Her glittering robes swept the carpet; her form, jewelled, veiled, softly budding, was defined against the gloom; her eyes sparkled with loving anger. She was only half turned towards Isabel. The guilty woman retreated slowly, step by step, to place the bed between her and the beautiful yet terrible apparition; slowly, step by step, still regarding her, the vision glided to the door, opened it, passed out, and what is a very unusual proceeding on the part of a ghost, shut the door after her and locked it. From the inside a scream, and shouts of hysterical laughter!

From below, wailing cries!

Down the great staircase flies Rosemary. She encounters Mr. Johnson crying out—"Madam! madam! your aunt is dying!"—At sight of her the man started back and crouched like a cat in a corner of the landing-place. She passed him without notice and flew to grandmamma's room. Louise was on her knees, sobbing and praying: that shining presence caused her to cease both, and cry, in a tone of awe, "*O Ciel!*"

The first thing Rose did was to administer Dr. Mannikin's antidote; the next, to run to the open window and call: "Rory Rory!"—the next, to order Louise to open the dining-room windows. To describe the joy of the poor *bonne*, the frantic things she did, the unutterable transport with which she embraced the hands, the knees, the feet of her fosterling, is beyond the power of the pen. Mr. Rory O'Morra and Thunder were admitted by the dining-room window, the balcony whereof had, we remember, a flight of steps to the garden. They were just in time to admit Mr. Rory's father by the front door. Thunder was not useless in this crisis, for Mr. Johnson, recovered from his fright, having found Madam Isabel, was disposed to show fight in a very singular manner, set himself blusteringly against the door, drew a revolver, and declared that he would defend the 'ouse with his 'eart's blood.

Rory O'Morra, usually so brave, sank back into one of the hall chairs without a word, or an effort to overawe or overpower the bully. There was no one else in the hall; but Madam Isabel looked over the balustrade from above, and said to Johnson—"Shoot him—he is a burglar!"—and Johnson stepped forward, levelling his weapon at the young man's breast: in a moment it was all over with Rory O'Morra, when the huge St. Bernard sprang at the uplifted arm, throwing the rascal down with the force of the blow and his enormous weight, and held him betwixt his teeth. Then Rory rose, dragged himself to the street door, and drew the massy bolts. Mr. O'Morra had a couple of officers with him, who took Mr. Johnson into custody.

"As for you, madam," said he, addressing Mrs. Varick, "one of these gentlemen will escort you to your own house over the way, unless you prefer the alternative of the station-house."

"My daughter is dangerously ill upstairs. Will you force a mother from her child's sick-bed?" demanded Isabel, with effrontery.

"Your daughter will be taken good care of. This lady"—pointing to Mrs. Grace—"will see to it. She won't poison her, you may rely on it, madam. So, go at once, I say!"—stamping

his foot:—"do you understand that I am master here, and that I can send you to the Tombs, if I like?"

"Your time has come at last, Cahal O'Morra," said Isabel;—'but as for that traitor"—with a glance of supreme contempt at Dr. Mannikin, who had also arrived with the senior O'Morra—"I know him now perfectly—and he knows me!"

Galenson was also on hand. Mr. O'Morra had so combined his movements that both these gentlemen were sent for without causing him a moment's loss of time. Both went straight into Mrs. Dashon's room, and instantly returned.

"How is Madam?" asked Mr. O'Morra.

"Mrs. Dashon is all right," said Mannikin, with his spectral smile. "Miss Rose has learned a trick of our science."

"The first thing, I apprehend, is to look after your son," said Galenson, significantly.

Rory had dropped into his chair again, and his head was hanging down. He could not raise it. His breathing showed distress.

Galenson felt his pulse, and listened at the chest.

"Congestion of the lungs and raging fever! He must be got to bed *instanter*. You say he drove from Firhead Beach to-night? Why, he ought not to have the strength of a drowned kitten!"

"Is Rory down?" said Rose, coming out of her grandmother's room. "I surely expected that! Where shall he be taken? The state bedchamber is the nearest. It was always meant to lodge a prince—bear Mr. Rory thither."

The daughter of the house found linen in the closets, and with her own hands prepared the bed, Mrs. Grace assisting; while in the adjacent dressing room, Mrs. Grace's husband aided Cahal O'Morra to disrobe his nearly unconscious and wholly helpless son.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRESH ORANGE-BLOSSOMS.

CERTAINLY Madam Isabel had combined her plans admirably. In the first place what more natural than that a whole party should be taken sick on entering a mouldy vault? Next, was not her own daughter among the chief sufferers, and an uncle whose life it was her direct interest to preserve? It was well contrived to send the physician who could have instantly relieved them all, a message which took him in haste to Rockaway, so that at the moment he was wanted, he was twenty miles distant. What more natural or suitable under those circumstances than to call in the brother of the principal patients, himself deeply interested in preserving his sister's life? To refuse, on the arrival of the other doctor, to change the treatment in the case of the aunt, and to change it in regard to the daughter, what more natural, or less liable to cavil, or in fine, more shrewdly calculated? If under the one treatment the daughter recovers, and under the other the aunt dies, the difference of systems accounts for that; Dr. Mannikin's system was right; Dr. Varick's was wrong: one doctor saved his patient; the other killed his; certainly Mrs. Varick, who acted on the best of her judgment, could not be responsible for such a result.

Once this well-considered scheme nearly failed through the vigilance of the old *bonne;* then, it was on the very point of success: had Miss Rose been a minute later (said Mannikin) Mrs. Dashon was past his skill. He had great power, with his secret poisons and his mysterious antidotes, but he could not raise the dead. As for Rose, she could only claim the credit of courage, promptitude and presence of mind; the real hero of the occasion, she observed, was Rory O'Morra, who had exposed his life to bring her to the spot in time and had had the

generosity to conceal both his dangers and his sufferings, till nature could resist no longer. Galenson, whom Rory had consulted at least a month previously, and who had warned him of the fatal result of his imprudent rigors, shook his head over the case. Unless the young man should have another spontaneous hemorrhage, this relapse would go hard with him. It was the third time that Rory had been seized with pulmonary congestion in less than a month: in the former attacks the vital depression had been slight; in the present one it was of the utmost gravity.

The sufferers by Mrs. Varick's well planned attempt were all doing well. Dr. Mannikin reported that Miss Augusta would escape with a simple headache: Mrs. Dashon would only suffer inconvenience from her brother's heroic remedies. Mr. Dashon having been for some time under the habitual influence of the same drug, either taken in a liquid form or inhaled, experienced from this overdose an effect truly wonderful. In the first confusion consequent on the discovery of young O'Morra's dangerous condition, Mr. Dashon was overlooked. When Rosemary, having done what a hospitable maiden could, quitted the room prepared for her friend, stealing down stairs and listening as she went, she caught a familiar sound. She quickened her steps. Opposite grandmamma's door, that of grandpapa's room also stood open; within, a feeble glimmer of light. She stole to the door, listened, glided in, cautiously raised the gas a little and approached the bed.

The grand stern face, the white hair streaming back, the large-lidded closed eyes of the old man! How long since she had been so near him! He breathed heavily—the room was close. There needed open windows and a draught on that hot summer night. She could not raise the heavy shutters, but she threw open the sash of the conservatory and raised the ventilator of the apartment. The air grew fresh and sweet; the old man breathed more easily. She wondered that he had been left unwatched, untended. She drew a chair and sat down beside the bed. Was not Louise watching grandmamma, who, besides, already had fallen into the deep sweet slumber of healthy old age? After a while it occurred to her that the

light in the hall was sufficient, and that it would be better to turn down the gas. As she resumed her seat, her garments rustled, and grandpapa awoke. The light from the hall entered obliquely, and so it happened that Rosemary sat precisely where it fell upon her face and figure. The old man gazed at her awhile in silence and evidently in profound astonishment.

"Rose?" he said at last, in a deep and awful whisper.

She was not prepared for his speaking. She knew that he had not spoken for months. She drew near and took his hand, saying: "Grandpapa!"

"Has a spirit such soft hands?" said grandpapa, tremulously.

"It is not a spirit—it is your Rosemary herself," said the girl, in a soothing voice; and bending down kissed him.

That sweet warm breath of youth, that velvet touch, he could not be deceived in those.

"Stand back—stand in the light!" said grandpapa, rising on one elbow with astonishing vigor.

She drew back and stood with bending modesty, bowing her head in the light.

"You were to have been married?" he said, glancing at her dress. "Have you just risen from the grave? Did you lie six months in that gloomy vault? Once I heard your voice there. Is this too a strong hallucination?"

The old man sank back on his pillow and gazed at her wildly:—"Phantom! Begone!"—In a terrible voice.

"It is I, your very Rosemary," said the girl, "alive and in the body. For months I have hovered around you in your daily drives. It was my voice you heard in the vault—dear grandpapa!"

"There it is again!"

"Feel my hands, my dress, my ornaments—does a ghost wear lace and pearls, grandpapa?"—Extending her bracelet.

"Those are the thoughts of my Rose," said grandpapa, in a quiet tone, "and certainly I am awake. I have dreamed for months then. I thought you were dead and buried, Rosemary."

Just then Dr. Mannikin, calling to mind his great patient, came down and entered the room. Rose offered him her chair,

and described briefly what had occurred. Mr. Dashon drank in every word. He knew Mannikin.

"Mr. Dashon is wonderfully better—a complete revulsion has been effected," said the physician, but without any elation of manner. "It would be well for him to seize the opportunity of making his will."

"Why?" said Mr. Dashon, bluntly.

"Oh, no danger at all, my dear sir—quite the contrary, I hope"—with a significant glance at Rose: "but to provide against all contingencies. Luckily, Mr. O'Morra is upstairs."

"What O'Morra is that?" said Mr. Dashon, "and why is he here?"

"There has been trouble in the house to-night," said Mannikin, "which is now happily over. Every one is doing well but the son of Mr. O'Morra?"

"How is Mr. Rory?" half whispered Rose.

"In a bad way, I fear," said Mannikin.

"Bleeding again!" cried Rose, rising and turning very pale.

"I wish he were. It is his only chance of life."

"You don't mean that?"

"The symptoms are very unfavorable, Miss Dashon."

"Is the danger immediate?" Rose asked faintly.

"A few hours will decide it. Unless a natural crisis supervene, he cannot hold out much longer, and any moment may terminate the struggle," said the physician, in an icy tone.

"And he was doing so well a few hours since!" said Rose, bursting into tears. "I have killed him. He has deliberately sacrificed his own life to save grandmamma's!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Rose?" said her grandfather, with agitation. "Who is this young O'Morra?"

"A gentleman, grandpapa, whose name, if he is really going to die, I desire to bear till my own dying day."

"Were you to have been married to him to-night?"—Glancing again at her dress.

"No, grandpapa,"—kneeling down by the bedside—"but by your kind consent I will be."

"A son of Cahal O'Morra? I know his father," said Mr. Dashon.

"Grandmamma herself gave me to him unasked—a month ago!" said Rose, hiding her face in the pillow.

"That is enough," said grandpapa, laying his hand on her head. "My poor child, God bless you. A dreary future, I fear, is before you."

"There is hope in faith and prayer," exclaimed Rosemary, springing to her feet.

* * *

The youth was panting for breath. His father wiped the dews from the pale and clammy brow. Rory was propped up with pillows; in a recumbent posture he would have suffocated. Yet his voice was strong.—"Give me air—air!" he said, almost fiercely. They had flung open door and window in every direction. The night breeze swept through the apartment, laden with the sweetest perfume from innumerable flowers, blending with orange blossoms. Still the youth called wildly for "Air!"

Rosemary entered, approached and took his hand.

"Had I but finished my work, Rose," said the young sculptor, turning to her.

"If I could die for you, Rory!" answered the girl, in a broken voice.

"How long can I last in this state, Galenson?" asked young O'Morra.

"Not many hours, unless there is a change," said Galenson, with a slight quiver of his heavy lips.

"You hear that, Rose—do what is necessary for your friend."

"Immediately."

"No; wait till morning breaks—I shall last till then."

"The doctor has told me, dear Rory, that any moment——"

"I have more life in me yet than these old fogies think."—With his old smile.

She whispered a question, brightly coloring.

"Of course," he answered, with a smile of ineffable tenderness. She quitted the room. Cahal O'Morra neither groaned nor wept, but his countenance was the picture of despair.

After a while Mannikin re-entered the room.

"Mr. Dashon," said he, "is perfectly lucid; he can speak and use his hands and limbs; it is the opportunity so long desired, in which he may dictate and execute his will; and there is no knowing how long it will last."

He addressed Mr. O'Morra.

"Let them send for Plaidoyer—I cannot leave my son."

"My father," said Rory, "it is Rosemary's fortune which is at stake. Do not let me prevent its being secured."

"My son, you ask impossibilities—I could not draw up a will, if I would."

"Bring me paper and ink," said Rory O'Morra. "I am a lawyer—air! air!—paper and ink, I say, instantly!"

Galenson remonstrated.

"You see that escritoire; bring me paper and ink, I say, or I will jump out of bed and get them," said the young man, fiercely.

"Invincible will!" murmured his father, going to the escritoire, where he sat down and wrote. With an effort of self-concentration peculiar to the disciplined intellect, but in which the will has a mighty share, Cahal O'Morra turned his attention from his dying son and fixed it on the property and known wishes of his client. In about half an hour he had drawn up an instrument, brief but sufficient, and containing all necessary clauses and provisions. While his father was writing, the young man, though his distress obviously increased, never uttered a word. When it was finished he asked to hear it read, and made a legal objection, which his father admitted, and inserted a few words to guard against it. Rosemary, who had returned, said that her grandfather was asleep, and that he must not be disturbed.

"We have done our part," said Rory.

Dr. Mannikin in the meantime had been gazing at the patient with folded arms and an expression of inscrutable placidity, such as is seldom seen unless in born Quakers. When Dr. Galenson administered a stimulant, as he did every fifteen minutes, Mannikin smiled slightly and contemptuously. At

last he touched the elder O'Morra's arm, and beckoned him into the adjacent room.

"What is it?" asked O'Morra, with a wild yet piercing glance.

"Trust him entirely to me, and I can save him yet. This young man knows nothing."

"Do what you like," said O'Morra, quickly.

"Hush! let us understand each other. This is no occasion for beating about the bush. If I save your son, I must have my own terms."

"Take my whole fortune."

"You can afford that, since, if he lives, he weds the heiress of the Dashons. That is not what I want."

"Speak out," said Cahal O'Morra, sternly.

"You have in your hands at last the proof of Isabella Varick's guilt. I know what you intend. Forego your vengeance and save your son."

"I seek not vengeance—but I must protect the lives of others—my clients. You yourself, Mannikin, are not safe, while this woman goes unpunished."

"I can protect myself, and I prefer my reputation to my life."

"And I prefer a pure conscience to the life of my only son," said O'Morra in a dry, unimpassioned tone. "Know this, however, that if you use not your utmost skill to save your patient, I will make your reputation the most unenviable that physician ever had."

"I defy you," said Mannikin. "Dr. Galenson is one of the most skilful men in the profession, and he is doing all that the art of medicine knows. I am not obliged to interfere with his patient, in the exercise of a skill beyond the schools."

"What is it all about?" asked Rosemary, entering the room. "Rory is calling for you, sir."

"I have offered to relieve the son of Mr. O'Morra by an infallible means, provided the measures to be taken against Mrs. Varick are abandoned," said Mannikin.

"In other words," said Mr. O'Morra, turning back to Rose, who held him, "I am to leave your grandparents and you at

her mercy, in order to save my own son. It does not admit of discussion. Let me pass, Miss Dashon."

Rose drew back with reverence, and closed the door upon him. She turned to Mannikin. Could he really save Mr. Rory?

"If I fail, the conditions are forfeit."

"Be generous, and trust to our gratitude."

"The gratitude of Cahal O'Morra!"

"You set a price upon your patient's life!"

"Shall I save it for a man who intends deliberately to plunge me into the depths of infamy?"

"He shall not."

"You cannot prevent him."

"Can *I* offer nothing?" said Rose, turning pale, half with anxiety, half with shame to be bargaining with such a man for a life so dear.

"Nothing short of yourself," said the physician, with his spectral smile.

"That is impossible, since it would be a crime, Dr. Mannikin."

"In a few weeks it will cease to be one."

"I am betrothed to Mr. Rory O'Morra," said Rose, haughtily.

"All that a man has will he give for his life," replied the physician.

The girl replied by a glance of contempt, and returned to the side of her lover. Everywhere it passed, that glittering bride-like form seemed to contradict the idea of death. Yet opposite to the very bed where O'Morra panted for life, and Rosemary leaned, whispering prayers and holding his cold hand, was that mysterious mantel, with "Rosemary" in the centre, and on either side the genii of wedlock and of death—a pagan design, yet not less sibylline and prophetic. This was the chamber long since promised to Rose for her nuptials, and never to be used on a less occasion; reserved, in fact, for that. Here was placed the bust of the "Marble Bride;" here the portraits of her father and her mother looked down upon their child. It was characteristic of Rory O'Morra that in spite of his extreme peril—for at any moment he was liable to suffocation—he would not allow a clergyman to be sent for till the

earliest streak of dawn showed itself on the walls of the chamber. In the meantime Rose had made all needful preparations. Old Louise bustled about as if it were the most joyful occasion in the world, and insisted on replacing the artificial flowers in her mistress's attire, with a fresh wreath and bouquets of orange blossoms from the green-house.

"This is the saddest garland I ever wore," said her young mistress.

"Not near so *triste* as that," replied the *bonne*, flinging the discarded wreath out of the window.

The sun had risen and was pouring in his first roseate rays at the north windows, when the priest arrived. They shot athwart the white forms of the "Marble Bride" and changed them (as the Alpine snow-tops are changed in the same brightness) to rose; while softer shadows slept in every gentle hollow, and a smile of heavenly serenity beamed upon the rose-tinged lips. The sculptured mantel caught the glow, the torch of Hymen was tipped with fire, the carved word "ROSEMARY" shone out in golden letters on a ground of shadows: the parental portraits on the wall above seemed to wake and breathe in the warm reflected light. The room was cleared for a few minutes. Then all came in again, came in and knelt; there were lighted tapers on a table covered with a snowy cloth; the vases on the mantel were filled with fresh flowers. Old Andrew Horton had brought them in. Rosemary's grandparents were there; grandpapa had come upstairs leaning on the arm of his granddaughter alone. Sacrament after sacrament was administered, and last, a ring was blessed, hands were joined, a bride given away. Rosemary leaned forward, with a tender blush notwithstanding his mortal agony, to receive her husband's first and last embrace. Rory O'Morra ceased panting, he held her for a moment; suddenly his arms tightened about her convulsively; with difficulty she disengaged herself; the bridegroom lay white and senseless, and all were horrified to see that the bride's whole person was deluged with blood.

Amid the general consternation Galenson's heavy features were radiant with joy, and Mannikin, after a moment's close scrutiny of that pale countenance, with the look of a baffled demon, strode out of the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

A STORMY interview was that between the worthy Dr. Ezekiel Mannikin and the excellent Mrs. Isabel Varick. The lady bitterly reproached his treachery.

"I have saved your neck, madam," said Ezekiel.

"Disinterested friend! by whose advice I put it in jeopardy Rose Dashon was dosed by your counsel, you supplied the drug, I ran the risk, and all the while you merely meant to get her into your own hands, to restore her with your ready antidotes, and by working on her gratitude and fears, aided by your youthful attractions and the charms of your drab, to induce her to marry you! What did you intend doing with your wife, Ezekiel?"

"Divorce her, madam."

"You can't, sir."

"In a few weeks it will be an accomplished fact, madam."

"O'Morra has bought you at that price, eh?"

"'Tis one of the conditions of our bargain."

"I admire candor above all things," said the lady.

"The time to speak the truth comes at last," replied the Quaker.

"There is honor betwixt thieves!" said the lady, bitterly. "It seems that you betray everybody—you will end by finding yourself famously betrayed."

"Whatever plans I had are now abandoned. Rosemary Dashon is married."

"To whom?" said the lady, suddenly changing her tone to one of simple curiosity.

"To the son of Cahal O'Morra."

"Ah!"

"Hence our interests are once more identical, Isabel. You

are unreasonably angry with me for preferring my own to yours. I don't love you well enough to forego an immense fortune, that you and your children may enjoy it. I don't love you well enough to forego the brightest hope of domestic happiness in order to wear your yoke for ever. *Youth*, *innocence* and *beauty*"—with a malignant emphasis—"have charms for me, as well as others. If you expected anything else, you reckoned without your host. But interest is interest. This very morning I have employed means which I thought could not fail to arrest the vengeance O'Morra has prepared for you; for he cannot pursue it without dragging me down also. That's interest, Isabel. At this moment nothing stands between you and a prison but the inducements which I can yet offer that man. Is it worth our while to quarrel?"

"If you can curb O'Morra, you will do it for your dear sake, of course: for if I hang, Ezekiel, I promise you that you will swing too; if I go to a prison, you shan't escape. We are in the same boat."

"Not altogether, madam. It can be easily shown that while you urged an autopsy of Rose Dashon, I opposed it; that while you, forestalling my action, had her taken from the vault, and delivered to anatomists, for the express purpose of destroying her life, I exerted myself to the utmost to save her. I can show that my limited participation in the crime proceeded from love, yours from hatred and cupidity. The attempt on your aunt's life, just foiled, is wholly yours. The very servants know that you did not permit me to prescribe for her. Mrs. Dashon can testify that I warned her in regard to the probable mode of your attack, and directed her how to proceed the instant she found herself affected. I did not anticipate the infernal dexterity with which you *upasized* the whole family in a vault, continued the process while they were driving home, and made your agent, under the plausible pretext of their very illness, close up the carriage when they were unable to prevent it, so as to exclude the fresh air, in itself almost a sufficient antidote. But for young O'Morra's skill in driving and promptitude of movement, the courage of Miss Dashon and your own cowardice, your aunt was a dead woman, madam.

I admire your ability in the affair; I disclaim any share in it."—And Mannikin, chuckling over his own perspicuous statement of the case, smiled his death's head grin in the face of Isabel Varick, that grew paler and paler with hatred and suppressed fury. The squirrel mouth assumed its most vicious expression.

The man was triumphant. He was still young; there was nothing the woman could sneer at in him but his garb, which after all had a certain professional dignity; but she had neither youth to charm nor virtue to inspire respect; she was a criminal, and guilty passions had left their trail on all that once was beauty. Last of all and hardest to bear, the partner of her crimes proves to her that while he is on the safe side of the law, she is exposed to its penalties and dishonors.

Nothing so dangerous as a woman thus driven to the wall by a man who has no right to such a triumph. It was not a good omen for Mannikin that Mrs. Varick dissembled her feelings.

"Do what they like," said she, "they can't deprive me of my rights of inheritance. Uncle Dashon can never make a valid will."

"Error!" replied Ezekiel. "Your own act has destroyed all your hopes on that side. What nearly cost your aunt her life, has restored your uncle Dashon to the use of his mind, speech and limbs. It won't last long; but even on his dying bed (as we all thought) that determined young O'Morra forced his father to draw up a will cutting you off without a cent, and long ere this it has been executed. Rosemary is your uncle's heiress by a testament past attacking on any ground whatever. Even her death won't help you now—you are excluded by name from any share in the property, directly or indirectly, under any possible circumstances. That's how you stand, madam, and I must say entirely by your own fault."

Isabel Varick's features now expressed the most acute anguish mingled with diabolical fury.

"Curse them all and you too!" she cried in a voice nearly inarticulate with rage. "Well, let O'Morra do his worst: he can but plunge their name and race into infamy. Rather than

it should fail I will do it myself! And as for you! viper that I have warmed in my bosom to betray her to whom you owe everything—beware! I can crush you too. Wretch! out of my sight!——"

When Mannikin was gone, the woman sat down and wept. "Helen Tankerville," she said in a broken voice, "thou art avenged!"

Yet the blow for some reason did not fall. Even Johnson, after a brief detention, was set at liberty, no one appearing against him; his wages were paid and he was dismissed. Cahal O'Morra took possession of Mrs. Varick's house in virtue of an old writ, expelled the occupants and shut up the premises. As the Varicks had apartments at Rockaway, the change was hardly observed outside of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Varick were also notified that at the expiration of the current month (August) their stipend would cease. There the threatened vengeance seemed suspended.

The extraordinary twofold news of Mr. Dashon's restoration to health and Rosemary's return to life, flew like wild-fire. The first talk among all the brothers and sisters-in-law, their wives and husbands, of course ran on the will. Now it was sure to be executed. In the happy re-united family under grandpapa Dashon's own roof, nothing was less talked or thought of. Mr. Dashon had executed immediately the will drawn up by Mr. O'Morra, as a mere security, with the avowed intention of preparing another at leisure in concert with that lawyer, to carry out more fully and minutely his intentions. He made memoranda of his wishes and placed them in the lawyer's hands: all his relatives and his wife's relatives were mentioned according to his affection and their merits.

Very happy man was grandpapa Dashon now. Except an extreme debility of the lower extremities, almost atrophied by disuse, there was little to remind him of his recent state of hopeless infirmity. His grandchild's presence was a perpetual joy. Her young husband, long since pronounced out of danger, was convalescing with rapidity. Rory owed as much to indefatigable nursing as to medicine: Dr. Galenson acknowledged that. Grandpapa visited him daily, and spent several hours in

his room. Rose was surely there. The whole range of that floor was soon accessible to the convalescent. Grandmamma too was very sensible that she owed her life probably to Rory, who in doing his part had risked and suffered more than any one. She regretted that he was not a marquis, but she allowed that his father's fame and his own genius, their princely lineage (which was undeniable when you knew a little of history—" do you understand ?") made amends for the want of a distinction enjoyed by hundreds of people whose blood was a mere mud-puddle.

After all, too, their lot lay in America, where titles were of no account at all. Rory for his part considered what he had been able to do for grandmamma as extremely commonplace and unheroic, and particularly regretted his inability to flatten out that rascally Johnson, to which Rose replied,—" It was game unworthy of you, Rory—Thunder was good enough to serve that wretched poltroon :"—and then Cahal O Morra put in his bitter smile, half softened into kindly admiration of his daughter-in-law—" *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*"

To say the truth, O'Morra played the invalid longer than was absolute need. A little reflection will enable us to understand why. Although Rory and Rosemary were married, there was a ceremony yet to be complied with—a choice privilege to be enjoyed—the nuptial benediction. This could only take place in church, and although it was not the essential, it was the most touching and solemn part of the marriage rite. Rose Marie *y tenait*, as she said: she insisted on it as her right and her glory; and her grandparents, as soon as they understood the question, were mightily in her favor. A clinical ceremony, a death-bed marriage, was sorely opposed to grandmamma's wishes in particular; she wanted pomp, festivity, a great concourse; in short, a splendid wedding: even a mere wedding-party, no matter what *éclat* she might give to it, was not the thing; but this fine distinction between matrimony made and matrimony solemnized, suited her exactly. It was not precisely suitable, grandmamma thought, that whereas Miss Dashon had disappeared

from the world on the instant before the celebration of her marriage was to have taken place in the face of the world, she should return to it, after six months, privately married to another person, with the necessity of infinite explanations as to the how and why and when. A public wedding in church was the happiest means of anticipating and answering such questions: all the world would then understand at once by what they saw, that a ceremony had passed, a contract had been made, when the bridegroom was supposed to be dying, which, on his recovery, was completed and hallowed by more public and more solemn rites. The period of this solemnity having been agreed upon, it was evident that as soon as Mr. Rory's convalescence should be fully established, he would be obliged to quit the hospitable roof of the Dashons and return home, a point of high decorum which the Church herself did not deem beneath her dignity expressly to command. Hence, the youth was slow to find himself quite well enough to change his quarters, and was easily persuaded by the polite urgency of the grandparents and the shy yet earnest entreaties of his bride, to defer his departure a few days, and a few days more.

"I know what he will do the moment he finds himself at home; he will be in that old studio from morning to-night, hurrying that statue to completion; as if there were need of such haste in getting up my monument!" said Rosemary. "'Twill be many years before I want it, I can tell you, sir!"

Galenson was appealed to.

"If you would know whether O'Morra is fit to take a journey, I say yes," said the physician, smiling: "he might resume his rides and walks and dumb-bells with safety; but if you mean, is he fit to dream and rapturize over the wet clay?—I say emphatically that it will play the mischief with his convalescence."

"Don't you think he will improve faster here than in Brooklyn, doctor?" said grandmamma.

"The air of New York is better for him than that of Brooklyn at present," replied Galenson, laughing.

So Rory O'Morra remained at the Dashons', on the ground of being an invalid, after he had joined the family at table, and

could walk in the garden with Rose before breakfast, and drive out with grandpapa, grandmamma and the beforementioned Rosemary in the lovely afternoons (but they never went to Greenwood), and was talking of a ride with the latter, on Arab and Sorella. It was wonderful what an appetite he had, and what pleasure Rosemary took in supplying it. He gained so rapidly both flesh and strength that he was ashamed to stay any longer; yet was so happy that he could not well endure to depart while a decent excuse remained, even in the importunities of others.

There was another member of the family, and an invalid too, of whom we may make mention. This was Augusta Varick. The Dashons could not and would not turn Augusta out of the house; young Mrs. O'Morra was unwearied in attentions to her. Augusta had experienced a terrible blow in Rosemary's return, perhaps a greater in the news of her marriage. Strange to say, although the first meeting of these cousins was carefully prepared, so that Augusta might receive no shock, it affected her like an apparition. She dreaded to be touched by Rosemary, and trembled in her presence. Instead of regaining her health and spirits, she grew daily worse; a cough supervened, a bright hectic flush appeared; her curiosity was excited by her mother's absence; it became necessary to tell her that Mrs. Varick could not be allowed to enter the house, but that she was at liberty to join her mother at Rockaway or elsewhere, if she desired it. Augusta unhesitatingly preferred to remain where she was. She kept her room, where Mrs. Dashon paid her formal visits, Rosemary (as we have said) friendly ones and frequent, and where "cousin Rory," at her request, went several times to see her—for Augusta a dangerous pleasure, full of excitement at the time and followed by severe depression and almost incomprehensible languors. Dr. Galenson prescribed soothing anti-nervous remedies and said that nothing would be of real service to Miss Varick but a total change of air and scene. Augusta would not hear of travelling unless she could accompany cousin Rosemary to Europe, and Rose promised to take her with them. Thus the

household Nemesis proceeded on his fatal path, the victim and her executioners alike unconscious.

A sad accident occurred at Rockaway, which prevented Miss Varick from laying aside her mourning, as she was anxious to do. Her father, bathing at an unusual hour, attended only by one of his servants, was carried away by the under tow and drowned. The servant barely escaped. The Dashons resumed their mourning on the day of the funeral, which they all attended. Grandpapa took the opportunity to invite his brothers and sisters-in-law to be present the next day at the execution of his will. It was generally observed that he did not speak to the widow; and the opinion was freely expressed that, be the cause what it might, she would be passed over.

"Of course, aunt Dashon has uncle's ear—do you understand?" said the widow, mimicking grandmamma's accent. "If he doesn't forget the children, I shan't complain."

Rory had delayed his departure yet a few days more at grandpapa's request, in order to be present on this occasion. In the evening grandmamma put on colors again, grandpapa and young Mrs. O'Morra retaining their black.

"Dead, I consider poor George merely as my nephew," said grandpapa. "If he has injured me, I forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven."

The conversation, starting thence, ran on religion. Mr. Dashon owned that he had neglected the subject all his life, and that he deeply regretted it now. At the same time he was quite uncertain what form of faith to choose. Rosemary playfully recommended her own; grandmamma was witty and skeptical; in her view it was purely a matter of exterior decency.—"Then I should be a Catholic," said grandpapa, "for beyond all question in externals that church has greatly the advantage."—"With us," said Rory, "religion is merely a matter of faith; with Protestants, of feeling. To them, the importance we attach to certain ceremonies appears to render religion cold and heartless; to us their rejection of the virtue of sacraments seems incredulity."

"That very formality," said grandpapa, "is what impresses me in your religion. I have always been a believer, but I

never could work myself into such a spiritual frame of mind as to fancy myself truly converted. I observed, Mr. Rory, that when we all thought you dying, the priest merely did things for you and let your frame of mind take care of itself."

"You were not present when he heard my confession," said O'Morra, with a smile. "That was *my* preparation; the rest were acts of my Saviour."

"If I die suddenly, Rosey," said grandpapa, smiling, "send for your good Father N. to put me through."

"Better send for him before, sir," said Rosemary, kissing his hand, which she was holding in hers.

"That's true," said grandpapa, gravely. "When the business of to-morrow is disposed of, I will."

Hereupon arrived Mr. Cahal O'Morra in a very cheerful mood. He saluted the grandparents and kissed his daughter-in-law, a privilege which his son (whose rights were too ample to dare enforce any) had never claimed since the eventful morn when he so happily covered her bridal garments with his blood.

Mr. O'Morra had important news. He had at last negotiated with Dr. Mannikin the surrender of a document which Ezekiel claimed to possess, and which was, he pretended, of the highest interest to Rosemary and her grandparents. All cried out, demanding to see it.

"Hear first the conditions on which he surrenders it; a sum of money" (naming it, and grandpapa said "Whew!"), "and the final abandonment of all vindictive measures against Madam Isabel."

"It ought to be a valuable document indeed."

"The second condition is almost inadmissible," said grandmamma.

"Mannikin adheres to two things, a fortune and a character. This bargain gives him one, and leaves him (as he thinks) in possession of the other."

"The document!" cried every one.

"It is a paper written by the late Dr. Tankerville for the *Hosack Medical and Surgical Journal*, and rejected by Dr.

Edward Varick, its then editor, not less than eighteen years ago."

Rosemary uttered an exclamation:—"Just after I was born!"

"Exactly, my dear child. The paper is a full account of the circumstances attending your birth, when Dr. Tankervllle attended your mother. Your appearance, size, weight and imperfect development are described with scientific accuracy, and the means employed to preserve your life; how you were wrapped in cotton and suckled by a goat, and so forth: the whole proving, as a question of science and medical jurisprudence, what is called the viability or capacity of life of an infant born in little more than six months after it began to exist. Connected with these facts, and although not absolutely necessary to establish the conclusion, yet powerfully supporting it, is the proof that your parents were married at such a time and no sooner. We lack hitherto, the evidence in a legal sense that they were married at all——"

"The bishop's certificate," said Rosemary, with astonishment.

"Conclusive to those who believe he wrote it, and who know his character, but not legal evidence at all. The statement of Louise is evidence, but it might be rebutted by showing her strong attachment to mother and child, and it is so weak morally that your grandfather Romarin always declined to use it. You will presently see that he was right. Dr. Tankerville asked your father for a written statement of the material facts; that statement, in the form of a letter to the doctor, is incorporated in the paper, in your father's own handwriting, and over his signature. That is evidence, legal and complete."

"I don't grudge the money," said Mr. Dashon.

"Nor I the other condition—do you understand?" said grandmamma.

"Your father, Rosemary (we won't read the letter now), goes into the history of his marriage from the first. Sometimes he reflects a little severely, I think unjustly, upon his own parents——"

Grandpapa winced; grandmamma said: "Poor Dick!"

"It appears that your father and mother, at the instigation of Louise—a *bonne's* motives are easily divined—committed the

indiscretion of marrying by a simple contract in her presence. When Thérèse reported at head-quarters"—smiling at Rosemary—"what she had done, she found herself in a terrible embarrassment. It was a valid marriage in the eyes of the law, invalid utterly in the eyes of the Church; since Varick was not baptized.—'*Disparitas cultus*,' says Monseigneur, 'which occurs between a person baptized and one unbaptized, is an *impedimentum dirimens*. You are not married at all.' 'I will be baptized,' says young Dashon.—'That is good,' replies the bishop, 'then I marry you, for what you have done now is good for nothing except in the eyes of the law.'—From a motive of prudence, the bishop even urged that there should be no delay. The ceremonies took place, as we all know, but have never before possessed legal evidence, in the church, on the 13th of June, 1836. And now see of what value this evidence is. Louise has always asserted that she was present. She was not. Miss Romarin went to church as usual alone; the *bonne* was to follow, but she was kept back by her master, and arrived after it was all over. Believing her mistress's honor at stake, she has lied about it from the first: a pretty witness she would have made before the Surrogate, with a keen lawyer on the other side! But there *was* a witness, and one still living, Mrs. George Varick."

"That is wonderful," Rosemary said.

"What is to come is more so. This paper I will read you—it is enclosed by Varick with his own letter, and numbered as 'A.'——

"'I make the following statement for the satisfaction of my cousin, Richard Dashon.

"'Last October my cousin gave a supper to his company at our house, on his being chosen captain. At about one o'clock in the morning, as they were very noisy, aunt sent me down to request Dick to dismiss them; the few gentlemen who remained immediately took leave, but Richard, who was crazy with champagne, boisterously seized my hand and insisted on marrying me. To quiet him I consented, and we went through the ceremony before a couple of waiters, when Dick was taken

sick and I believe passed the rest of the night on the floor in the parlor. At all events, the next day he expressed the greatest contrition for his rudeness, and disavowed any serious intention. He said that he had mistaken me for somebody else. For my part I never regarded it as serious in the smallest degree, and two months after I was married to Mr. Varick.

(Signed) "'ISABELLA VARICK
"'June 13th, 1836.'" "'*née* Dashon.

"I'll swear to that signature in any court of justice," said grandmamma. "Bell always signed in that way then."

"With these documents," said Mr. O'Morra, "I will defend our Rosemary's rights as your heir-at-law in any court in the world. Except to save trouble, I wouldn't snap my finger for a will. Whether that paper be admitted as evidence or not, makes no difference. I have the solution in my hands, and if I did not make the witnesses, including madam herself, confirm every tittle of it, or entangle themselves in hopeless contradictions, my name is not Cahal O'Morra! 'Tis a pity it can't be tried."

"That, then, is what Bell meant by saying—'I will prove that her mother and Dick were never married, if I have to bring in myself guilty of bigamy.' The sense of that is very clear now—do you understand, Cornelius?" said grandmamma.

"I never believed there was any truth in it," said grandpapa.

"My mother's innocence is proved beyond the possibility of cavil," said Rosemary, with a deep flush.

"There can be no doubt on that head, my dear child," said Cahal O'Morra, who had never been thoroughly paternal towards Rose before: "that private contract was merely intended by your father to secure your mother, and put it out of his own power to marry anybody else. Your grandpapa Romarin talked of sending her to a convent in Canada; your grandpapa Dashon here offered his son a little fortune in hand *not* to marry Miss Romarin; but her conduct was delicacy itself, and they were married at last with the *missa pro sponso et sponsa*, for which you yourself are faithfully waiting. It is all in your father's letter."

"You have the papers?" asked grandpapa.

"Of course. You can read them at your leisure. Their genuineness is beyond dispute. I can swear to Dr. Tankerville's handwriting myself, and your son's letter has passages marked in the doctor's hand, to be omitted by the printer. There is a direction to print the initials only of the names. In short, it is endorsed: 'To be given, in case of my death, to Captain Louis Romarin.' Mannikin (as *you* know, Rosemary) had all Dr. Tankerville's office-furniture and library; he found this precious document, saw instantly its importance, and kept it with a view to make his fortune by it some day. It is a fine proof of the want of mutual confidence in guilty connections, that in all these years he has never hinted to Mrs. Varick the existence of a paper which annihilates her hopes. But enough of this to-night. How are you, Rory?"

"So well, sir, that I should have been in Brooklyn on Monday, had not grandpapa insisted on my staying over to-morrow."

"You have not the air of an invalid, upon my word. But pray, Mrs. O'Morra, indulge me with some music before I go."

Rosemary played and sang. Her delicious voice filled the house, floating along the lofty halls, and passing out at the open windows, where it reached ears for which it was not intended, ears that listened as the devil listens to the songs of Paradise, that aggravate his agony. Rose had never sung, or touched an instrument, at Miss Tankerville's. Proud girl! Her husband turned over the music.

"A charming daughter to have!" said Cahal O'Morra.

"Thank you, sir. We ought to have the violin from the studio, Rory," said the singer.

"By and by," said the young sculptor, in a whisper, bending over her.

So wine and fruit were brought in. Mr. O'Morra declined a bed, which grandpapa offered, and took leave. Rosemary embraced her grandparents and shook hands, shyly and wistfully, with Rory O'Morra. The servants went round shutting up the house.

Mr. O'Morra had left the important papers to be lodged in Mr. Dæshon's safe; but Rory, whose eyes were always about

him, considering that the windows had been open on the street and garden all the evening, suggested as a measure of precaution that they should be confided to him.

"The house is well secured," said grandpapa.

"Rose broke into it the other night!"

"I have had those windows made secure, and the wall rendered inaccessible by a fan of spikes," said grandpapa, smiling. "I defy any other thing in petticoats to pass that way."

"There are two rooms on the ground floor, of which the windows are open all night," replied Rory.

"How will a robber get into my safe? Not without waking me, I warrant," said grandpapa.

"I would rather they did not wake you, sir, as your health and life are of more consequence than the documents, be the value of the latter what it may."

"Well, take them, Rory," said Mr. Dashon.

O'Morra put them under his pillow with a small revolver; he could not help smiling, for it was the first time he had ever done such a thing in his life.

Rory slept soundly. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a noise—a heavy fall, it seemed, in the room below, which was Mr. Dashon's. Between his bed and the window passed a tall shadow! In an instant he had sprung out of bed on the other side, turned up the gas, and found himself confronting Dr. Mannikin, with a bottle in one hand and a sponge in the other. Ezekiel dropped both and leaped over the bed to escape. O'Morra was too agile for him; he caught the toxicologist by the collar, and threw him upon the floor. A fierce struggle followed. Mannikin was a man of great muscular power and O'Morra had not yet fully recovered his strength. But the determination of the youth prevailed; Ezekiel, nearly strangled, gasped for mercy. O'Morra dragged him across the floor, stupefied him with his own drug, threatening instant death if he resisted; as soon as he was helpless, the young man bound him hand and foot.

This was done in less time than it takes to tell it; O'Morra had slipped on part of his clothes and armed himself; in another half minute he was in grandpapa's room, where the

first thing that met his eye was Mr. Dashon on the floor, apparently senseless, the safe open, and a man at the window throwing something out. The fellow looked back as Rory entered: it was Johnson; he did not wait the young man's approach, but threw his legs over the balcony, evidently meaning to let himself down by the hands into the area and escape. The height seemed to daunt him; the fellow was at bay; he turned and drew a pistol; but O'Morra, who was advancing to seize him, was too quick for a villain the measure of whose malice he had so often taken; before the burglar's weapon was levelled, Rory had fired, and Johnson fell backward with a groan. When O'Morra reached the window, the wretch was most miserably impaled on the railing, and a woman was seen running up the street.

Poor grandpapa Dashon! He breathed his last peacefully, in the arms of his children, conscious (so far as one could judge), and with every consolation of which his state admitted. He had received neither blow nor wound, but the shock had brought on that second stroke of paralysis, long impending, which no human means probably could have long delayed.

* * *

How shall we further trace this history? Why mention that what Johnson threw out of the window was Mr. Dashon's will? Why detail the trial before the Surrogate, on which Mrs. Varick had the audacity to venture, O'Morra's unequalled argument, the crushing evidence, and the judge's decision, which, although it simply granted letters of administration to those who represented Rosemary as heiress-at-law, blasted Isabel's character forever? Why relate Mannikin's mysterious escape, and more mysterious fate, in regard to which it remains uncertain if he perished by his own hand or by another's? The latter seems not improbable, for his cowardice was notorious, and in his last recorded rascality it appeared that he acted under the basest terror.

Roosevelt Varick has not been heard of since Rosemary's return home. It is supposed that he is practising law in California under another name, with great success. With a generosity beyond compare, Mrs. Rory O'Morra, deferring her own

happiness, took Augusta to the south for the winter; a vain experiment: her constitution had been undermined in childhood by narcotics; her mother's disgrace preyed on her spirits; she died at St. Augustine.

In the month of May of the year following these events, a party of the wealthiest class of people were assembled in Greenwood cemetery, to witness the opening and benediction of a beautiful mortuary chapel. There was a grand old lady, in widow's weeds, a young naval officer with his wife (Capt. Varick lives opposite Mrs. Dashon's on the Avenue, where Mrs. Isabel used), and a good many more of our acquaintances. The Athertons were there; also the Colonel Marquis de Floréal. One of the ceremonies was that of depositing in this splendid mausoleum the remains of Thérèse Dashon, *born* Romarin. They were laid beside those of her husband, Col. Richard Varick Dashon; and an inscription recorded her ancestry, marriage, and how, at the age of twenty, Jan. 1, 1837, she sacrificed her life to save that of her child: the whole surrounded with a wreath of carved rosemary.

Among those who witnessed this late reparation to the memory of an heroic mother, was to be noted a white-haired, white-mustached officer in a general's fatigue uniform, with a crape on his arm, and a decoration in his button-hole. This venerable soldier supported on his arm a most beautiful young woman, whose face was suffused with tears, but less of sorrow than of tenderness and pride, when a veil was withdrawn, by the artist's own hand, from one of the arches of the chapel.

Within the arch a sarcophagus, carved with a funeral procession. The lid was off. Carelessly thrown over it, as if just stripped off, lay a rich robe wrought in the marble with the utmost delicacy of detail. In front, upon the marble steps, a figure of a spiritual beauty past expressing in words, and breathing life, love and joy. The face was a portrait; every one felt that; but it was a great deal more. Feminine it was; every feature, every fold of the most simple drapery, expressed the gentler sex; but the courage that confronts the King of Terrors without a tremor gave firmness to every harmonious limb, and the heroic disdain of pleasure breathed on

the upraised countenance, waved in the masses of the flower-crowned hair, and severely rose or fell in the fine pure outlines of a shape such as might have glowed amid the fires of martyrdom. In a word, on this noble figure was inscribed that victory over the senses and (harder yet) over the affections, in which it had been conceived, matured and executed. He who, profoundly sensitive to the Beautiful, has met and conquered its fascinations, he can make them subservient to the higher inspirations of his soul; and it is a choice for the artistic nature to be the master, the slave, or the victim of that magical power. On the wall, within the arch where this exulting prophetess of immortality rejoiced in stone, were the words "In Spe;" that is, "In Hope;" and over it in great sculptured letters, to mark the place of our heroine's future repose, when her life shall at last have really yielded to the temporary power of Death, the name

ROSEMARY.

Postscript.—It has been suggested to me that my lady readers will not be satisfied without knowing something of Rosemary's nuptial solemnities, when they took place, who was there, and above all what she wore. I prefer to leave them in a little uncertainty. Have you not read the account of the celebrated "diamond wedding?"—"Certainly."—"Well, madam, it was not at all like that."—"Provoking! Well, now, tell us something—were there groomsmen and bridesmaids?"—"The first groomsman was Rosemary's cousin, Col. de Floréal, madam; the first bridesmaid, her friend, Miss Atherton."—"Who were the others?"—"Never mind that."—"Was Count Wissen present?'—"He was."—"Did she wear the same dress as

when she was to have been married before?"—"It was spoilt, madam—how could she?"—"One like it, I mean, of course!"—"I shall tell you nothing about the dress except the flowers. When Rose Marie Dashon was first to have been married, but was not, her wreath was the simple and pale jessamine; when she was actually married, her brow was crowned with the superb and bridal orange-blossoms; when her marriage was solemnly blessed, her garland was of white roses and lilies, intermixed with sprigs of rosemary."

THE END.

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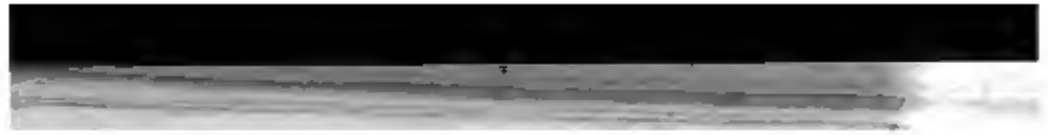

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